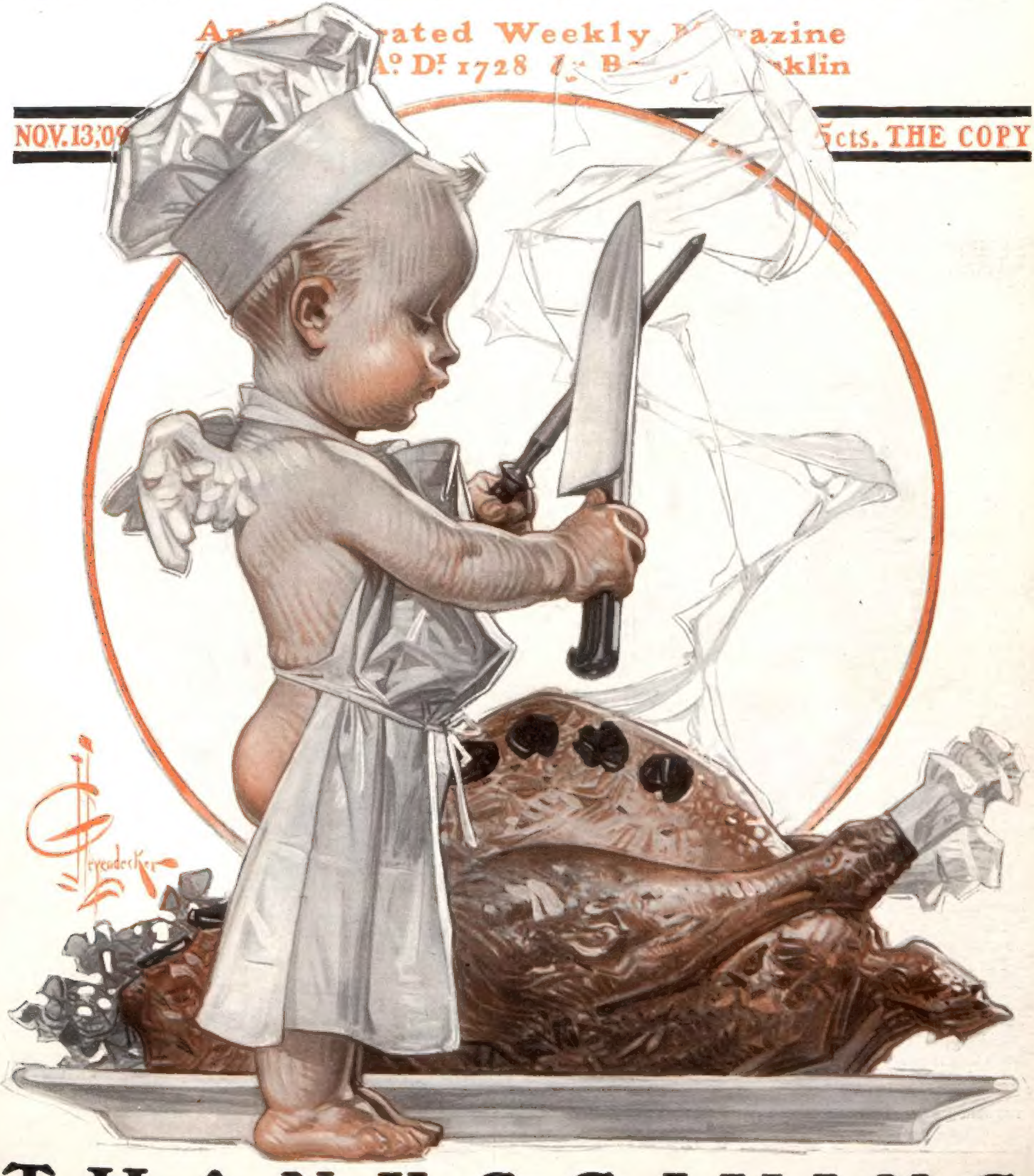
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An rated Weekly azine
A° D! 1728 B klin

NOV. 13,'09 5cts. THE COPY


JC Leyendecker

THANKSGIVING

Automobile Evidence that Proves Something

AUTOMOBILE buying ought not to be *a gamble.* Buyers ought to know *what* they are getting.

Not only how much power, how many speeds, and how much seating capacity, but also

What they are getting in **service and satisfaction.**

Every maker ought to be able and eager to supply the necessary facts.

But most makers don't.

The trouble is they (the makers themselves) don't know.

Have never taken the trouble to find out.

So, they can't tell you how much mileage their cars are good for, or

How much you'll have to pay for repairs every 100 miles.

Yet these items are of vital interest to every car buyer.

* * * * *

Ask a maker **what** his car is good for and he'll tell you some news that makes good reading, but doesn't help you any. As for instance:

His car won a race. You are not intending to risk your life in races, so that **fact** doesn't mean much to you.

His car won an endurance contest. What, **one** endurance contest? You aren't buying a car for **one** endurance test; you want a car to endure for several years, to say the least.

His car won a hill-climb. You want a car to climb **every** hill you come to.

His buyers are satisfied.

So? "But how much does their satisfaction cost them?" you ask, and Mr. Maker can't supply the answer.

Probably he doesn't know.

If he does know, he doesn't tell.

* * * * *

We insist that every buyer ought to know **what** he gets.

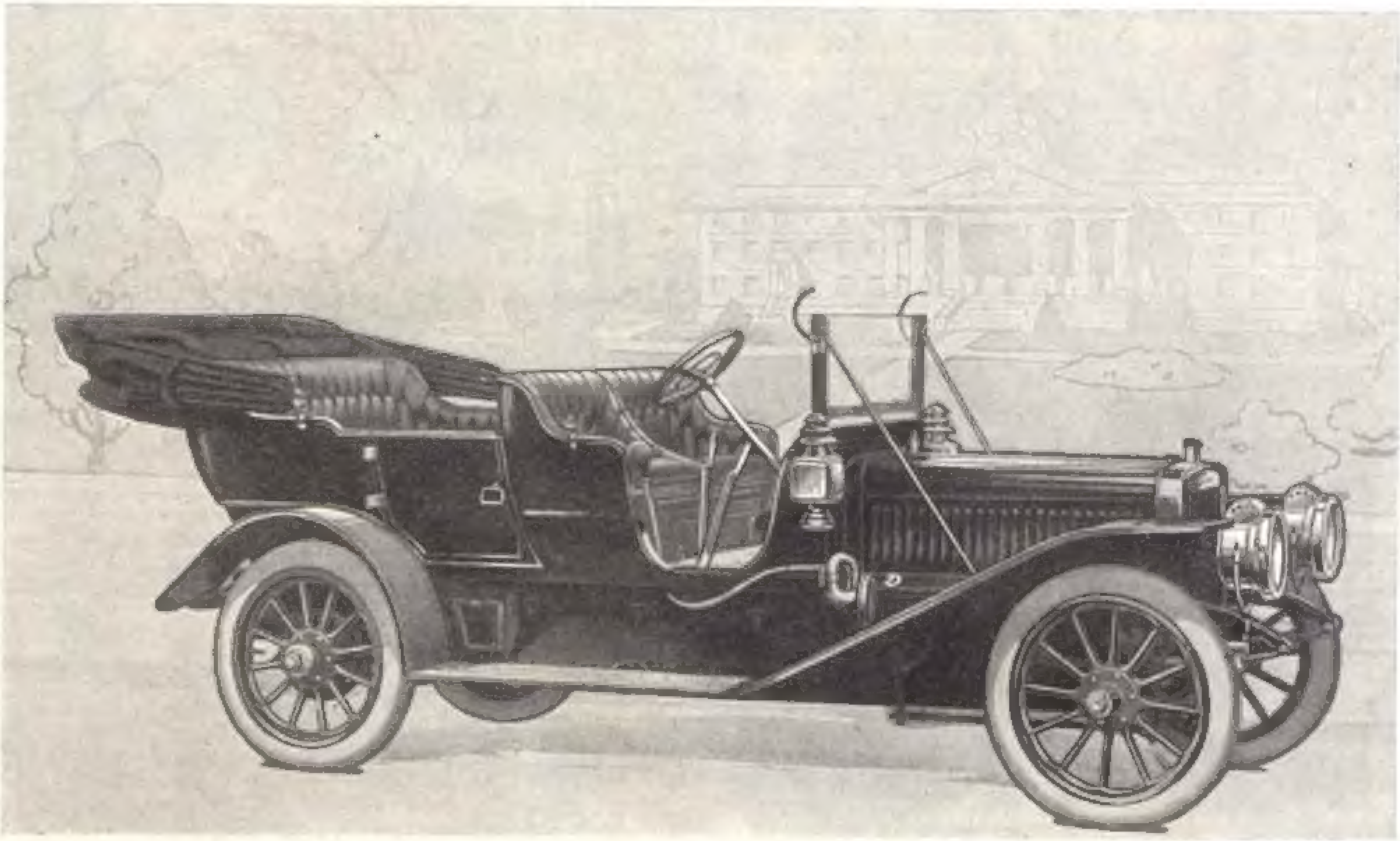
He ought also to know **how much he must pay** for what he gets.

Purchase price *isn't all* the buyer pays.

Sometimes purchase price is only an initiation fee into an expensive surprise society.

Cheap cars usually **cost more to keep** than to get.

But cheap cars are not alone in that class.



Winton Six Features: Six-cylinder, 48 horse-power motor. All working parts housed. Cylinders offset. Motor starts from seat without cranking. Bosch or Eisemann magneto, and storage battery ignition. Perfected Winton carburetor. Force-feed lubrication. Oil-bathed; multiple-disc clutch, running on ball-bearings. Four-speed, selective-type transmission, running on ball-bearings. Frame narrowed in front to permit short turns. Four large and efficient brakes. Channel-section, pressed-steel front axle. Floating-type rear axle. Semi-elliptical springs all around, with four shock absorbers and four rubber bumpers. 34 inch wheels. Tires—4 inch in front, 4½ inch rear. 22 gallon gasoline tank, with three gallons always in reserve for emergency use. Front floor and running boards covered with pressed sheet aluminum. 124 inch wheel base. Various color options. Price $3000.

WINTON SIX

Some fairly expensive ones are "dry docked" so often that the owner finds it almost a necessity to own two cars in order to get the regular daily service of one.

That's a fact known to the trade.

But it isn't advertised.

And those "satisfied owners" don't tell about it, because men seldom care to publish how they were "stung."

* * * * *

The automobile industry is now more than ten years old.

With ten years' experience, cars ought to be so well made as to run two, three, five years with practically no expense for upkeep.

But that wasn't possible until the invention and production of *six-cylinder cars.*

Because with **a continuous power-stream** the six-cylinder motor doesn't shake itself and its car into the repair shop.

And no car has a continuous power-stream unless it has six cylinders.

Keep that fact in mind.

* * * * *

When Mr. Winton made his first Six-Cylinder car, he realized that thereafter owners would **pay less for upkeep.**

Because Sixes would stand up better than any other type ever made.

Then he set about to prove that fact.

For two years now Mr. Winton has been receiving from Winton Six owners **sworn statements of upkeep.**

Mark you, **sworn statements,** not mere "I think," or "I guess," but statements of fact made **under oath.**

These sworn statements prove that the Winton Six costs its owner **practically nothing to maintain.**

* * * * *

What does it cost to maintain a Winton Six?

(All the following figures are compiled from the sworn statements of the individual owners.)

In 1908, ten Winton Sixes ran 65,687 miles on total upkeep expense of $15.13.

In 1909, ten Winton Sixes ran 118,503 miles on total upkeep expense of $127.30.

* * * * *

Thus in 1908 and 1909, twenty Winton Sixes ran 184,190 miles on total upkeep expense of $142.43.

This distance is more than **seven times** the circumference of the earth.

It is **seventy times** the distance of the 1909 Glidden tour.

It is more than **four hundred and fifty times** the distance of the Vanderbilt cup race.

These twenty Winton Sixes were not handled by high-priced racing men nor factory experts, but by ordinarily intelligent boys, each chosen and hired by the individual car owner himself.

These twenty cars averaged 1315.6 miles travel per month—43.8 miles per day **every day** for seven months.

At an average cost for upkeep of 77 cents per one thousand (1000) miles.

* * * * *

Incidentally, by way of illustration—

One car (owned in New York) ran 25,290 miles. It cost nothing the first year. The second year the owner paid $60 for overhauling.

Another car (owned in Chicago) ran 22,158 miles. It carried a Limousine body and in two years cost **not one cent** for upkeep.

Thus these two cars (both running two years) traveled 47,448 miles on a total expense of $60, averaging $1.26 per one thousand (1000) miles.

* * * * *

When the next salesman tries to sell you a car, ask him to show you **his car's upkeep figures.**

* * * * *

And remember this:

Low upkeep expense means not only that you are **not burdened** by repair bills.

It means also that you have a car able to stand up and go, and to keep going, day in and day out, *every day.*

Many car owners never enjoyed that experience.

Winton Six owners experience it right along.

And it is a vital reason why **your next car** ought to be a self-cranking, sweet-running, six-cylinder Winton Six.

If you want maximum *car-value* at minimum *cost,* you'll get our literature. It bristles with dollars-and-sense facts. Write today.

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE CO., 111 Berea Road, Cleveland, Ohio. Please send Winton Six literature to

The Winton Motor Carriage Co.

Member A. L. A. M. Licensed under Selden patent.

CLEVELAND, U. S. A.

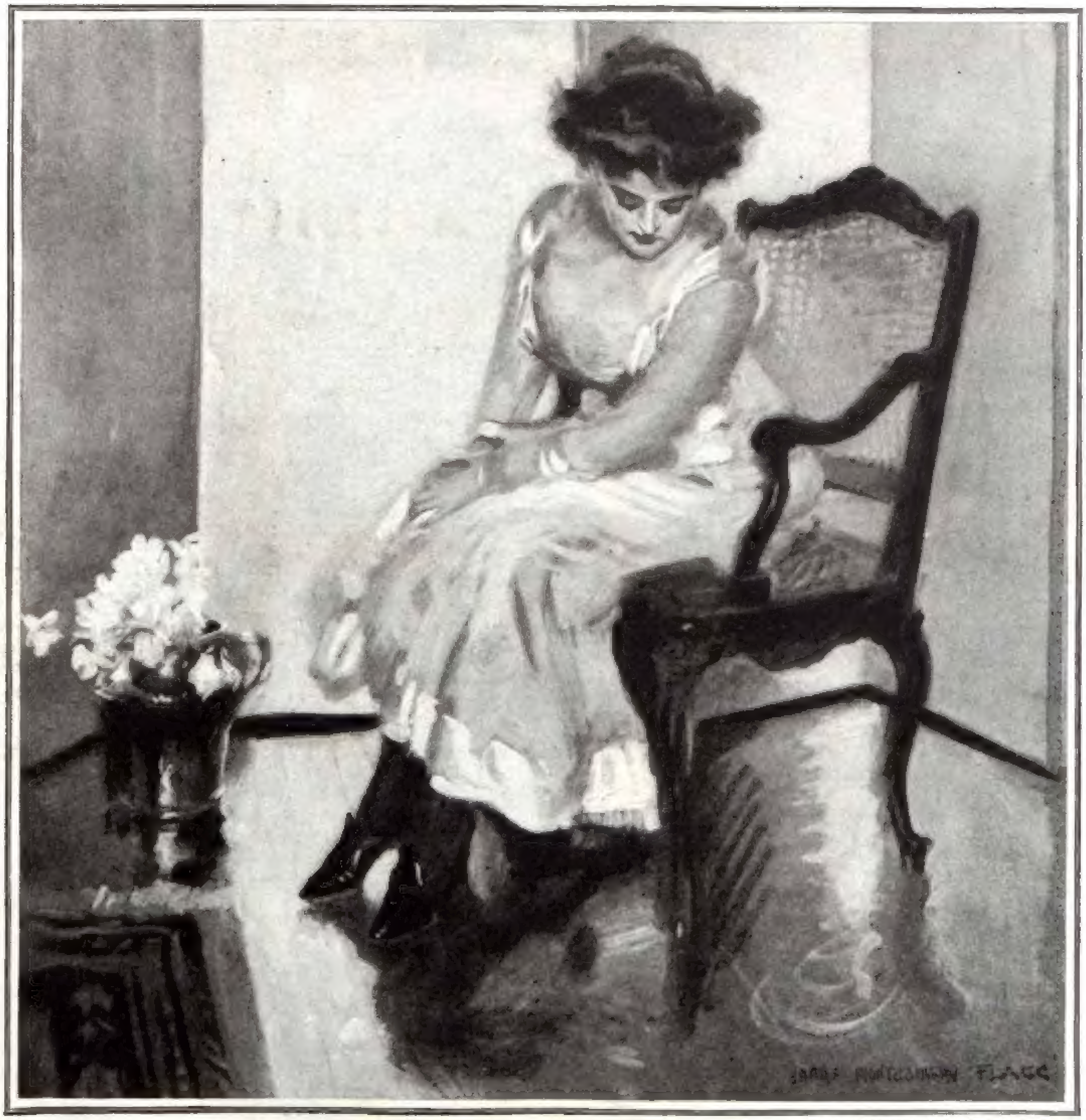
Winton Branch Houses (owned and operated by the company) in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Seattle and San Francisco.

Copyright 1909 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

HOME from college, wearing Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes; they look as well as they feel; there's the all-wool quality and the right style about them.

Find our mark in buying; small thing to look for,
big thing to find. Send six cents for the Style Book.

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Good Clothes Makers
Chicago Boston New York



COPYRIGHT 1909 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI

"GIVE ME HARDWOOD FLOORS AND RUGS,"

says the woman of today.

But even hardwood floors need to be cared for. To look their best, they must be clean. The best way to clean them is this: Make a suds of Ivory Soap and lukewarm (not hot) water. Apply with a soft cloth or sponge. Rub briskly. Wipe off with clear, cold water. Rub dry with a soft cloth or chamois skin.

As for rugs: First, sweep with a broom, (or, in the case of a domestic rug, beat and shake) until all the dust is removed. Then lay the rug on the floor. Make a stiff lather of Ivory Soap and warm water (half a cake of Ivory will make a bucket of lather) and scrub the rug, width by width. Wipe with a clean, damp sponge. Use very little water.

Ivory Soap . . . . . $99\frac{44}{100}$ Per Cent. Pure.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

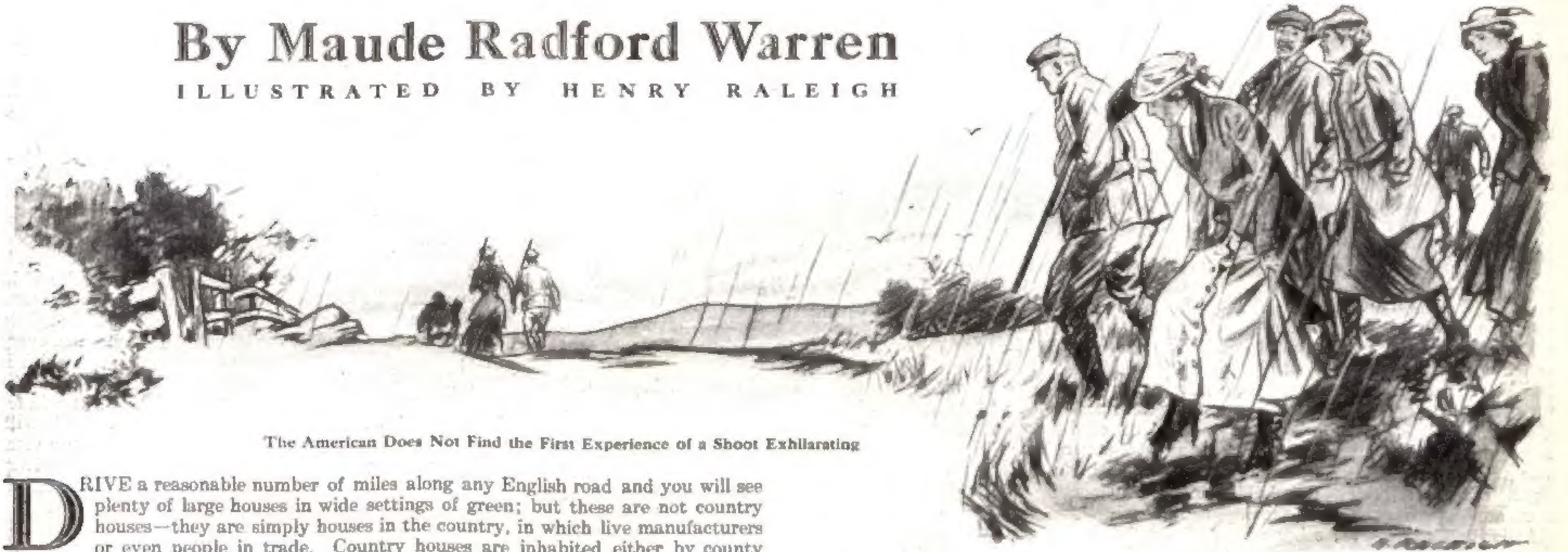
Copyright, 1909, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Founded A°D¹ 1728 by Benj. Franklin
Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.
Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada
Volume 182
PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 13, 1909
Number 20

Visiting English Country Houses

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



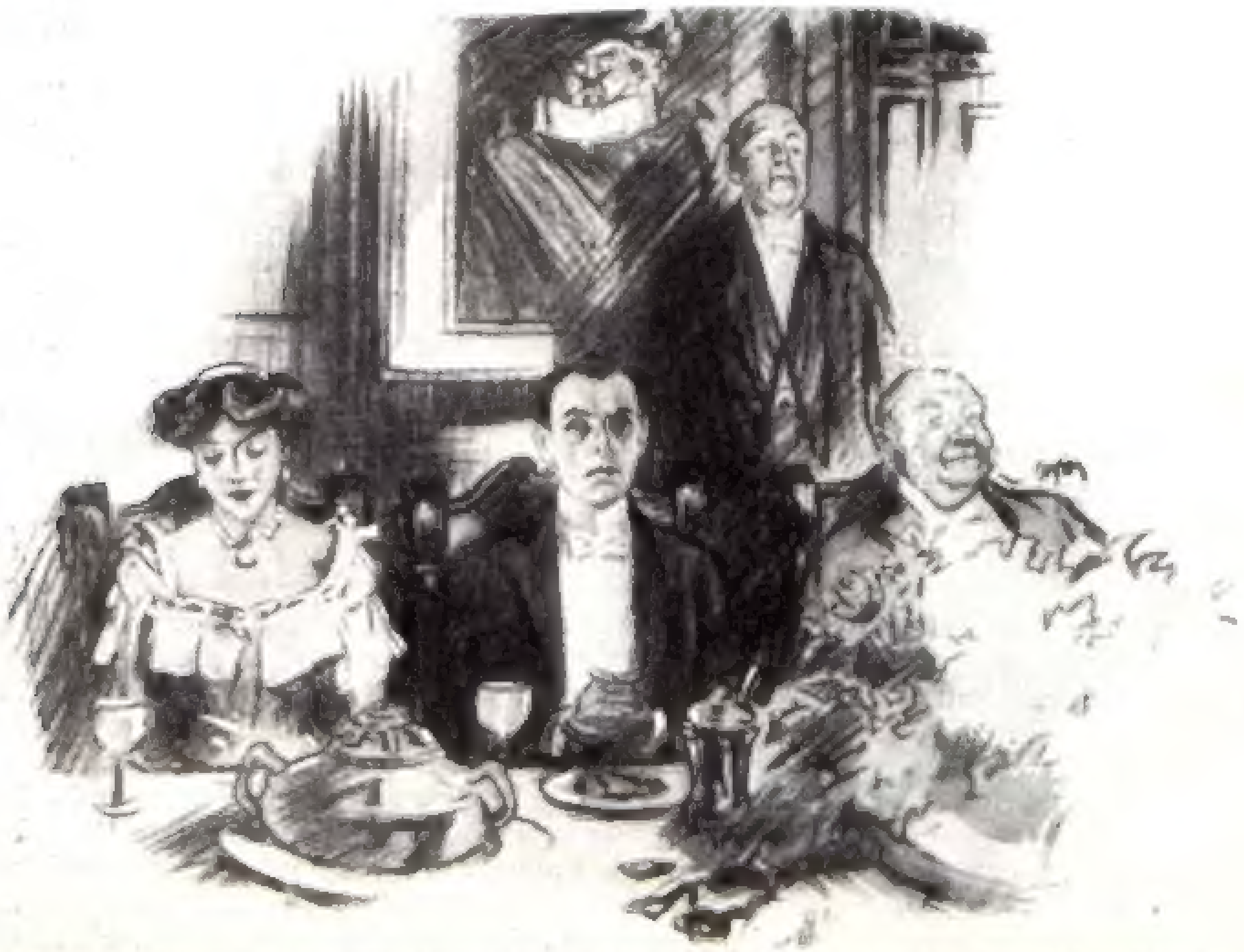
The American Does Not Find the First Experience of a Shoot Exhilarating

DRIVE a reasonable number of miles along any English road and you will see plenty of large houses in wide settings of green; but these are not country houses—they are simply houses in the country, in which live manufacturers or even people in trade. Country houses are inhabited either by county families who have lived in them for hundreds of years, or by near-county families who have been marrying the right sort of people for a hundred years or so, and who hope in another generation not to be the least-considered persons at house parties.

All these people spend from fifteen to fifty thousand dollars a year. The fifteen-thousand-dollar people have only six or seven hunters in their stables, half the proper number of dogs, can afford to pass only two or three weeks in London during the season, and are deeply anxious to marry off their daughters—for these must be almost portionless, since the heir cannot possibly keep up his place on less than his father spends. The fifty-thousand-dollar people must achieve their economies through keeping down the number of their motor cars and yachts.

When the owner of such a country house first meets an American he is apt to show him scant toleration. No Englishman can be at ease with a countryman till he knows his position in life; and while he does not demand of the American position in the British sense of the word, he does want to be sure the foreigner is not bad form. Then he throws open his country house, which is symbolic of throwing open his heart. If the American be a lady he is likely to show her his ways rather as if they were models, and to listen to her criticisms of these same ways with the indulgence one shows a favorite child.

"Why," asks the American, as she stands on the broad stone steps of a country house and looks over three hundred acres of parkland, green and tender in the mellow English sun—"Why do you leave this place at its loveliest in May and June, and go up to London, just because it's the season?"



Violet is, Whenever Possible, Seated by the Young Gentleman From the Estate Next South

The question amuses her host, Colonel George, a rosy, stocky gentleman who punctuates almost every sentence with "Eh! what?" or "I mean to say." But he does not see why his reply should amuse her.

"Because we always have; because everybody does."

"Have you never, never stopped doing anything you once started to do?"

Colonel George considers gravely, his plump little hands in his shapely pockets, his eyes fixed on the gyrations of an Irish terrier in the driveway.

"Yes," he replies, "I gave up goin' every autumn to Paris. I mean to say, I couldn't bear to see the city managed accordin' to French ideas; what?"

This time the American feels it her duty, as the representative of the humor-loving race, to explain her laughter to Colonel George. Painfully she presents the point, but he only returns:

"Eh! what? Why shouldn't France be run accordin' to English ideas when it would be so much better for France? We ought to own the country, as it is; what? I thought you Americans had picked up the white man's burden yourselves."

This is not bad for Colonel George, and for a moment the American allows him the last word while she walks a few steps to meet Mrs. George and her daughter, who come out of the house, followed by a maid carrying two baskets. At the same moment a groom drives up from the back with a pony carriage.

"It's our morning for visiting the cottage people," says Mrs. George.

She is a round, plump little lady, looking a good deal like Queen Victoria at forty-five; one-quarter of the middle-aged ladies of the county families, especially if they are of the old-fashioned sort, do have that look. The pretty daughter's name is Violet; every fifth pretty and portionless girl of good family in England is called Violet. Colonel George's wife has more than the British female's conviction of the superiority of her husband. That is because he was imprudent in marrying her; she hadn't a penny, and he was expected to marry the heiress of the estate next south. He took the girl he cared for, and she has been anxious to please him and his people ever since.

Choosing a Husband for Violet

IT HAS been a splendid, comfortable match for Colonel George! It illustrates the fact that English people may be curiously sentimental, at heart, for themselves; and the circumstance that they would like Violet to marry the son of the heiress of the estate next south shows how hard-headed they can be for other people.

The American observes that Violet has a white-and-blue hat on her flaxen head; that makes the English symbolism in color for sweetness and innocence. It also means that it is not improbable that Violet may meet in the village the young man from the estate next south.

"Have not Violet and I ridden past a young man from the estate next north?" asks the American irrelevantly. It is a safe question, for the English, as a rule, do not follow hidden chains of conjecture.

"Don't really know him," says Colonel George. "I mean to say, he's got queer ways. Spends his time globe-trottin', and he's got plenty to live decently at home."

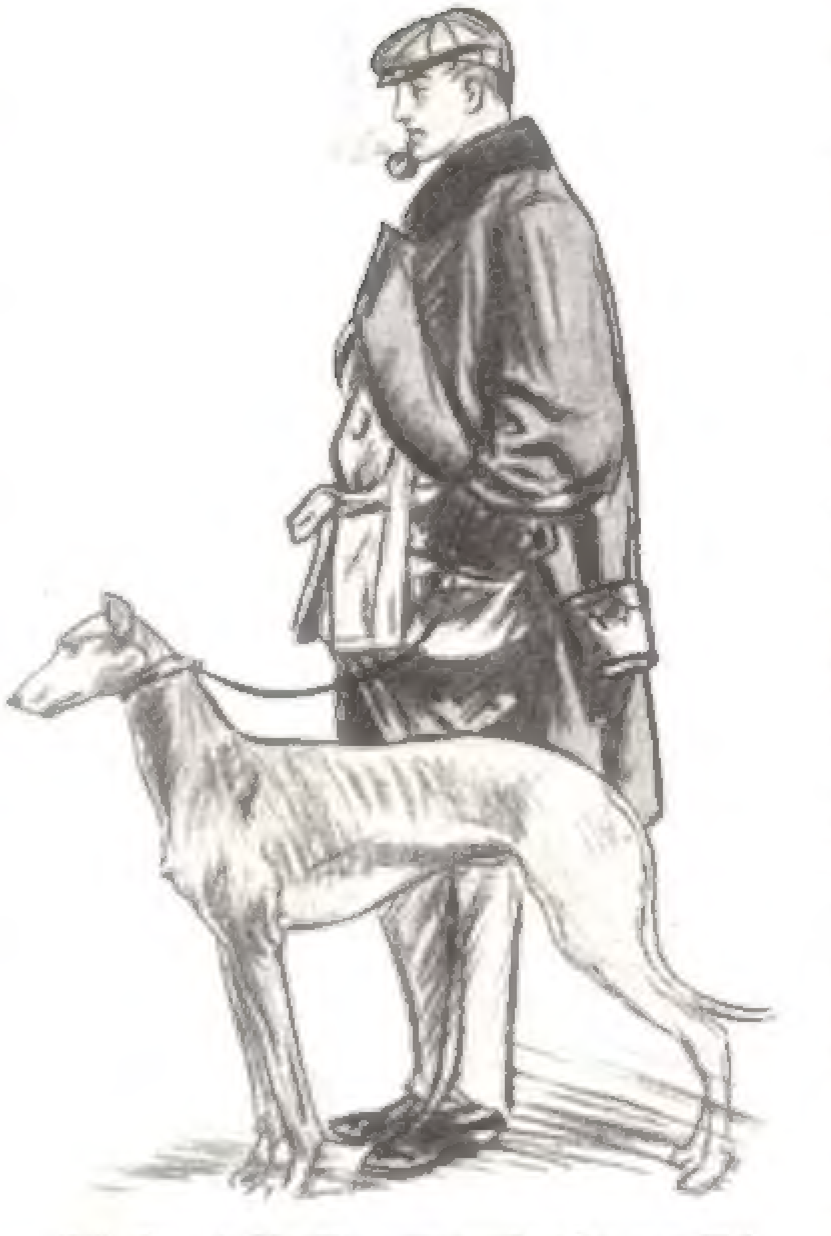
By this time the maid and the groom have put the baskets in the carriage.

"I'm afraid we can't get through without keepin' lunch late," says Mrs. George.

"Why not take the motor?" asks the American.

"We have always gone in the pony cart," explains Mrs. George simply.

The American does not go with them. She has already had the sensation of seeing old women curtseying at the gates and wiping off speckless chairs on which their betters are to sit. They receive packages of tea, questions about their bodily ills and advice about the bringing up of their children and the churchgoing habits of their husbands with equally eager humility. The American appreciates the good feeling of the betters; she knows that if they were not a decent sort they would send their dole by servants or not send it at all. But her democratic soul loathes the crawling of the villagers. She cannot help seeing that the British distinctions of class are kept up largely by the lower classes. The memory still rankles of that morning, soon after her arrival, when, hearing that two of the housemaids had left and others could not be had for a week, she made her own bed. Violet, discovering the fact, had hastily unmade it with the breathless remark that the other two housemaids would be likely to leave if they found her out. The assumption would seem to be that English servants' ideal of a true lady is one who shows no consideration whatever for those whom she employs; and that the more contempt they receive, especially if seasoned with tips, the more respect they have for their betters.



"He Spends His Time Globe-Trottin', and He's Got Plenty to Live Decently at Home"

The pony trots off with the carriage; the very thump of his little feet, the movement of Violet and her mother as they settle back in their seats, the way the Irish terrier hurls himself after them, all speak of the English religion of habit. It is habit, likewise, for the two sons of the house and the younger daughter to appear at this moment with a setter pup and a couple of hounds they are training for the autumn hunting. It is habit for Colonel George to saunter over and "chivvy" the dogs with his stick.

A flooding memory of other scenes of English habit sweeps over the American. Her hosts had rented a house in town in June, the crowning month of the season, and had gone in gravely for social festivities—bridge and teas, bridge and dinners and bridge, drawing-rooms and balls. It had been one constant round of "goin' on." "Are you goin' on?" one friend would ask another, escaping as soon as possible from a dinner which had not chanced to be followed by bridge. "Goin' on" usually meant being blocked in your carriage for half an hour before you could reach the door of each of your hosts, filing through his crowded rooms, knocking against acquaintances, and then returning to the carriage, to reach home at three or four o'clock in the morning. The time till luncheon had to be spent with tailors or dressmakers or in shopping.

An Interrupted Polo Match

IT WAS hard work, and at the end of the season they had little enough to show—tired nerves, disheveled wardrobes, a sheaf of receipted bills. They had proved to the world that they were still in things; they had made that world a bit more conscious of Violet, but that was all. They had made no new friends, for their friends had been more or less selected for them for three hundred years. They had carried away no pleasurable experiences, for they had heard and said the same things over and over in the same way and at the same houses. The American, true to the extravagant American tendency to pay more for a thing than it is worth, would not have minded these meager results if she had believed that her friends had enjoyed themselves; but they had gone through it all either stolid or bored, and chiefly bored.

There was just one thing that she was sure they liked. At first she had supposed it was sport, and she had welcomed the first trip to Hurlingham to see a polo game. Unless you are a county family of such antiquity that you can have special traditions apart from your class, you must belong either to Hurlingham or Ranelagh. It is as necessary as it is to send your son to Eton or Winchester and to present your daughter at court. Hurlingham has a charming clubhouse, with a perfect sward and ample polo grounds. The ladies were faultlessly dressed; the gentlemen, despite the heat of the day, had to be in frock coats and silk hats because the King was present. The King and the Queen were bestowing on their privileged subjects pleasant glances and smiles, very unlike the grave, stereotyped bows with which, in public, they greet the mob from which come most of the taxes for supporting royal dignity.

The men who were playing, the Enniskillen Dragoons and the Scots Grays, were striking looking and rode splendidly. And just at the moment when the American's interest was at its height, just when five more minutes would have shown which side would win, her friends and most of the other spectators made a concerted movement away from the polo grounds. It was time for tea, and nothing under the welkin can separate an Englishman from tea, not even sport.

During Ascot week, even on Cup day, no one seemed to take the races seriously. People were either lunching on the coaches with their faces from the track, or were back in the royal inclosure taking tea, or else in the regimental tents. To a stranger the regimental tents, of which there is one to every well-known regiment, with soldier servants in front and East Indians in red and white turbans, were quite as picturesque as a race; but still, all this was not sport, and it usually was feeding.

All these pictures and ideas run through the American's head as she watches her friends playing with their dogs. Then she says impulsively:

"Tell me, Colonel George, don't you ever feel like hewing out something new for yourself?"

"Eh! what?" reflects Colonel George. "I mean to say, you Americans ponder a lot on whether you like things or don't like them. Now, we just do what comes along; what?"

"But ——"

"Haven't you any letters to write?" asks Colonel George, softening his remark by adding: "There'll be people here this afternoon."

When the host in a country house asks you if you have letters to write it means that he is bored with you, or tired, or wants to be rid of you till it is time to eat again. If you tell him you must write some letters it means that you are anxious to walk in the park by yourself or to read. These remarks form part of an understood code at which no one is offended. Others of the same sort are, from the host: "What do you mean to do with yourself this morning?" The translation of this is: "I can't provide any amusement for you." "What are your plans?" means: "I know I asked you to stop indefinitely, but other people are coming after a while." "We are very lazy people here" means: "You'll find it dull, for we sha'n't plan for any unusual amusements." And the remark, "I really must write to the Stores," can release host or guest from any situation whatever. To understand this code is a great easement for the nerves, and it does not in any real sense detract from the splendid hospitality of the country house.

It appears to be part of the county-family program to visit other county families during the late summer. Several invitations have come, and Colonel George and his wife discuss them; or rather, he does his thinking out loud, and she agrees with him.

"You see," explains Colonel George to the American, "we gave no end of parties last year and the year before, and this year we're accepting invitations. It gives Violet less responsibility."

The American understands and approves. Violet's mother gave other girls a good time just before Violet came out, that Violet might enjoy herself just after she came out.

"We sha'n't bother with any one that asks us just for a week-end or the inside of a week," says Colonel George. "I mean to say, it's too much trouble to pack and unpack for a day or two. Besides, it unsettles our servants for us to fly back and forth like battledore and shuttlecock."

Why Colonel George Declined

THE American then sees an exhibition of deliberate British reasoning and good, if somewhat worldly, British sense. One house is rejected because they don't "do you well"; a second, because you never meet any of your own friends there and have to amuse strangers; a third, because no amusement is provided for you, it never seeming to occur to Colonel George that he might depend on his own resources. Another is shuffled out of consideration because there are too many ineligible young men hanging about the place. Another, because the smoking-room is drafty and the billiard-table bad. Another, because the host's politics are wrong. Two or three are selected despite disadvantages, for the reason, as appears later, that the young man from the estate next south is invited. Having at last made his decisions, Colonel George announces that he is not going to take his man, because the fellow always picks up too much from the other servants and gets home "a bit off his dot." He advises his womenfolk to take only one maid for the three of them, for then she will be too busy to talk to the other maids and get herself upset. Mrs. George shakes her head dolefully and says they always seem to be upset, and somehow things are changing in England. Presently the program is arranged for a round of summer visits in England, and then a run over to Ireland for hunting and shooting. There is a hint of patronage in all the talk about Ireland.

The day they set out Colonel George looks rather heavy-eyed. It appears that he has been sitting up all night with his old lodgekeeper and thinks the chap may pull through another year. He has performed this service as unemotionally as he would go to Hurlingham; but, somehow, the fact that he has done it gives the American a new angle from which to view what she has begun to call the dullness of English living.

Then ensues for the American an amazing show of British hospitality—any one house or set of people so like every other that it is only by consulting her diary that she can keep distinction among them. It is British habit to arrive at any house just before tea. If the guests come by train a motor meets them, with a pony cart in attendance for the "boxes." If they do not know each other they make polite conversation about the journey down and the weather, not daring any other subjects till they have found out what people each knows. At the door, well-trained servants show them their rooms and announce that tea is served. In the drawing-room, except under special circumstances, no introductions are made; meeting each other under the same roof constitutes acquaintance till the visit is over, after which people may become strangers again if they choose.

During tea the guests take stock of one another and one another's clothes, and begin on that chain of small-talk which lasts them, with care, during the entire visit, and can then be brought out fresh and shining in the next house to which they are "goin' on." Then, although to Americans six o'clock is the loveliest English hour, every one goes upstairs to rest or to dress for dinner, which is served at eight or half-past, the time and the length of the dinner depending on whether or not the house goes in for bridge. If it does not the house party is small. If small, men are taken up and introduced to their dinner companions; if large, they are given cards on which are written the ladies' names, and they get themselves presented as best they can, but always gracefully.

An Easy Lesson in British Pronunciation

PEOPLE go in to dinner rather strictly in the order of their social importance. It is a very pretty sight to watch English women entering a dining-room. They may not know how to order or wear tailor gowns, but they certainly know how to choose and wear evening gowns. Their hair is carefully dressed and their jewels good. They have a deft way of finding the place-cards and reading the menu-cards while showing an attentive face to the remarks of their companions. The American notices that care has been taken in seating the guests; the older people are away from the drafts, and Violet is, whenever possible, seated by the young gentleman from the estate next south.

At first talk is slow, but it becomes vivid enough as the courses follow each other and the wine flows. In the country it tends to be horsy and doggy talk, though politics and local people play a good part. The fashionable British accent is a thing that requires study. Any one can follow the lack of a "g," but it rather puzzled the American when she was asked: "Do you know the Stahs?" She did not understand whether her questioner wished to find out whether she had been to see the current theatrical stars or whether she had knowledge of astronomy. What was meant was: Had she visited the Army and Navy Stores?

"Ha yah" means "How are you?" "Fah" is "fire"; "hah and thah" are "here and there"; "Ahland" is "Ireland"; "infaynal" is "infernal"; and "feign" is "fern"; "flaw and daw and paw and shaw" are "floor and door and poor and sure"; and the foundation word "bored" is pronounced "bahed."

If there is to be bridge, dinner is curtailed; the ladies pass in the order of rank before their hostess to the drawing-room, where they gossip and form their feminine affiliations for the visit. The English young girls are amazing—a product of remarkable English training. As a matter of fact, the English, while seeming to amuse themselves, really live for the family idea, which is embodied for them in their children. They marry and economize with them in mind. Yet they never talk about them, nor are the children ever to be found monopolizing the attention of their parents or anybody else. English children, unlike our own, are kept strictly in their places, and are never by any chance allowed to take themselves seriously. They are never permitted to be anything but children, and yet all the time they are being quietly trained for adult life. One summer, English girls are riding bareback in short dresses and calling their younger sisters beasts; the next year they are "out" and can enter a room with an inimitable combination of modesty and lack of consciousness. They always show deference to their elders, never make themselves conspicuous, are never shy, and never gush. They fit into English house parties as naturally as if they were at home.

Any of them who can do anything well—play, sing, whistle, dance a clog or do tricks with cards, or imitate any of her friends—is at once popular. Somebody goes to the piano, whether she can play or not; if it is considered that the men have stayed long enough over their cigars and stories she strikes out into a loud march. The hostess rings for the bridge tables to be set out, and presently almost every one is absorbed in the game.

The American, when asked by Colonel George if she played, had replied that she could, but did not, as she wanted to use her time for other things more worth while to her. Colonel George was unable to see that any one thing is more worth while than any other thing. After visiting in British houses the American decides that the English do think bridge more worth while than anything except eating. It seems to be played indefinitely. No more dancing; no more couples in conservatories. If a young woman wishes to engage the affections of a young man she beats him or wins with him at bridge. The very governesses must be able to play now; it is as important as French or deportment. Supper is served when people are too hungry even for bridge.

Then comes that pretty ceremony when the host himself lights the candles in their silver candlesticks and hands them to the ladies, again rather in the order of their rank. English women know how to ascend stairs gracefully—and one might muse a little over the number of handsome women who have gone, generation after generation, up the wide stairs of an old English house, their well-shaped hands slipping up the banisters, their eyes, perhaps, casting down glances to some admirer below.

In the morning, about eight, the same maid who the afternoon before unpacked the guest's box slips into the room with a cup of tea, pulls up the blind gently and turns on the bath gently. Some time between nine and eleven people come down to breakfast. They enter gracefully enough, but everything else about them is heavy. Where is the bright talk of the night before? Even Violet is silent in the face of the young man from the estate next south. Perhaps those guests who breakfast in bed are not to be blamed for their choice. Some people read their letters, but nobody reads the papers.

How the Women Kill Time

THE food is not served by the butler. It simmers in great variety over alcohol burners on side tables, while cold meats rest on the sideboards. The gentlemen help the ladies, while the hostess serves tea and English coffee. Always the English hostess must be in her seat at the foot of the table at the appointed time unless she is mortally ill. To serve her husband with his tea is a sign that they are getting along well, even when they aren't. Colonel George was shocked when he was told of a devoted American wife who sometimes, when she was very tired, took her breakfast in bed, letting a maid give her husband his coffee. Colonel George wondered less, after hearing this, at the prevalence of American divorce.

After breakfast the men go to the kennels and the stables, and the women write to "the Stahs." English women seem always to be writing to the Stores, and there are writing-tables in almost every room of an English country house. Letters over, the women embroider and talk. They can make one single topic go very far and do duty for many conversations—dogs and horses, of course; the clergyman's deficiencies; his wife; bulbs; the gardener's impossibilities; jams. These last year after year.

To the American listener what they say or imply is nothing like so interesting as the stock of habits of belief with which they are born. Unlike Americans, they never have to explain to each other their point of view, for everybody has the same. They never care what any one thinks of them; they are never anxious about themselves. It goes without saying that the younger sons of landed proprietors must enter the army, the navy or the church, according to the amount of money that can be spared them—the church being the least desirable, and a cavalry regiment being much more swagger and more expensive than an infantry. India is a good place for difficult sons; the climate and the hard work in civil service either kill them or straighten them out. The colonies are coming to be exhausted as retreats for extravagant younger sons; and besides, they seem to be spending more in those places than they used to. A profession is a long step down, while business is scarcely to be thought of, though marrying a business is possible, since a wife's social weaknesses may be covered by her husband's name. Girls must not earn their own living unless they can find no one fit to marry and unless their fathers and brothers cannot possibly do anything for them. Then they must go in for nursing—teaching is beneath contempt. These are only a few of the inherited doctrines that all county families share.

There are no people invited from outside for luncheon; such invitations are reserved for dinner, when people feel up to a little more conversation. After luncheon there are tramps if it is raining; if it is fine, croquet or tennis or golf, or drives to places of local interest at which people do not look any more than they looked at the polo at Hurlingham or the racing at Ascot. If the hostess wishes to be very popular there is also bridge. Then tea, and the whole round over again, week after week. Only Sunday differs from the other days. One walks to church, for the horses are not taken out. If one goes to the kennels or stables it is rather guiltily; and one tramps more than usual.

The very tips to be given are the same in every house—five dollars to the maid in charge of the bedroom; as much to the butler; a dollar or so to the boots; the same to any maid or man who has rendered any service whatever. The men guests have to fee the servants in attendance in the billiard and smoking rooms; every one gives something to the footmen who clear away the bridge-tables. Colonel George and his family go through it all stolidly. The only difference they feel in going from place to place has to do with Violet's future; it depends on whether or not the young man from the estate next south is present or is near enough to drive over.

When the American visits the Irish country houses she finds that each has its individuality. The hosts are Anglo-Saxon, or Anglo-Norman, or Scotch, or Welsh, or anything but Irish, so far as mere blood is concerned. But living in Ireland for two or three centuries has made them different from the English of their own class. The explanation must lie in the climate and the landscape. It is the damp English air, the nice, pretty, practical country, that make the English slow, sensible, honest and obstinate. It is the stimulating and lazy Irish air and the broken, various country that make the Irish feel as if they could accomplish anything, and yet leaves them with nothing done; makes them brilliant, happy-go-lucky, irresponsible and charming.

From the beginning the members of the house party are at ease with one another. Everybody is introduced to everybody else, and if a person is "amusin'" his rank does not matter much. Even Colonel George seems to lose a bit of his stodginess; he accepts the unexpected with almost the same composure with which he accepts the expected. He shows no surprise at meeting the young man from the estate next north, though he does say afterward, vaguely, that perhaps the latter has a drop of Irish blood, which would account for it—whatever "it" means. As in the English houses, the guests talk dogs and horses, but with a difference; every dog and horse, like every house, has its own individuality.

"Is he a divil?" the host drawls of a particular horse which is about to be discussed at the animated breakfast-table.

The horse being accounted a divil, his various traits are recited, his physical picture drawn, and he is finally characterized in an epigram so that a listener could go out and, from the description, pick the creature out of a whole paddock. A divil is preferred in Ireland.

Happy-Go-Lucky Irish Hosts

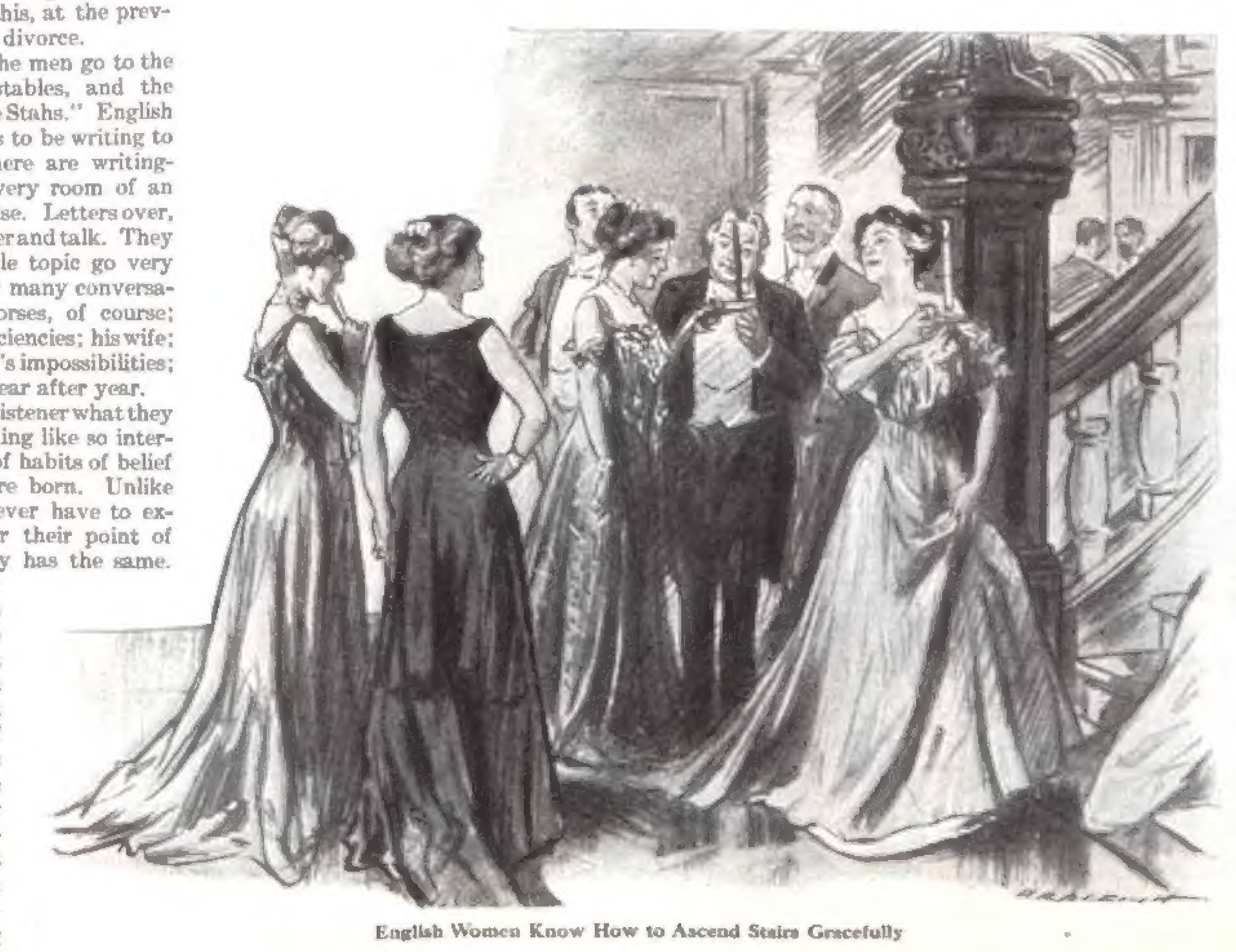
THE heads of the county families in Ireland are not so rich as their English brothers—partly because they often make imprudent marriages and partly because rents are always going down, a just atonement for the many bitter years the peasantry suffered when they went up. The landlords lament that the courts are constantly reducing their incomes and that what is allowed them they cannot collect. They seem to spend and entertain, however, as lavishly as if they had boundless resources. Many of them, when they find their purses absolutely limp, buy and sell horses to turn a few hundred pounds.

Their grounds are not likely to be so well kept up as those of an English place. Tufts of grass and delicate blue forget-me-nots lift their heads on the gravel paths; a tree may lie fallen in the park a week before it is carried away; small pheasants, which an anxious hen is rearing for the autumn shoot, will come wandering up to the lawn. Moreover, informality sometimes prevails indoors. Setters will make themselves into house dogs and elect to sleep in your lap; an Irish terrier with a bee-sting will interrupt a game of bridge with piercing cries for help. The mistress of the house may have to work strenuously in the morning to smooth down the quarrels of her servants in order that luncheon and dinner may be properly served. Indeed, she and her daughters work much harder at housekeeping than their English sisters, and even—if it has been a bad year financially—at gardening. They must keep up the old traditions, too, and to that end they often accomplish much more than their own maids, with no visible sense of effort and certainly with no complaint. The host is constantly being interrupted by some privileged old servant with a long string of troubles only to be solaced by a drink of whisky.

Between hunts, which come as often as three times a week, guests are supposed to amuse themselves. But this is easily accomplished, as some one is always making an impromptu suggestion which is invariably well received and acted upon. The Irish have, to a certain extent, the religion of habit, but it is more the habit of doctrines and beliefs. They allow a wide margin for individual flexibility. No one is ever bored in Ireland for lack of ideas, and there is no time to write to the "Stores." There is a great deal of talking and laughter; not many stories, but splendid spontaneous repartee; violent political declamation against the home rulers and no discussion, for on this point all are agreed; and always allusions to huntin' and shootin'.

The American does not find the first experience of a shoot exhilarating. The sportsmen, and some of the women in very short skirts and gaiters, go off with the guns in the morning under a drizzling rain. The other ladies motor out to them with luncheon, which is served close to some wet haystacks in a wet field by a wet stone fence. The boots and gaiters of the shooters are soaking and laden with mud, and their faces are very red and chill. But no one seems to mind the nipping wind or the damp, and every one eats cold food with enormous appetite. Afterward they all go to a stretch of woods, where every footmark and wheeltrack is filled with water. A big Englishman leads the American to his place in the shoot, stations her at his back, and tells her not to speak or move. Now and then he asks her hoarsely if it isn't splendid, and takes her bitter sarcasm seriously, assuring her that she is "well plucked."

(Concluded on Page 70)



English Women Know How to Ascend Stairs Gracefully

SNARING SONG-BIRDS

By Oscar Hammerstein

ON THE first night that I produced Samson and Delilah in Philadelphia I saw, in the lobby of the opera house between the acts, a well-known criminal lawyer of that city. I knew him by reputation and he evidently knew me, for he approached me and said quite jauntily:

"I am enjoying myself tonight. The music is very catchy."

Now it takes a good deal to surprise me. Twenty-six years of contact with temperaments and conditions more or less artistic provides a strong antidote for shocks. I must confess, however, that his use of the word catchy in connection with a majestic and inspiring Biblical opera, presented on an elaborate scale, was something of a jolt.

I met that same man toward the end of the season on a night when I was producing Pélleas et Mélisande. Once more he made for me. This time, however, I got ready. I expected him to say the opera was a "peach" or a "corker," and I was prepared to let loose a fine lot of sarcasm. Instead, he remarked with seriousness:

"Pélleas is a very fine work and the music is noble."

"Isn't it catchy?" I asked with a smile.

The man remembered his first break, for he remarked: "No, I have reformed. You see, I have been going to the opera steadily."

As we conversed I found that he had not only been going to the opera but he had been listening attentively; and he had been reading about music. I was delighted to hear him speak with musical correctness, enthusiasm and genuine interest. His original instinct was all right; all it needed was a little cultivation.

His case was typical. What happened to him has happened to many Americans. Their development into music-lovers and opera-goers is due to the fact that the American ear is—at least so it has always seemed to me—more susceptible to good music than any ear in the world.

The American Instinct for the Best

OF COURSE, the music-lovers of Europe—which is supposed to be the home of grand opera, the very cradle of operatic melody—will take violent exception to this statement, but I am prepared to stand by it. Ask any grand-opera star who has sung in Europe and America, and she or he will tell you that the swiftest appreciation of good music is to be found here, and, at the same time, the quickest disapproval of bad music. The moment the American manager begins to purvey bad music he plays to empty seats. The American will stay away from the inferior thing. He has an unerring instinct for the best, and it applies with equal force to calico, grand opera or a *table d'hôte* dinner.

By American I would not have you believe that I mean the German-American, or the Italian-American, either. There is a wide impression in this country that the real music-lovers are our friends who sit in the galleries. Everybody knows that the man of Italian birth will rise to a fine frenzy over any kind of Italian opera; the German-American will run riot on Wagner, so long as it is Wagner. But the interesting thing is that the native American, the man with Anglo-Saxon traditions, has a better and keener musical ear than either of these foreign enthusiasts.

Why, then, is the American ear, so youthful in its artistic training and experience, more keenly appreciative of music than the European ear which has had centuries of great music? When you look into what might be called the emotional approach, you are not surprised to find that the American ear has such a quick and discerning musical response.

To begin with, music is an unerring revealer of character and temperament, whether it be in a human being or in a race. You know the old line about the man who had no music in his soul. I also recall a bit of a German poem that I used to hear years ago in Germany. Roughly translated it says:

Where you hear singing,
stay or linger;
A people bad knows
neither song nor singer.

Melody is merely an effusion of the heart. I have seen composers weep while they were writing songs. What comes from the heart goes to the heart. This is all that the greatest composer and the most wonderful singer interpreting the composer's work can achieve.

Alice Baron

Therefore, if music is such an intimate and personal thing, it follows that it is bound up in the whole character development of a people. The swift appreciation of something fine and harmonious is but one revelation of the soul of the people. The American nation wants more wholesome music than does any other nation.

By every possible instinct the native American is musical, and yet only a few people stop to realize it. They are willing to accept the bald statement that, because refined music—and by this I mean the best modern expressions of it—originated in Europe, the European leads the world in his appreciation of it. Let us see just why and how the American ear gets the prestige that I contend is its own. Go into the average American home and, with few exceptions, you will find some kind of musical instrument there. It may be a piano, or a mechanical piano-player, or it may be a humble and complaining accordion. But certain it is that you will find something with which to make some kind of melodious or, as the case may be, unmelodious sound.

Ask any piano manufacturer and he will tell you that more and better pianos are made and sold in the United States than in any two other countries. The phonograph dealers will tell you the same thing. Their instruments go to the farms as well as to the cities. Thus music is part of the home life of the American. An American family that does not boast of at least one member who can play on some kind of instrument, or sing something when a visitor comes to call, is lacking in social standing in the community, whether it be a city or a crossroads village.

The American Ear for Music

ON THE other hand, this particular opportunity does not come to the average European, whose wage is smaller than that of the average American, and whose idea of home comfort and home culture is not so extensive as that of the American. He cannot afford to have a piano or a phonograph as readily as the American. Therefore, the European child, while growing up, lacks the effect of music in the home air.

Again, the opportunity for the free study of music is more open to the American child than to the child of any other nation, with the possible exception of the German. Music is taught free in our public schools. In New York and many of the other large cities there are series of popular concerts at which the music of the great masters is played. Every college has a musical department. There are more musical teachers in the United States than in England, Germany, Italy and France together. Chicago, for example, seems to be populated entirely by musical students. The daughter of the Kansas farmer saves her money for a course at some Eastern musical conservatory, and her father encourages her.

Naturally the question arises at this point: Why has the American ear not been discovered before? Simply because it has not had, until lately, the opportunity for the enjoyment of great operas. The American got for years a large dose of commonplace ballads, cakewalk ditties and ragtime. Grand opera, except in New York and a few cities, was a great novelty. But as the melodious works of the masters came within the hearing of the American ear it was quick and keen to respond.

But the foreigner, you will say, has had great music singing about his ears from childhood, and for this reason he must have the better musical appreciation. My argument is, that for this very reason his discrimination and his appreciation are not so fine as the American's. The Italian or the German or the French ears are from childhood overburdened with melody. Every town in Europe has an opera house or a pretense for one. Therefore, when the European reaches man's estate, his ear is often dulled by much musical sound. The native American, on the other hand, unaccustomed to the steady diet of operatic or other fine music, has a fresh and unspoiled appreciation that I think is today the best in the world.

Another reason for the superiority of the American ear is the fact that, following a curious temperamental bent, the American will only go to the opera when he is in the mood. He will not go when he has a grocery bill or a doctor's bill or some other trouble staring him in the face. He goes when he is in the spirit, and the result is that he enjoys what he hears. A foreigner, on the other hand, will go to the opera filled with depression, and all through the performance he will be laboring under the

Marguerita Sylva

Mme. Eva Grippon, Dramatic Soprano

Mlle. Margarita D'Alvarez, Contralto

influence of his sorrow. Naturally, under such conditions, he is not so sensitive to the call of the music.

I have already said that the American ear wants the cleanest music. In this respect it is different from the European ear. Being clean, frank and manly, the native American wants music of the same kind. You can see this in the steadily-growing native American operas. They are written about uplifting themes. The scene of the grand opera that I lately bought from Victor Herbert, called Natomah, is laid in California. It is a fresh love story, typically American. This operatic mood has spread to the cities. They, too, want clean operas.

The American ear is, likewise, the most cosmopolitan in the world. One reason for this is that the Continental music-lover clings tenaciously to the operas of his own people. Thus his musical range is always restricted. The Italian, for example, will hear Trovatore year in and year out, but he will not go to hear Louise or Thaïs. He thinks that it is a disloyalty to the music of his race. The Frenchman will go to hear Faust, but he will not go often to hear Lohengrin. And so on. But the native American loves the operas of all nations, and he plays no racial favorites. He will hear Lucia, Tosca, Thaïs or Tannhäuser with equal pleasure. And for this same reason his musical knowledge is widening just as his musical ear is constantly growing.

There is still another distinguishing quality to the American ear, and this lies in the fact that it will not be buncoed. It is as discriminating as it is quick. Some of the greatest artists that come to the United States do not make an overwhelming impression, especially at the start.

The fact of the matter is that the American ear, like the gentleman from Missouri, must be shown. It must hear for itself. It accepts nothing on faith. You can advertise in the papers that you have the greatest tenor on earth, but the American ear will wait, and reserve judgment until it has heard.

One reason for this is that the average American does not keep in such close touch with musical affairs as the average European. He does not read the musical papers. On the other hand, the Berlin opera-goer knows who have been singing at Dresden or Munich or Leipsic; the Vienna music-lover knows the stars at Budapest, while the Paris enthusiast keeps in touch with the opera at Marseille. When these Continentals are informed by the press that a wonderful prima donna is to sing in their city they accept it, and go expecting to hear a marvel. But, as I said before, the American prefers to make his own judgment, and this is why he so often is aloof. The native American is not so easily swept off his musical feet as the European. Although a prima donna may please him, he will wait until he has heard her several times. This is the Anglo-Saxon caution. Take the case of Mademoiselle Trentini, a very charming and magnetic soprano. She has been singing with my forces for three years. At first the Americans treated her with respect. The next season they warmed up to her a little more. Now she is a favorite with them. My belief is that the American audience, when once won, is more loyal than the Continental audience. But the artist must deliver the goods to keep the loyalty of the hearers.

The untutored but discriminating and naturally critical American ear shies at one thing, and that is the price of grand opera. Because it can see a gorgeous comic opera spectacle for two dollars it gets the impression that grand opera, done in a big, elaborate way, can be offered at the same price. One reason for this is the average American's complete ignorance of operatic conditions. He does not know the enormous risk attached to the production of grand opera. No great business enterprise has so large a hazard. When the American thinks he is being overcharged, it is because he makes an unfair comparison between the production of grand opera and that of the regular drama.

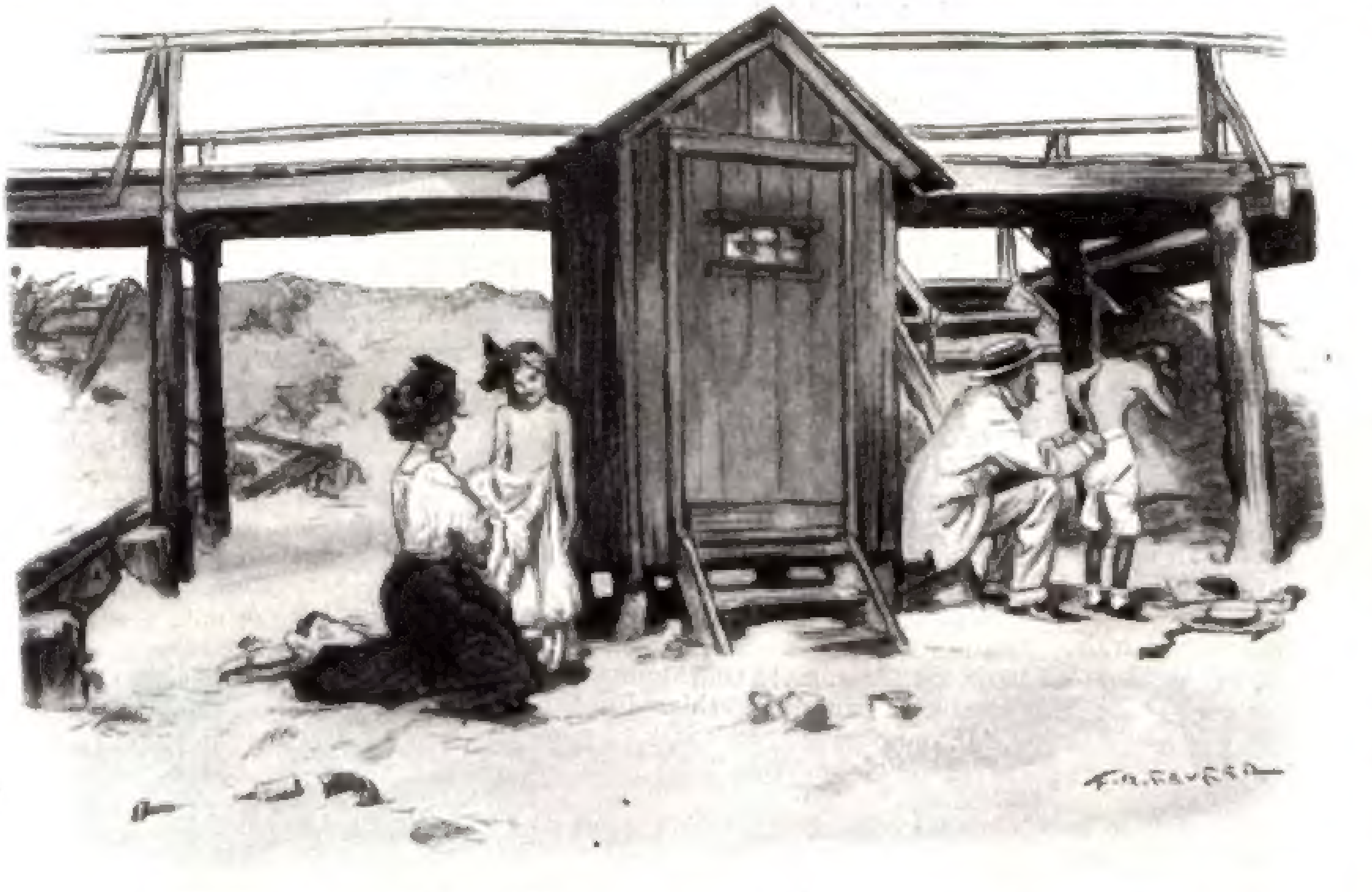
In the first place, there can be no fair comparison with the regular theater. A manager can get a fairly good actor for from fifty to one hundred dollars a week. He can get a good leading man for from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a week. These actors will play three hundred and sixty-five nights a year and the regular matinées. They will also play in as many extra matinées as the management requests, without extra salary.

Now, take grand opera. The average American does not realize that great artists are scarce. Europe must be

(Continued on Page 61)

THE SERPENT'S TOOTH

Anne and I Renew Our Youth in Childish Laughter



I Wrested His Apparel From Him to the Last Stitch, on One Side of the Bath-House

By EMERY POTTLE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IT WAS early in July, and Anne and I were still lingering on in town. We're always lingering on somewhere. If it's autumn we're late in the country; if it's spring or summer, when we should be in the country we aren't there. It is this very unseasonableness which goes a long way toward giving our monotonous respectability the slight diverting suggestion of impropriety that stimulates us to keep on living. I was idly discoursing to Anne on this topic one warm evening as we sat in our refined flat in our coolest disarray, partaking of some refreshment preparatory to going to bed.

"When the moment comes for you to die, Anne, you will probably put it off until the next month. You're never ready, you know," said I solemnly.

With extreme delicacy Anne fished the last olive from the bottle with the paper-knife.

"Though you didn't hesitate about *that*," I added with some indignation.

She gave the last remark no heed. "You needn't make a virtue of our hanging on," she returned calmly. "You know as well as I do that we generally stay in a place because we haven't the money to get out of it. If anything induces me to put off my funeral it will be the fact that we can't afford to have it when we expected. There's an olive on your plate now you haven't eaten; and, anyway, you had one more than I."

"So there is; I didn't see it. But that proves my theory."

"Does it?" vaguely replied Anne, her eyes absently wandering about the walls. "How funny!"

"No, you don't," said I hastily. "I know that eyeglance. We aren't going to change the pictures again this month."

She flushed guiltily. "What's that on the mantel?" she presently demanded in an altered voice. I detected the truculent note and suddenly had a horrid sense of its meaning. "My tobacco jar; your bathing-suit samples; that rotten little green jug your Aunt Julia gave us; the candlesticks we thought were old and aren't, and ——" I began breathlessly to enumerate.

"It's a letter," she sternly interrupted, "and you forgot to give it to me."

"It's a pity you didn't marry a postman, Anne," I weakly combated.

"What the postman is like in the bosom of his family is a subject of which, I regret to say, little is known," she retorted with some spirit as she rose to get the letter. "It's from Lily Appleby."

"Is it?" I sipped my beer moodily.

"You know it is, perfectly well. I wonder what Lily says." Anne contemplated the envelope.

I've been married to her too long not to know the folly of hurrying her into opening her correspondence. "Perhaps she says she's going to get a divorce from Freddy."

Anne hastily tore open the envelope in indignant silence and began to read—as a hen picks up corn. "She says it's awfully hot in the country . . . and that Freddy has been kept up nights by the warts. . . ."

"The what?"

"The warts—no, the works—Lily does write such a silly hand—and is tired to death. . . . Her mother has gone West for a month . . . and she thinks she's going to have another . . . . Oh, good gracious!"

"Another what?"

"No matter what. They've done over the dining-room in peacock-blue, but they don't like it much on account of the purplish rug. . . . She's nearly used up herself. . . . Little Freddy has a boil on his neck . . . and—oh, what a pity!—their cousin Tomes has written them to go for a week's trip in his motor next week, which is Freddy's vacation."

"Why is it a pity to be asked, even by so disagreeable an old man as this cousin Tomes, to motor for a week?" I inquired argumentatively.

"Because they can't go. They can't leave the children. The nurse girl has a new young man, the butcher's boy, and they don't trust her. Her last one jilted her, and as long as she was inconsolable, Lily says, she was perfectly all right; but, now she's got this new one ——"

"I'm sorry Lily can't go, poor dear."

"So am I, poor Freddy."

"Now, if it were only we ——" said Anne reflectively. "But, after all, I suppose it is better to love a child than an automobile."

"That's a subject for profound debate," I replied after some thought. "There are much the same joys and sorrows connected with both. The only thing is that the motor gets out of style oftener than the child. Mrs. Knickerbocker has a new one every year."

"So has the Italian woman at the fruitstand around the corner."

"Automobile?"

"No, of course not, dear. I mean a baby. The last one was a lamb; it was so sweet."

"I know. It did look a nice little chap, didn't it? But she doesn't keep changing 'em on account of style. They all look pretty much alike."

"All babies—especially Italian ones—do. That's why they're babies."

I regarded her in some bewilderment.

"Yes, of course," she murmured on re-reading Lily's letter; "what do you expect?"

I relapsed into a deep biological silence.

"Do you remember how sweet little Freddy was the last time we saw him out at Lily's"—Anne began reminiscently—"with his little curly head?"

"Umhum—nice boy. But I love Phyllis. Cunning little imp, that—just like Lily used to be."

"Yes, she's a love. They're both so nice, those little Applebys, aren't they?"

"Awfully, Anne," said I gently. We looked at each other for an instant, each of us understanding. Anne sighed.

"Have a little more beer, dear," I urged.

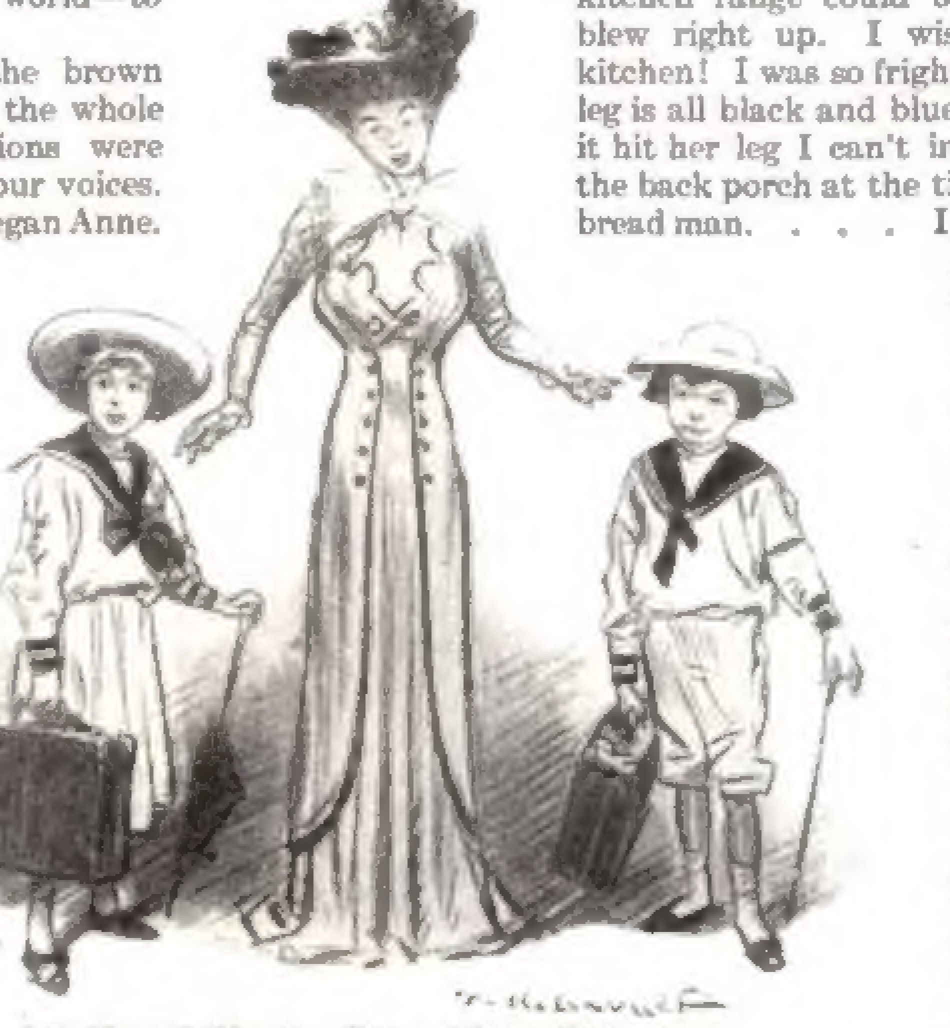
She smiled, with her eyes all misty, and laid her cheek against my hand as I filled her glass. "I'll give you my olive, too, if you want it," I added nobly.

"I couldn't think of it, Honey."

"Half?"

"Well—half. Thanks, dear."

We munched the halves of the olive of concord and shamelessly held hands. There are moments when Anne and I like each other so much we can't speak or think—when we just sit dumbly and know that we're the nicest people in the world—to each other.


Lily Herself Was in a State of Some Distraction

The olive and the beer and the brown bread and—I may as well confess the whole vulgar truth—the little new onions were all gone when we finally recovered our voices.

"I've been thinking, dear——" began Anne.

"So have I," I interrupted.

"What?" she demanded, with a twinkle in her eye.

"The same thing that you've been thinking; that——"

"Really? You mean the ——?"

"I mean the——"

We burst out laughing. "Not the little Applebys!" she exclaimed.

"Exactly."

"To ask them here while ——"

"Why not? It'll do us good. We'll take 'em to the beach. They haven't seen much of the sea and—why, I remember almost the happiest day of my childhood was spent by the ocean——"

"Digging and wading! And the sand—didn't you love it? Oh, my dear, it will be such fun; we'll go on excursions and ——"

"Phyllis can sleep in your room and little Freddy on a cot in ——"

"Yours! Perfect! You know, we need children around us. We're like a garden without flowers. We're getting so old and selfish and—I'll write to Lily at once and ask her."

Anne rushed to her desk and scribbled a note to Lily. She did not use language at all bad when she got an ink spot on the very front of her beloved blue wrapper. She was in her most angelic state of mind.

"I've done it. Read it. And now you must—would you mind awfully, dear?"

"Posting it? Not at all." Which indicated that I was in the shadow of Anne's wings, for it meant all my discarded garments and a journey up and down five flights of hot stairs.

The last I heard that night above the rattle of trains and the elevated roads was Anne's sleepy: "Don't you hope Lily will let them come, dear?"

"We'll kidnap 'em if she doesn't, Anne."

II

LILY brought them in the day before they were to go on their motor trip—the two of them, Phyllis and Freddy, dressed in celestial white, with bare, chubby legs and luminous seraphic faces. Freddy is eight and Phyllis is only a little older. They insisted on dragging in their kits in childish dress-suit cases. It was very touching. I thought their faces would be worn away by the erosion of our kisses.

Lily herself was in a state of some distraction, due to the parting from her offspring and the necessity of hurrying to Freddy's office to get some money to buy herself a new automobile coat before the shops closed and tell him the boiler on the kitchen range had blown up that morning.

"It's too divine of you, Anne, to have them," she declared excitedly, "and they are dears, I must say. . . . Darlings, aren't you happy to be in the big, big city? Phyllis, do leave your nose alone. . . . It's simply the dearest thing of you both. And both Freddy and I are so . . . Don't let them drink anything but sterilized water, dear, I beg of you. Freddy's stomach is so delicate. . . . Does your boil hurt you, sweetheart? It isn't really a boil. I think a bee stung him. Bit him, he says. He's so funny. But if it gets worse telegraph instantly, Anne. And I've left you the addresses. . . . They mustn't eat much, only just those things I told you. Darlings, don't you touch the sweets. Mamma doesn't allow it. . . . I think I'll get a dust-colored one, wouldn't you, Anne? One of those pongee kind of things, you know. Or would you get a gray? I saw a sweet gray one the other day. You'd get the yellow? Would you? I thought I'd get the gray. It's more becoming. Still, the yellow ones are smarter. I hate to look like a feather bed in a motor, even if one does go so fast no one notices. . . . And for pity's sake, Anne, make them go to bed every night at half after six. Do you hear, Freddy? It's such a task to keep forty little nails clean every day, not to mention teeth. And their naps after luncheon. . . . They adore being read to, dear. Oh, I hope they won't trouble you. Darlings, you must be so good to Aunt Anne—they always call you Aunt Anne, you know—and obey everything she says. . . . Would you believe that a kitchen range could be so—so devilish? It blew right up. I wish you could see the kitchen! I was so frightened. And the cook's leg is all black and blue, she says, though how it hit her leg I can't imagine, for she was on the back porch at the time, gossiping with the bread man. . . . I think I will get yellow, after all, except that my motor veil is gray. You don't think that matters? . . . I'm so tired, I'm nearly frantic . . . and so much to do. . . . Lambs, Mother's going now; she's got to hurry on. Come, kiss me, dears. . . . Blessings! . . . Sweethearts! . . . Now kisses for papa . . . and be good! Mother'll write you the loveliest picture postcards every day. Anne, Freddy is horribly afraid of the dark, I forgot to tell you, and Phyllis shrieks at a water bug! . . . Good-by! Good-by! Good-by! . . . Oh, dear, I can't bear to leave them! Good-by, darlings!"

The lambs bore up tolerably well under the strain of being bereft of their parent, probably due to the excitement of pinching the tail of Anne's last goldfish. It was only half an hour or so later, when the goldfish was breathing its last, its white stomach tragically exposed to view, that the full realization of their loss broke like a thunderstorm on their innocent hearts. Then they wept; Freddy, squatting in a corner, emitted angry barks of anguish, and Phyllis, squirming on her little tummy, flat on the floor, her heels in the air, gushed forth tears and sobs that were like to swamp the apartment.

Anne and I gazed at each other helplessly.

"Poor little things," she murmured, "isn't it sad?"

"It's ghastly! Can't you do something? Good Heavens! the neighbors will have the police in presently to arrest us for cruelty to children. And we'll all have to ride to the place on Fourth Avenue in their beastly wagon. I've seen it back up there often."

We approached the orphans timidly with soft, sickening words. They kicked viciously and yelled with harrowing pathos: "Mamma! Oh, Mamma! Mamma!"

"Anne, I can't stand this. I'm going out."

"If you do I'll never speak to you again!"

"Then do something."

"What?"

"I don't know. You can't spank a child for crying for its mother and father. Give 'em the box of chocolates."

The wails slackened.

"Lily doesn't allow them sweets."

The wails rose like a siren in a fog.

"Get them a picture-book, then."

"There aren't any."

"Give 'em the Places We Haven't Seen book. Give 'em the ink pot, my pearl studs, your sapphire necklace—anything. Freddy, if you don't stop I'll put you in the dark. Phyllis, there's a water bug!"

"How can you!" cried Anne indignantly, as wails in louder, horrider keys rent the affrighted air. "No, no, dears! No water bugs! No dark! Mamma's going to have a lovely vacation. Don't you want mamma to be happy?"

"No! No!" they bawled. "Mamma! Mamma!"

Anne desperately dragged forth our cherished portfolio of foreign photographs—we have never been abroad. "Look, dears, at the funny lady with the things on her head. That's Beatrice d'Este, who lived ever and ever so long ago. And only think, Phyllis, she was once a little girlie like you!"

I am ashamed of it, but at the time I giggled wantonly.

"What are you laughing at?" demanded Anne, furious.

"I've never heard anything so silly!" said I. "It would have been a good deal more amusing if she hadn't ever been a little girl."

"You're a brute. You can stop 'em yourself." Anne sat down sullenly and pretended to read.

The flat now sounded like Judea when Herod was murdering the Innocents.

"See here, Freddy," I essayed frantically, "look at the nice, shiny man all full of horrid arrows. He pretends they don't hurt him. That's why he's a saint. His name is Sebastian. He's like a pincushion, isn't he? Did you ever see a pincushion named Sebastian?"

Freddy snatched Sebastian and martyred him again with his boot heels. He fell beside the once-a-little-girl of Este, which Phyllis had savagely torn in twain. I heard a vulgar snicker from behind Anne's newspaper. That decided me. I rose and sought the box of chocolates. "The one who first stops bawling gets six chocolates; the next one five," I shouted above the uproar.

Instantly the traditional peace of a New England Sabbath lay over our tortured home. Two bright, serene, cloudless infants, lit with the divine sun of innocent childhood lambent on their eager faces, beamed at me.

"I stopped first."

"No, I did, Fweddy!"

"Naw, you didn't!"

"Yes, I did."

"Didn't!"

"Did!"

I interposed hastily: "You both stopped at the same time, so you each get five and a half chocolates."

Anne lifted a face of admiring horror. "If you say a word, Anne, I'll give them ten."

In another moment Heaven lay about us in our visiting infancy. Twenty fat, brown, sticky fingers caressed us. Our laundry bill that week was frightful, not to mention the amount that was paid to the cleaners. Phyllis rested her chocolate cheek against my collar in affectionate abandon.

"We was just playin' yellin'," she confided toothsomely.

"I yelled lots louder than her, only differunt," boasted Freddy. I repressed a brutal desire to shake them and glanced eloquently at Anne.

"We just yelled for fun, didn't we, Fweddy?"

"Uh-huh."

"An' now we'll look at the pictures, won't we, Fweddy?"

"Uh-huh."

They did. There was one that wasn't spoiled, I believe, a mouldy-looking Lazarus that we had meant to have framed to give away at Christmas because we didn't at all care for it.

Later on we went to walk, I believe. I'm not sure. Everything became so confused and we were so tired and harassed that the small events of the day are quite obscured. But I think we went to walk and that Phyllis fell in somebody's garbage can. She fell in there, I know, almost every time we went out. Freddy insisted on taking with him the goldfish which had successfully died—and enlivened the stroll by dropping it in a pitcher of beer being carried home by an exhausted and thirsty workman. I paid for the beer, and Freddy recovered the fish, which he bore home tenderly in his blouse.

Seven years elapsed between the departure of Lily and the hour of the cherished ones' bedtime. We grew old and haggard. I thought I detected white hairs on Anne's brown head. They refused to eat their hygienic supper of milk and bread and stewed fruit. "It's nasty," said Freddy with a pleasant smile.

"Nasty," echoed Phyllis beatifically.

"Mamma said she was afraid the milk wouldn't be good," added the frank Freddy.

Anne reddened in angry humiliation. "Those chocolates!" she hissed in French. I pretended not to hear.

"Aunt Anne drinks it, and it doesn't hurt her," Anne said coldly.

"Papa says city people have brass stomicks and can eat tacks," serenely returned Freddy. "Have you got a brass stomick, Aunt Anne?"

I listened feverishly for Anne's reply to this searching question on her inside workings. "No, dear," she answered shortly, "but Uncle Archie has, I believe."

I couldn't remember the French for "low trick," so made no retort. Freddy, becoming occupied then with his effete goldfish, which he cherished fondly, let the subject drop. It was only when they had finished their supper—if one can say finished of what was hardly begun—that he reverted to the physiological phenomenon. He went into the hall and found my biggest walking-stick. At a moment when I was wholly unguarded he brought it down with a whack on my waistcoat. I wish only to note here that I shall never forgive Anne. She laughed.

"'Tain't brass at all, Phyllis," announced the experimentalist in triumph. "It's just skin like ours. It didn't rattle a bit."

"Anne, take 'em to bed," said I sternly. "I've had enough. Go, woman!"

I shall not enter extensively into the unhappy scene of putting the Applebys into their beds. It would have been no more difficult to rock two young whales in the cradle of the deep. It got so bad, finally, that I saw Anne slinking into the library, where I had taken refuge. She made as if to rummage for something mislaid among the papers. I detected her quietly abstracting two chocolates from the box.

"Lost anything, Anne?"

"No, dear; I was looking for Lily's list of instructions."

"Oh! are the hyenas in bed yet?"

"Not quite. They're going now."

Some time after two angels in nighties bounded agilely into the room. "They want to say their prayers again to you, dear," said Anne wearily.

"I should be delighted," said I, "to be prayed to."

Phyllis fell heavily to her knees and prayed with a rapidity and a scope that I have rarely seen equaled. She ended with: "God bless Fweddy's goldfish and make him have little ones soon."

"Now, Fweddy, it's your turn."

Freddy, to our dismay, flatly refused, and in so doing uncovered so disconcerting a problem that Anne and I were left with our sails flopping in the wind. Said Freddy: "Naw! I didn't say 'em last night, I ain't goin' to say 'em tonight, nor tomorrow night. An' then, if nothin' happens, I'm never goin' to say 'em again."

We may have been wrong. I dare say we were—but neither Anne nor I had the pious strength to force the young heathen to his devotions.

"Did you ever see God?" he proceeded to inquire. "Do you expect to, Uncle Archie?"

I refuse to repeat my answers. Somehow, we got them into their beds—which they hated, though they were new, expensive cots for the occasion. And Anne, who can't sing a decent note, sung them to sleep. It was a harassing half-hour. I went out and sat on the landing.

I found Anne, when I returned, pale and wan, huddled on a divan in the library. We did not speak for a time."

"How long is a week, Anne?" I asked abruptly.

"Several thousand years, I believe."

We looked at each other drearily.

When we crawled to bed the lambs were asleep. We stood and gazed at their adorable, pink flushed faces and their chubby little figures outlined beneath the covers. There was a big, glistening tear on Phyllis' cheek.

"Because the goldfish is dead," explained Anne.

In Freddy's fat hand the same smelly fish was tightly clasped, and he smiled as he dreamed.

"They're sweet, aren't they?"

I nodded.

"I feel like 'Which shall it be? Which shall it be?'" Anne went on. "'I looked at John, John looked at me. Dear, patient John, who loves me yet.' . . . I don't remember any more."

"No one ever does. . . . I suppose they'll be gone in a week, surely?"

"I suppose they will."

At twelve Phyllis awoke with a violent stomachache. At twelve-thirty Freddy had his.

"Don't you say chocolates to me, Anne," said I vindictively, as I lighted the gas-stove to heat water. "I saw you stealing the last two from the box to give them. And that pays you for laughing when Freddy hit me."

III

THE third day of their visit we decided to take them to the beach. By this time the flat was ruined—"a dreary wreck lay she." The books were dirty-thumbed, the good pens were broken, the cook had given notice, we had twice narrowly escaped being burned, the place was foul with the odor of a dead goldfish, and the piano-top was permanently destroyed by dancing boot heels. Freddy had pinched the little girl next door till she was a horrid sight, and her wrathful mother, after severely slapping him, had brought her mutilated offspring into our apartment to exhibit her injuries with intimidating threats. Phyllis had cut her knee falling downstairs and pounded her thumb to a jelly while driving tacks into the legs of the dining-table. In addition, the guests had complained bitterly of our hospitality, were utterly dissatisfied with all forms of entertainment, and seemed more *blasé* than the barkeeper in a Bowery saloon. Phyllis told Anne, when she saw her powdering her nose, that mamma said that nice ladies didn't put things on their faces. And Freddy confided to me that papa said he guessed I didn't like to work very much 'cause I never had any money. As for us, our nerves were completely shattered. We gave up any attempt at living a sober, righteous and godly life of our own. We grew bitter and acrimonious and conversed but little when alone. It was impossible to say anything interesting before the children, except in French, and neither of us could remember the irregular verbs. Anne always had a headache, and I had grown suspicious that I was in the first clutches of typhoid fever.

We hailed with deep relief the prospect of getting out into the open. We grew even hilarious over it and gayly prepared a childish luncheon to take with us.

"How they'll enjoy the sea, those little beggars!"

"They'll love it," Anne enthusiastically agreed. "Poor lambs, they've been in the house so long. No wonder they're nervous. We'll have a really happy child day. We must forget, dear, that we are older. We must see things with the child mind, and enjoy with their enjoyment."

"It would save trouble if we could, Anne, but we'd land in jail in a week."

The morning dawned with devastating heat, the thick, gray heat which clogs the soul and body. We clad ourselves in white and the lambs in white, a shining array, and with our baskets of luncheon and pails and spades for the children we set forth. The journey was largely accomplished on trolley cars—which I detest—and it was one of the most harrowing trips I have ever made.

On the way the sky had become entirely overcast, and the day was dismal in the extreme. Presently the wind began to blow, a hot, dry, sandy wind that was, to the nerves, as lemons to the teeth. There was scarcely a soul to be seen on the shore; the sand drove in on us in a shower of irritating, scorching little particles.

"Never mind," said I with hollow cheerfulness, "we'll give 'em the best kind of a time, Anne. Run along, kiddies, and play in the sand. Here are your spades and pails."

"I don't want to dig—do you, Phyllis?" replied Freddy with ill-concealed contempt.

"No, Fweddy, I don't like it here. I want to go home."

"Uh-huh—it's nasty."

"Why, darling, don't say that. See the big green ocean that goes 'way, 'way across to England," reproved Anne in the simpering tone she considered was adapted to children.

"It's nasty!"

"I want to go home."

"Isn't there any place where we can get out of this awful wind?" crossly complained Anne. "The sound is horrible. I want to sit down somewhere and rest and read. My head hurts me dreadfully."

"I don't know," said I dispiritedly. "What did you come for if you didn't want to sit in the sand?"

"I loathe the ocean."

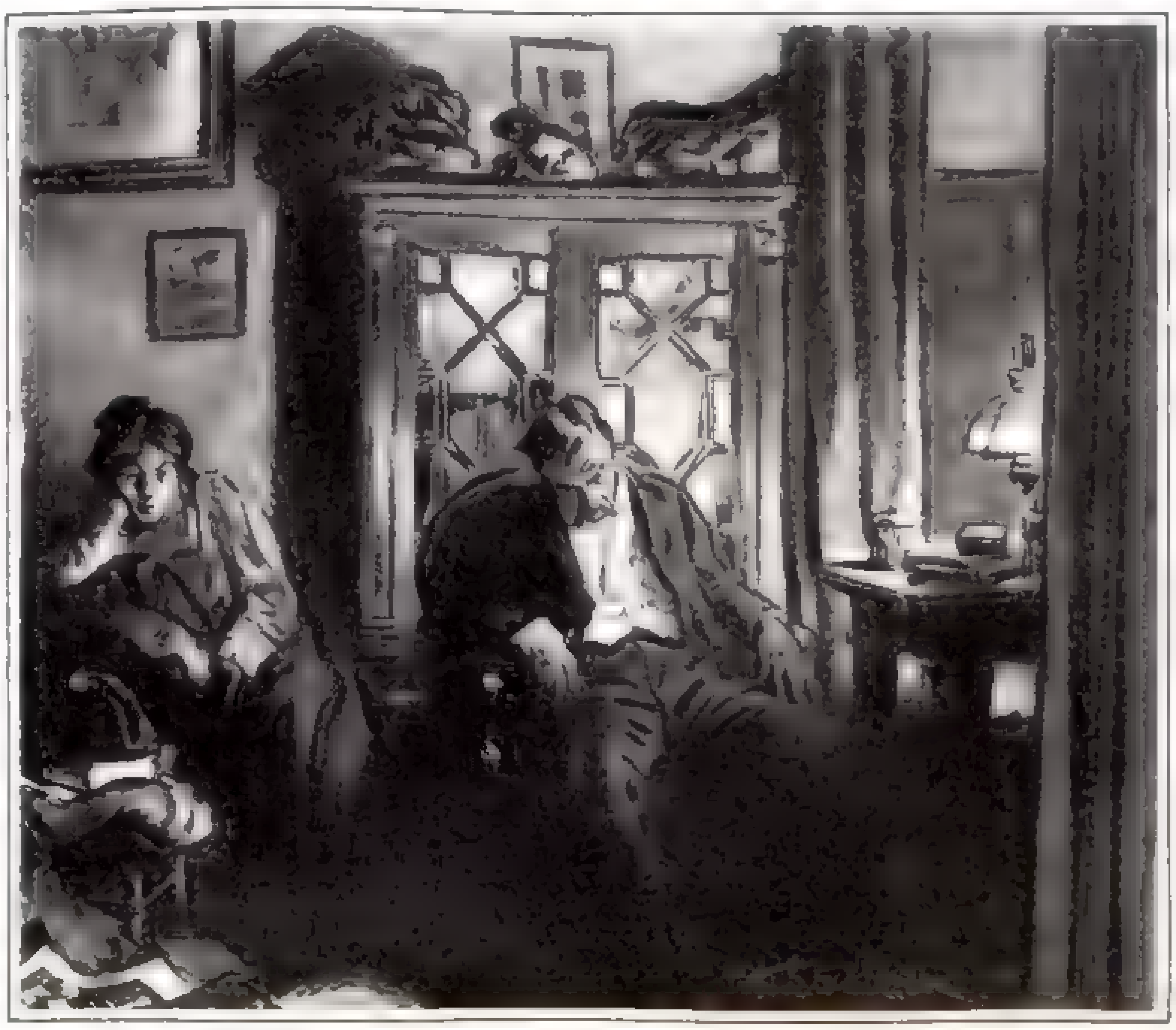
Phyllis began to cry.

"I'm hungry. I want to eat," announced Freddy.

"It's only eleven, dear."

"I want to eat!"

Presently we found a shelter in the lee of an old bath-house and tried to establish ourselves there. By this time both the lambs were whining for food. The wind had begun to turn cold, and the sea took on a sinister aspect. We sat in miserable silence until Freddy conceived the idea of burying me in the sand.



"How Long is a Week, Anne?"

"You'd better let them," Anne remarked faintly. "It was silly of you to wear your best white flannels, anyway."

"See here—who suggested my white flannels, I'd like to know? No—not in my hair, Freddy!"

Anne leaned hopelessly against the bath-house and stared out to sea. "I merely said you looked well in them. Of course, if one is so vain as to——"

"Phyllis, if you put sand inside my shirt I'll spank you! I see you've got on your best hat, Anne."

When my clothes were quite ruined and there was sand in my hair and ears and sand gritting inside on my skin, the burial game palled. They returned to their whimpering demands for food.

"For Heaven's sake, let 'em eat, Anne. It'll while the bright, happy hours away."

We opened the lunch amid breathless expectancy. In Phyllis' basket were the sandwiches and fruit; in Freddy's the eggs and cold meat and sterilized little cakes. As the latter receptacle was uncovered a loathsome odor smote our nostrils.

"Mercy," cried Anne, "how awful! What is it?"

"Oh, there's my fish!" shrieked Freddy in great delight. "I put him in and forgot him."

That fish! I took it shudderingly by the tail and, heedless of its proprietor's wrath and grief, I cast it far into the deep. We subsequently threw away the entire contents of the basket. Later we gnawed the sandwiches. They were by now filled with the flying sand. Our teeth grated vilely on the dirt.

"Do they call 'em sandwiches because they're full of sand?" whined Freddy.

"Yes," said I briefly.

"Nasty," muttered Phyllis.

"Give me patience," I supplicated inwardly.

"Now we'll wade, won't we, Phyllis?" proceeded Freddy when our frugal repast was over.

"Yes, Fweddy."

"You can't, dears, it's too cold," said Anne.

"Yes, we will, too. You said we could."

"It's no use, Anne; let 'em do it. I don't much mind if they do die, do you?"

"No." She roused a moment afterward from her torpor to say: "You'd better go and watch them. I can't be bothered carrying back two drowned children. There's no place in the flat for them. Ugh! I smell that goldfish."

I glanced morosely toward the waves. Phyllis at that moment advanced to lave her pearly feet. At that instant Freddy was seized with the pretty idea of rubbing a castaway jelly-fish in his sister's hair. He flew at her with the disgusting mass and the thing descended flat on her bobbing curls. She stubbed her toe and fell. Before I could get to her a large, jovial wave had rolled her over, soaked her to the skin, and was gayly bearing her out to sea when I rushed in knee deep and plucked her from her doom.

Anne, transfixed with horror, stood wringing her hands by the bath-house. I bore Phyllis, yelling like a savage, to her. Freddy had run off down the beach.

"This is too much!" wailed Anne. "Look!"

"That's what I think," said I grimly. "And that's what Freddy'll think in a moment."

I deposited the wretched child. She was dripping with sea water and tears and jelly-fish.

"What on earth are we to do?" Anne moaned. "We can't let her stay like this. She'll catch her death of cold."

"Undress her."

"Here?"

"We've got to."

"But what'll we put on her then?"

I hesitated. "I know what we'll put on her. We'll put Freddy's clothes on her! You undress her and dry her with your petticoat, and I'll catch him."

Freddy ran well for a youngster, but I overtook him and wrested his apparel from him to the last stitch, on one side of the bath-house, while Anne performed first aid to the injured on the other. I threw the little bundle to her and wrapped Freddy in my coat. Presently Phyllis trotted around to us, a very young Rosalind. She was ecstatic over the change, and, except for the jelly-fish in her hair, was quite light-hearted. She threw an offensive word at her brother

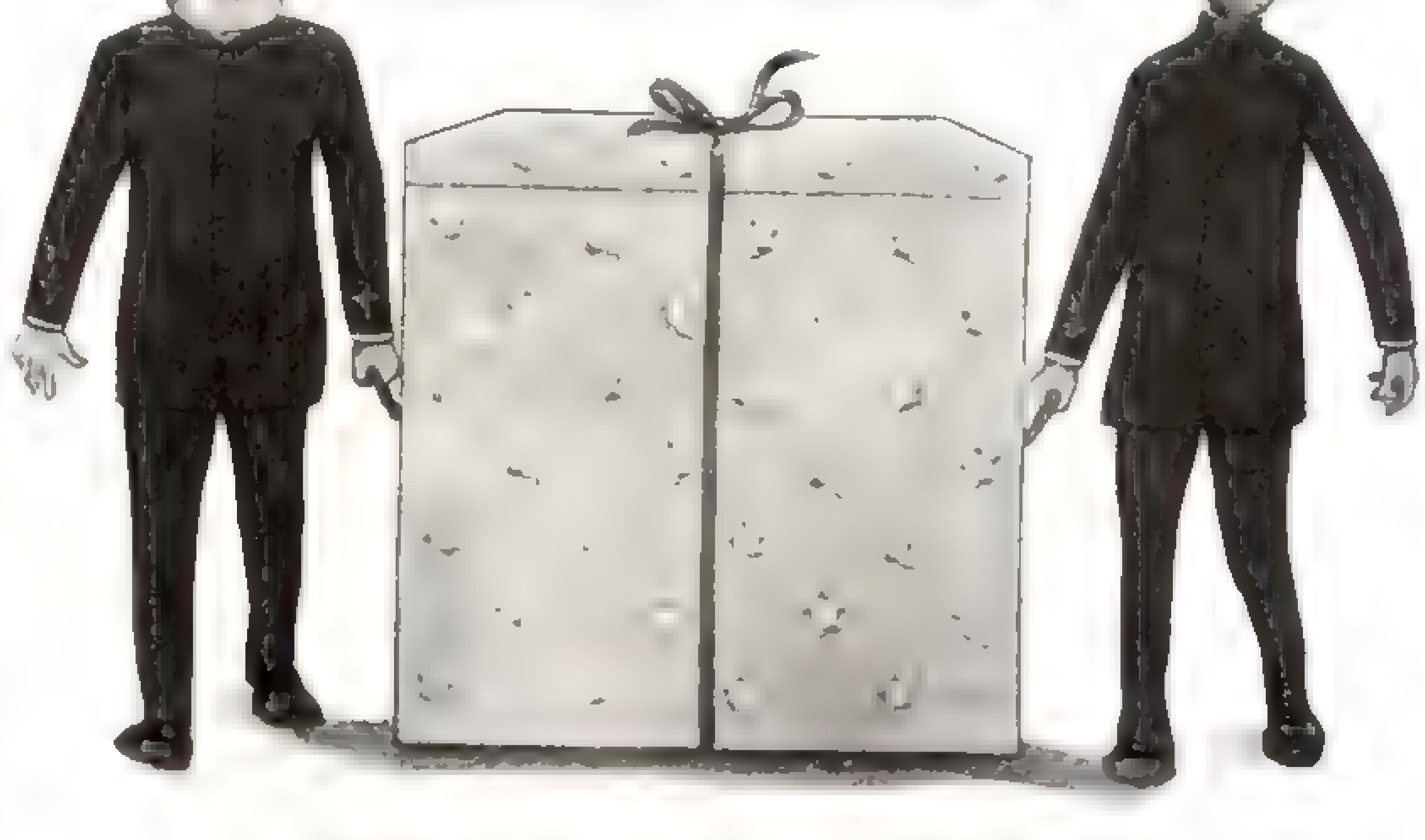
(Continued on Page 52)

PETTY LARCENY ABROAD

WHAT IT COSTS TO IMPRESS THAT JONES WOMAN

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL



This Arrived at the Hotel That Evening, Carried by Two Men

IT WAS Willy Lou who saved me from buying a Dying Gaul at Rome. Incidentally, she laid down one or two commercial and other truths.

"Just you wait a while," said she; "you are just out of the tall corn and don't know any more about art than a rabbit. I've already seen twelve of those Gauls in windows. Maybe you can buy them cheaper in a department-store basement, back home."

That Americans buy things in Europe perhaps even Senator Aldrich would admit. In some cases it is only postal cards and souvenirs, but usually it is clothes —near clothes and real clothes, watches, jewelry, antiques and works of art. Most men can smuggle a watch with a clear conscience, and most women can smuggle a red-hot cook stove. Sometimes even the sternest moral fiber is softened at the thought of the new tariff bill, and poor, poverty-smitten New England, and the stern and righteous figure of Senator Aldrich

But, be those things as they may, we can't fool all the customs officers all the time, so we have to pay duty once in a while. Plain as this fact is, nearly all tourists forget it. They forget that it is the business of men who run basements and other floors to select goods, buy them and import them; and that such men make their money not by holding goods but by turning their money over. Against this skilled judgment and large capital the amateur tourist puts a smaller purse, a narrower experience and an untrained judgment. Wherefore, what Europe does to him is a deep and abiding plenty.

America is the richest market in the world, and this fact ought to be no more opportunity to Europe than to American tourists; because American buyers buy the best of all the world in every corner of the world. Objects of beauty, of utility, of industry or of art flow to America as water flows down hill. It is no surprise to hear the united dressmakers of New York announcing that they are going to cut free from Paris and design all their own styles. Many Americans have been designing Parisian styles for years. The astonishing thing is that Americans of intelligence do not know that the markets of Europe can be found at home, and that, in many cases—without considering the Aldrich bit in the price—the European retailer asks a flat price almost as great as, in some instances much greater than, is required here for the same article.

Tricky Price-Marks in Austria

BEING a tourist, however, you have left reason and judgment at home and are a victim of simple hysteria. Abroad you feel obliged to buy things ranging from Old Masters and marquetry furniture to Dying Gauls, silk gowns, kid gloves and Paris hats. Nay, let us not say that you are a victim of hysteria, after all, but impelled by a great and undying purpose. Most of all, you want to jar that hateful Jones woman who lives in the next block, and who never was very much, anyhow, and who has not been abroad for five years, and who looks like a frump in any sort of clothes. In this overmastering impulse you get continuously, consistently and efficiently stung, as we say in America, or, as the English say, jolly well had.

In the European mind anything is fair as applied to Americans. In the height of the season, not only are hotel rooms marked up to double price or more, but show-window prices as well. The latter are also sometimes juggled. For instance, in parts of Germany or Austria a woman may see a nice, handsome blouse marked with the figure twelve. This her escort assures her does not mean twelve dollars, but twelve kroner, or about two dollars and forty cents—the new Austrian currency today being reckoned in kroner. It is not until after Madame has been inside the store and bought several shirtwaists that the bland proprietor informs her that the mark was in the old currency and stood for twelve gulden! A gulden is twice as big as a krone. In any case, the bait does its work, because, once inside the store, the American woman is helpless; she sees so many things the Jones woman has not.

Of course, the customs duty is never thought of by any American woman. If it does come up in any way the smiling shopkeeper explains how such a thing can be put down on the near side of the trunk, where the examiner's hands are less apt to find it; and, also, he almost invariably offers to make out an invoice for, say, half the price paid. That any one countenancing an act of this kind is committing a serious offense against our laws, and one subject to heavy penalty, does not always occur to the tourist. In no case does anything occur to the foreign merchant beyond his listing as an undesirable citizen in this country's customs office.

Take the case of this Dying Gaul, which may be had in any size and any quantity, in bronze or marble, as one later discovers. The price to the purchaser is, say, four hundred lire, or eighty dollars, which, considering the envy it would cause the Jones woman, is not so bad. But along comes a duty of sixty per cent, plus insurance, plus packing, cartage, brokerage and declaration fees, which, in the total, bring Dying Gauls up to about one hundred and thirty-five to one hundred and forty dollars each. In the end, if anybody has had any pleasure in this Roman holiday it hasn't been yourself. The only thing you can do is to swear that in your knowledge and belief this particular Dying Gaul is over one hundred years old, as is the Capitoline Venus and the Apollo Belvedere, which, of course, you have to buy also in your plan regarding the Jones woman. Before you affix your signature to the affidavit the customs officer explains that reproductions of these antiques don't go in the commercial, cold-blooded eye of Uncle Sam. Wherefore, you are stung again.

The buyer who forgets or plans to evade the tariff duty gets stung with his eyes wide open. Europe has yet other and more ingenious ways of stinging the man who buys with his eyes shut. Not long ago there came into a certain American city what purported to be a genuine antique marble bust, dug up by a laborer in the vicinity of Athens, or Hadrian's Villa, or the Baths of Caracalla, or some other place where everything antique comes from. The purchaser had paid four thousand lire for this, or eight hundred dollars. Had it been genuine it would have been worth many times that price. All the astute appraiser did was to scrape off about a quarter of an inch of the incrustation, whereupon a very nice piece of purely modern Carrara marble was disclosed. In the matter of marble the ancient sculptors of pagan days were babies compared to the modern Italian.

Old bronzes are a favorite sort of merchandise in Europe. You can buy, around the Roman Forum, any kind of Greek or Roman coin that ever was invented, and you need not pay nearly the face value of the coin at the time it was struck. Even museums are stung once in a while with fake coins, bronze axe heads, ancient Roman awls, mirrors and such things. Perhaps you do not go in for purely museum pieces like this, but want something more ornamental and more apt to impress your neighbors, the Jones family. You can buy it anywhere in Italy for any price you like to pay, with all the blue, green and yellow incrustations of great age attached. It takes about two years' burial in the ground to give any sort of authenticity to a bronze bust from the Baths of Caracalla, or ancient Tivoli, or the Appian Way. There is a factory in Italy which does this sort of thing. Its name and address are perfectly well known to the appraisers of customs in America, who have a card index full of such names. Sometimes they save duty money to a tourist, and sometimes they take it away from him. Sometimes, again, they confiscate the entire lot, or hold it up for a substantial raise in values. In either case, Europe has the money safe in its pocket, or already spent; and the tourist has the trouble. Had he bought in a downtown basement at home he would have had some one to go and kick to. A kick delivered across the wide Atlantic does not impinge with any great amount of force.

Suppose you have suddenly grown rich, in spite of yourself, to the point where you wear a red waistcoat and belong to three clubs. That entitles you to become a judge of art. They usually start you in on Rembrandts over in Europe, probably one found in a back alley in Nuremberg, or Westphalia, or South Devon, and later discovered to be genuine and worth many times the price asked for it. If you prove tractable on Rembrandts you graduate into Murillos and Guido Renis, treasures wrested from little homes where their real nature was not known, and so forth. It is only once in a while now that they find an American who will fall for a Michael Angelo or a Raphael, but even such have come across to America. Thus a yearning posterity will be the beneficiary of the chance accident which discovered them resting in a somewhat smoky corner in an out-of-the way house in some little-known European village. The Old Masters had only a few subjects. If you did not buy a Madonna, probably you bought a Saint Sebastian, full of arrows. If you bought it for the club, in all likelihood it was a Potiphar's Wife or a Susanna and the Elders. Outside of these the main run of Old Masters had to do with saints and lobsters —saints from Italy and lobsters from Flanders—with occasionally a wild-boar hunt added from Belgium. It is hardly necessary to show your art collection. It was one of these things that stung you, and that induced the Jones woman to say that steel-engraving photographs are much safer for beginners to collect. This, in spite of the fact that you ought to have known that J. P. Morgan would have got to it first if it were the real thing. You can see his collections loaned to the British Museum, the South Kensington Museum, perhaps many other museums abroad. That is to say, they were loaned until the late tariff law was passed. Perhaps they will come to America now. The new tariff bill makes it possible to bring these collections to America

Nothing High If You Want It

IT IS a favorite European axiom handed out for American consumption that nothing is high-priced if you really want it. There is another and yet more universal axiom about the blissfulness of ignorance. If ignorance really is bliss the average American tourist certainly ought to be plumb happy. In Naples once I was impressed by a large, half-ruined edifice on the summit of a hill out Posilipo way, and asked my driver what it was. He replied that it was an old tomb, as near as I could get at his soft Neapolitan accent. Later I was asked by several tourists, even newer than myself, what was the name of this tomb. I had no idea, but with one glance at their trusting countenances took a chance, and told them it was the resting-place of Tiberius, a German Emperor, who once conquered Naples and died there of Roman fever. As an offhand response this went very well, and was the cause of many photographs and abundant pencil memoranda in notebooks. Later I learned the truth, which is that this prominent ruin is the purely modern mausoleum of a successful merchant of high-sounding and mellifluous name, who spent about a million dollars building this memorial to his fame. It is almost as large as the Colosseum, being the size the merchant thought he was, but he never could get the decorations to suit him, and meanwhile he died. They put him in a common sort of graveyard, where he still is, waiting for his tomb to be finished to his satisfaction. Since it is not really the burial-place of the merchant, it does just as well as the tomb of Tiberius; indeed, to me it seems far more interesting as such. But if the American tourist will swallow a whole mausoleum, why should he strain at a Roman bust or so?

Take that simple and useful form of art which is concerned in the making of riding breeches. In my haste I have said that no tailor in America could make a pair of riding breeches, because my own varied collection would offer fits both for Mr. Taft and for Mr. Fairbanks. Wherefore, one day when abroad, I was triangulated for a real pair of them in dear old London. After getting them over, sewing on the buttons, taking them in at the knee and letting them out a little elsewhere, and changing the waistband, and putting on new extensions, they did very well. Now comes a mirthful friend who advises me that the only place to get London cutters of breeches is in New York.

"Besides," he added, "there you get the Swedish workmen who make up the garments after they are cut by the English cutter. You can't buy any such work anywhere in London. What did you pay for yours?"

"Five guineas," I remarked faintly—"that is to say, without the duty."

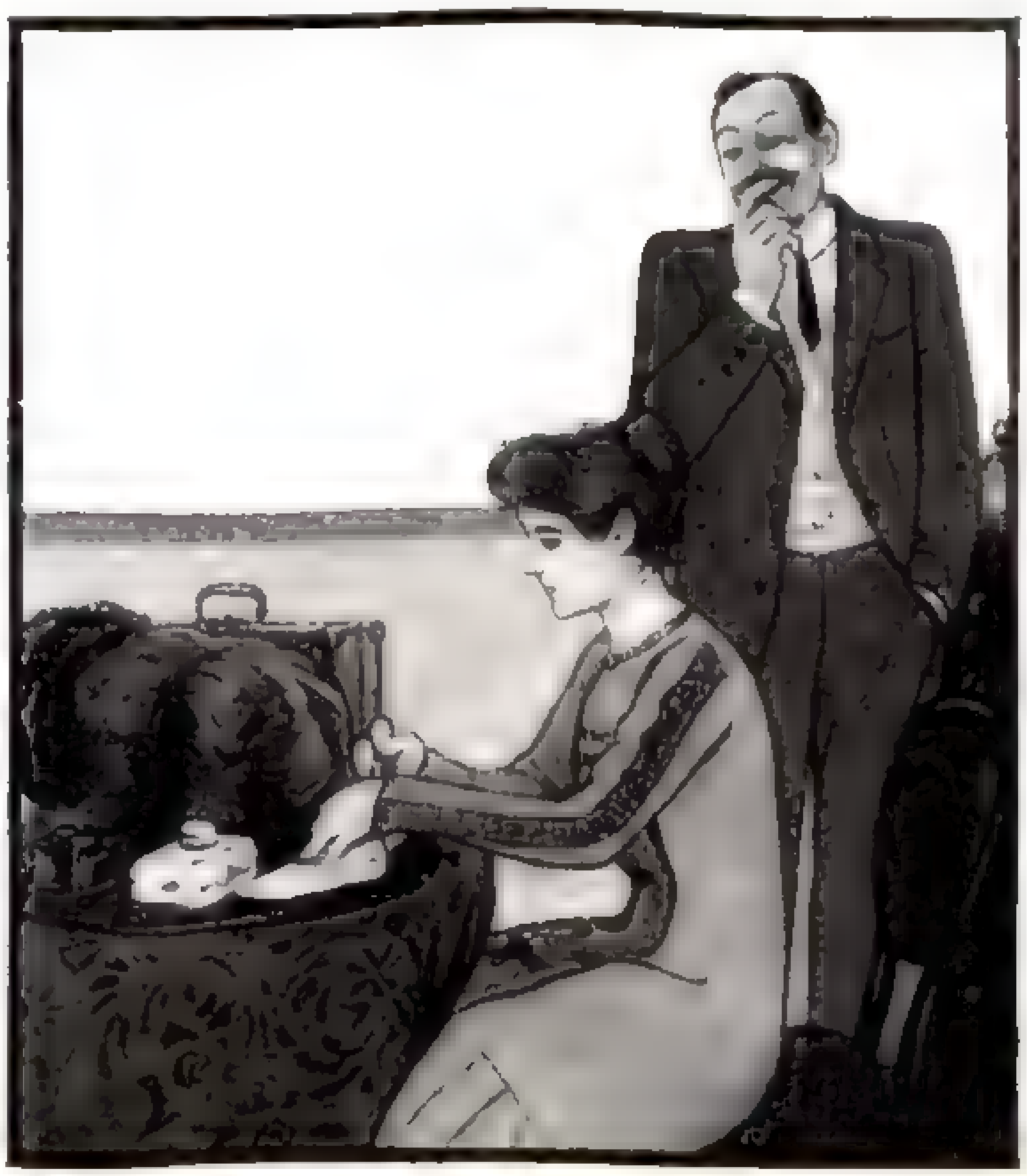
"Stung! Stung!" he remarked coldly. "No one in England would pay five guineas. Besides, you could get the same thing, only better, in New York, for eighteen dollars, with the duty paid. It's cheaper to hire the workmen and buy the material and do the work here than it is to buy the garment made over there and pay the duty before you can get it home. Besides, the American breeches look like something."

All I could do was to point to the picture of a man in riding breeches sent to me by my London tailors, and to declare that I would probably look like that if I ever put them on. But I have not put them on. I do not like to reflect about them as a commercial proposition.

The Door-Knockers of the Doges

ONE time in Venice I saw some perfectly beautiful old bronze door-knockers with designs representing mermaids, Neptunes and Venuses. They were of great size and beauty, and obviously very old. All of them came from old palaces in Venice, most of them from the Doges' Palace, as I was convincingly informed. Two of these bronzes of very special beauty impressed me so much that I asked for them to be set aside. Pursuing my journeys as far as Paris, one day while in quest of a certain style of gilt-bronze wall light made about the time of the Empire, I blundered into a bronze factory on a side street in Paris, and so had my eyes fully opened. Here was where they made antiques—I saw several of their antique wall lights afterward in the various shops of Paris. With a sinking heart, but resolved to know the worst, I asked to be shown the department where they made the green-bronze door-knockers. There were my two patterns! The smiling Parisian congratulated me on my good taste, and said that they sold a great many of them in Venice.

That old marquetry table from Italy, and that kettle-shaped desk from Holland, were you not absolutely sure that these at least were real antiques? If to you they seem such still you are just as happy. Whether or not you begin to have a suspicion, the dealer in Europe has your money. This country has been combed out of pretty much all its antiques, and our buyers are abroad in Europe, so that prices of antiques there have doubled in the past few years. Perhaps you buy a handsome old sideboard in England, paying, say, two hundred dollars for it


In the Vain Hope That it Might Straighten Out by Morning

The customs officer will not pass it as an antique if it is not all old. The European seller does not tell you this, but leaves you to find it out. His larceny from your pocket is complete at the time you take the steamer from Liverpool docks. Again, if the dealer false-bills it to you, say at fifty dollars, the custom-house raises the amount to two hundred and fifty dollars—so there you are.

Edinburgh is, perhaps, all things considered, the best silver market in the world, more especially for really old silver. I know about this because I got stung there myself. Had I listened to everything I heard I should have had to swim home. One particularly handsome sauceboat was offered me as a genuine old piece of the time of George II. "It has an exceptionally good hallmark," said the dealer. "Look, you can read every figure. An extraordinarily good hallmark, indeed." I took up his microscope. "It ought to be," said I, "because it was made day before yesterday. The burr isn't worn off the die-work yet." The dealer merely grinned and shrugged his canny Scotch shoulders.

There are many dealers in Edinburgh who will not stoop to such deception as this. If you will go to a responsible house, where they really understand their business, you can set yourself clear in regard to hallmarks on old silver. But such a dealer will admit to you that hallmarks often have been counterfeited in England, where all is supposed to be upright and honorable in trade, and where, incidentally, you are as apt to be faked in antiques as anywhere in the world. When you buy your Georgian silver, or your Sheraton knife boxes, or your Chippendale table with the piecrust edge, take your own judgment and do not trust the statement of the dealer. He knows you are an American, and knows you are going home. I had "genuine Chippendale" tables offered me at one hundred and fifty dollars—handsome and clever pieces of forgery, as I pointed out to the dealer. He admitted there might be "a little new carving" on them, and pleasantly offered to make the price twenty-five dollars apiece. When it is stated that lots sometimes aggregating four and five thousand dollars in antique furniture are shipped sometimes as far from London as San Francisco, some idea may be formed of the intense desire some Americans have of making a front to the Jones woman, and of the price they are willing to pay for it.

Our duty on jewelry is high enough and our prices are low enough; and if one really wishes to pay the legal duty one saves little or no money in buying expensive jewelry abroad. The only saving is effected through smuggling, and curious enough are some of the smuggling stories that might be told. The individual buyer, however, adds to such risk the risk of his own judgment. It is merely a fetish, a surviving tradition, that Europe surpasses us today in any line of artisanship. We have as good engravers and intaglio cutters of gems in this country as there are in Europe. Thus, while in Rome, and for the time away from the watchful guardianship of the business member of the firm, I conceived it an excellent idea to have a certain old ring cut into intaglio. I found what was supposed to be a good jewelry store in Rome, kept by very honorable people indeed, so I was told. The gem was ruined. I could have had it properly done in five minutes' walk from my office at home. What was the net gain in patronizing the foreign artist? If all the portrait painters and operatic singers of Europe, all the piano players, pugilists and other artists, look on America as their Mecca, why should it not be equally true that all high-class artisans would naturally come here also to sell their skill? In fact, they do. The American is the last to learn that he has quite a country of his own. As a matter of fact, we make the finest jewelry in the world. Our experts smile at some of the old "family jewels" of Europe, for which our girls marry foreigners. These old pieces look clumsy, and many of the gems are not first-class.

You Will Observe His Knees to Tremble and All His Hauteur to Vanish

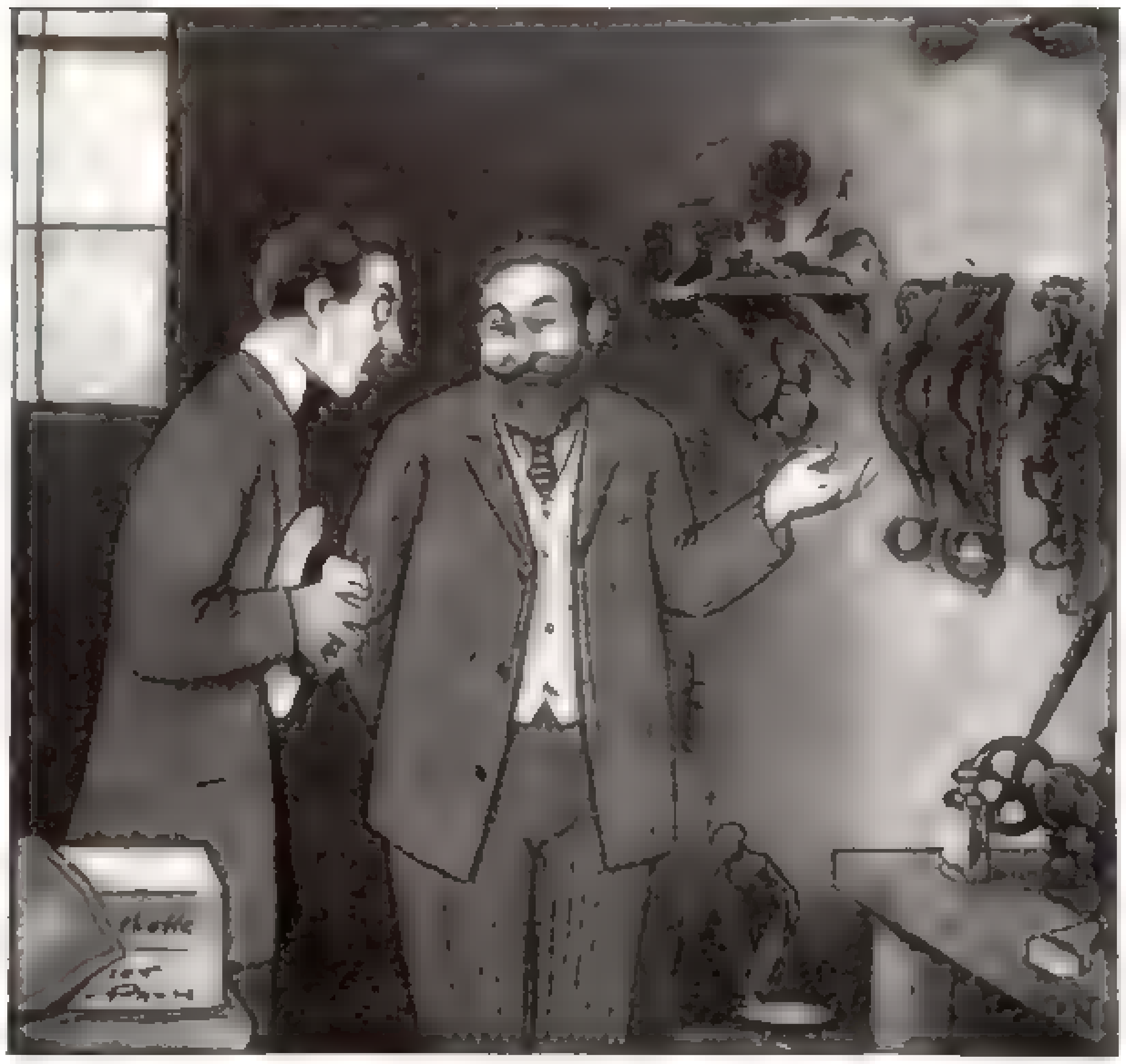
The enthusiasm of the tourist and his lack of acquaintance with foreign retail methods make great opportunities for the dealer abroad. Thus, at Naples you are sure that you have found the only place in the world where corals and tortoise shell are known. The guardian angel mentioned above caught me on the point of buying fifty dollars worth of tortoise-shell objects. "Wait till you get to Paris," said she. One did not need to wait. On the Lung Arno, in Florence—by the side of that extremely dirty river which irrigates the far too famous vale of Arno—you can get all the tortoise-shell, silver and coral things that you can in Naples. So you can in Venice, Vienna, Dresden, Berlin, Cologne, Brussels, Paris or London. The great markets of the world are practically the same today. The day of ventures in foreign trade is gone. Merchants do not venture now, they interchange. It is not advisable to buy shell or coral, or to indulge too heavily in Roman pearls, paste diamonds, fake emeralds or other Parisian specialties until you get home. You will probably find they have gone out of style there about three years before; but if you want them you can get them in the basement.

In Europe the time of women is worth very little, from the hod-carrier women of Budapest, who get twenty cents a day, to the lace girls of Venice, who maybe make fifty cents a week. I could never see why women would wear such blood-and-tears stuff as lace, but nevertheless the misfortune of these European laborers is the opportunity—or the supposed opportunity—of the American tourist woman. The lingerie market of Vienna or Paris is apt to drive the American woman entirely out of her senses. Especially are the little shops of Paris hard to pass. The Rue Honoré, the Rue Rivoli, the Rue de la Paix, the Boulevard des Capucines, the Avenue de l'Opéra and countless other streets of Paris present an unbroken series of deadfalls baited with fluffy things which cause the average American woman to throw a fit on the spot.

The Wiles of the Lingerie Shops

THERE is no such thing as moral suasion or calm reason or appeal to intelligence that will avail the financial member of any firm when the feminine half is spellbound before a Paris "little shop." Nothing but physical force will serve to keep the feminine contingent from indulging in a riot of embroideries, silks, laces and the like. But let the American woman be sure that before the shop door has closed behind her she has been spotted as an American, and that at that instant the price has been raised for her, perhaps doubled. Still it may seem cheap; but again comes in the question of personal judgment as against mercantile judgment. Many American women buy such things as these in Paris in the summer season. When they do so they are buying culls and remnants, and buying them not only at full prices, but at full prices raised for their benefit. Many an American woman will admit that it "does not pay to buy in Paris any more."

One reason why it does not pay is that the stuff is not properly made. The workgirls of Germany and Austria, the peasants of Holland, the nuns of the Italian convents, get little or nothing for the laces that they make. Much of their work consists of doing stereotyped pieces or repeated patterns. These are sometimes assembled or sewed together by expert Parisian needlewomen, and the whole is perhaps offered to you as a fine example of Irish lace—Baby Irish being a term perfectly well known in Paris. The genuine Irish, of course, is not assembled from piecework, but fabricated continuously. Many an



Here Was Where They Made Antiques

American woman is stung on bogus Irish lace. Thank fortune, Willy got some, and has been more humble and more endurable since the discovery. There always is a discovery after a European purchase

The best judgment of America begins to waver about Parisian skill in gown-making, and to believe that New York ought to have the seal of sanction set upon it. Of course, there are two or three great houses in Paris, each of worldwide reputation. You and I, maybe, don't get up so high as to touch the prices they charge. Those places are operated only for those who insist on paying the limit. Quite different, however, as a commercial figure, are you yourself when you pause before the window of the little shop where hangs a splendid embroidered robe which you know in your secret soul will turn that Jones woman a pure pale-green with envy. You may think you have seen salesmanship before, but wait until you have heard the line of conversation handed out to you by the dark-eyed young Frenchwoman who operates this first step to the confessional.

Madame is very welcome. Americans are always welcome, for of course Madame is American, as may be told by the beauty and distinction which are hers. Those Americans buy nothing but the best, of course. The price is nothing to them, for they are all rich, as may be seen of Madame, for example. None the less, our prices are the same, and so low that one blushes to mention them. Only instance this handsome and heavily-embroidered silk gown, which would grace a Princess or an American lady, such as Madame. Behold, it is but four hundred and fifty francs—ninety dollars, is it not?

It seems not quite to fit? That is nothing. Madame, how can you jest thus? The sleeves seem a little bit long? But see, in an instant they are proper. Madame thinks the shoulder a trifle narrow? How simple, to extend it thus. Does it seem a trifle full in the waist? But yes, perhaps! How delightful to deal with a person of Madame's discrimination! Madame thinks it a trifle full in the bust? Since it is mentioned, perhaps, but it is a delight to arrange a matter so trivial. The length of the train seems too great? Ah, well, if one be very particular. And the embroideries of the front—these adjustments will perhaps make them balance badly? Ah, Madame, how could you pain by a so unjust remark? Madame may rest assured for that ridiculous sum of four hundred fifty francs—not enough to pay for the embroidery alone—Madame shall have this creation at her hotel this very evening, perfect, perfect, perfect! But, as Madame is kind, let her not mention the price. It is only to induce Madame's friends to become customers, of course, but to renew a price so ridiculous would be impossible.

And the creation is there at the hotel that night. Perhaps it is a little askew on one shoulder, and pulls a little on one side, and does not seem to drape quite right in front; but you take it. Is it not a gown from Paris? When the Jones woman saw your new Parisian lingerie she said: "I am so glad to see you begin to care for finer things, my dear. One ought to as one grows older, don't you think?" Now when she sees your new gown from Paris, what she says is this: "It's astonishing how nicely they get up these cheap, ready-made things now, isn't it? Where did you pick this up? In Milwaukee? No? Oh, I see, you found it in Chicago."

What Happened to Willy Lou's Hat

SO MUCH doubt was cast upon my ability as an art connoisseur, and so many aspersions were made upon my fitness to be at large, that it gave me the keenest personal delight to witness a certain personal transaction conducted by the business member of our firm. It was in Vienna, and all the merry widows of Vienna were wearing lace bridge coats and a certain kind of beautiful big black hat with white and black feathers alternating in striated effect on the port side. We were walking down the street, when suddenly, with a low, eager cry, my companion escaped and hurried through the door of a hat store. I am convinced her mind was made up from the start, but naturally no woman of any character could buy a hat in less than four hours. At the end of four hours she had the striated hat, and the shopkeeper had about thirty dollars—or maybe it was sixty, because no one can tell what things are in Austrian money. It did not look badly, because no hat looks badly on Willy Lou, but unfortunately, at the races in Carlsbad—where they have the funniest horse-races in all the world—it rained. It rained again in Dresden, and that night I caught Willy Lou putting the soap-dish, her suitcase, a pair of boot-trees and the inkstand on the edge of her Vienna hat, in the vain hope that it might straighten out a little by morning. Never did any sight afford me a keener delight. It rained in Dresden, it rained on the Rhine. We struggled into Paris with Willy Lou wearing an automobile veil tied over her head. That night with great difficulty she gave her Vienna hat to Julie, the daughter of the concierge.

But one has friends in Paris, of course. Penitent, the loser in the above incident made up a party of expert lady counsel, with the intent of getting a real hat. This arrived at the hotel that evening, carried by two men. It looked so good that a few of us concluded to go out to Maxim's that night, and to wind up at the American Café and the Café de Paris. We had to put the top of the taxicab down in order to get the hat on board, and the evening was just a little damp. All at once I heard a wild scream of anguish from my fair companion. Impulsively I kicked the taxicab driver, as one always does when in doubt; but it seems he was not at fault.

"They're coming out!" cried Willy Lou.

I turned to see her bulging eyes fixed upon a downy fringe of ostrich which had fallen below the horizon of the hat. By dead reckoning and without any pretension to scientific accuracy I should say that eight inches of crimp had come out of the peerless plumes of the chapeau in thirty minutes of the starlit Parisian evening.

Ah, well, this treasure had been secured at the price of a real hat. I abandoned my studies in art and science and went to see the criminal. "What! Monsieur would doubt the ability of a maker of hats here in Paris since forty years! Impossible! If the hat of Madame is wrong it is because Madame has not worn it properly. She has soaked it in the washbasin and comes here now to obtain restitution, is it not? Take back the hat and allow Monsieur thirty cents for carfare? Not at all. Such is not the way of the house!"

Nor was it. Nor is it. We owned the hat. It seemed best to recurl it on a warm poker and restore it to the packing-box from which it came. But the box would not go in a trunk; it would not go in a cab; it would not go in a compartment of a car. The concierge suggested sending it by goods train to Liverpool. I sent it that way; paid I cannot tell how many tips, insurance fees, brokerage fees, cartage, drayage, wagonage and carriage fees, and after sixty days did, indeed, find it, with storage charges attached, lying in full view on the Liverpool dock, not in the least concealed. It would not go in the stateroom, so we stored it on the captain's deck. I do not know how they import these things, but I think it is on barges. I perjured my immortal soul about it at the customs line in Detroit. What the porter on the sleeping-car said when I gave him a dollar to lash it on top of the car was this: "I reckon this yere is somepin you couldn't get at home, suh?" What the Jones woman will say will be something like this: "It's astonishing what good imitations the department stores are turning out now, isn't it, my dear? But really, you ought to have those feathers dyed and curled, and put on a quite different straw. Too bad you got it, now the small shapes are coming in!"

Goods Marked Up for Americans

NOW, it is a matter of moral certainty, no matter what the Jones woman says, that the next time you have a little supper at Sherry's, or the Annex, or at the Bellevue, or at the Touraine, or at the Leland, you will see about you forty hats just as good as the one whose familiar story has been told above. Of these forty, half will have the *cachet*, as they call it in Paris, although perhaps they never saw Paris. Perhaps ten of them will have not only the *cachet*, but the mark of a good maker in Paris. Even in the latter case, has this hat cost more or less than the one bought in Paris at first hand? Without considering the annoyance of transportation, there has in all likelihood been no saving effected by the purchaser who played in the Paris game. The saleswomen of that country are highclass specialists in persuading Americans that this or that article is cheap, and that it is going to be in style next season. Possibly it is a remnant of the foregoing season. Certainly the price will be higher for an American than for any one else.

There are, in Paris and London, good tailors for women, and it would be injustice sweepingly to charge all these either with lack of skill or of business honor. But let us take the case of the woman who deals with a good tailor in Paris and who gets promptly, without any trouble whatever, a simple and handsome two-piece suit, say, at four hundred and fifty francs, or ninety dollars, which is low as prices go at the great houses. In all likelihood one can duplicate the goods and workmanship in America at the same price or one, say, twenty-five per cent higher. Duty has been paid in that case; and for the woman who buys a tailored suit and one hat, together with a little lingerie and a few gloves, duty in honor ought to be paid, for only one hundred dollars' worth of goods may come in free. Where is the saving? Even in dealing with a reputable house there is little, if any. In dealing with the average house there is no saving whatever, but a loss. The best-dressed women in the world are Americans. It is folly to suppose that all their clothes come from Paris or London, or even from Vienna—which latter, by the way, is a far better market than either of the other two.

Boots and shoes no American dreams of buying abroad. If you wish to abash a haughty European, look at his feet. Show him that you know his sin. How often may one confront a stalwart, blond German official, with faultless coat, straight back and a generally impeccable superstructure. At first you quail before such a front; but drop your eyes to his corkscrew trousers and thence to his unspeakable, clumsy-toed shoes. You will observe his knees to tremble and all his hauteur to vanish. It is the same way with the Englishman. Look at his feet. On the other hand, or on both other hands, gloves are better and cheaper in England or France than they are with us. But the customs officer looks askance at anything over six pairs. Moreover, you must be careful in buying gloves in Italy or France, where they sell you inferior skins and obsolete patterns on the assurance that when you get home these will be right in line. The trials of a tourist are not over until he has got back and compared his turnout with that of the other fellows at the club, who stayed home and went fishing instead.

Does it Pay to Buy English Clothes?

FOR good neckwear in London you will pay about what you do in New York or Chicago. Shirts and collars, of course, you will not buy there, for you wish to be well dressed. It may be hard to wear your last American collar over a month—but do it.

In the opinion of the most English person I ever met in my life—who was an American woman from New Jersey—the Englishman is the best turned-out man in the world. Somehow, I seem always to have missed the particular Englishman on whom such beliefs are predicated, but, being of an open mind, I took the matter under advisement. Willy Lou is of the belief that it is not well, when I go to New York, to have drivers of the sightseeing auto bus pick me out and ask if I want to take a ride around the city. I have often noticed this myself with a surprised interest, and have wondered why they should so accost me. Wherefore, while in London not long ago I resolved to buy me some real clothes.

You can't get robbed very much when buying clothes in England, because they only want six or eight pounds of their money for clothes that would apparently cost you fifty to seventy dollars at home. Just where the English system of tailoring really originated is something that science ought to take up, now that the North Pole problem is off the slate. And they are so absolutely sure of themselves, too. I suggested that anything extreme might look a little too English for me at my home. The tailor let his tapeline fall.

"God bless my soul, sir," he exclaimed, "don't you want to look like an Englishman?"

"I do not," I replied. "I want to look like an American, because that is what I am."

His face cleared after a time. "We have American tailors, also," he said; "and if you like, we will make you a real American suit."

But they did not. What they made me might, perhaps, have fitted a dodecahedron or a dinosaur, but it certainly would not fit any creature bearing the slightest resemblance to a human being. Having that day given away everything but my evening clothes to the porter of the hotel, in place of tips, I needed these clothes. Hence I wore the evening clothes the next two weeks in Great Britain—where they wear evening clothes all the time—while the artist was struggling to get both legs of the pants the same length and to keep the collar from running up over my neck when I sat down. An Englishman, I am advised, likes to have about eighty-seven degrees and thirty minutes of sock exposed from the farthest north of his shoes to the farthest south of his trousers' roll; but a really shrinking disposition is opposed to that. After giving up my sightseeing, together with all my commercial, scientific and artistic enterprises for a straight week, trying to save thirty dollars on a suit of clothes at the cost of two hundred dollars' worth of time, I had to leave town. They sent my American suit to me at the steamer dock in Liverpool; and with tears I sent it back, finishing my journey in my evening clothes. I often wonder, in the stilly night, what brand of geometry the London tailor used in charting out that suit of clothes. The moral of all this has been obvious to plenty of Americans long ago. Any friend of yours who has been abroad will counsel you not to buy clothes in England. In many of these little transactions the greatest loss which you suffer is that of your time, the one thing that is of value to you, and the one thing that the American tourist forgets to consider in doing foreign shopping.

A friend of mine bought some silk underwear in Rome. They sent to his hotel some mismatched two-piece suits of sizes different from those he had purchased, and then refused to make any exchange. He was out his money, and had only the satisfaction of wearing garments one of which reduced itself to a string about his wishbone and the other of which might have done for a doll. Silk underwear can be had more cheaply in Europe than in America, but not very much more cheaply; and not in the least more cheaply if one considers the tariff duty and the smallness of that one hundred dollars' free entry.

Raw silk is something that many ladies buy when abroad for their own personal use or as gifts for friends Knowing ones at Florence or at Venice tell you to go to Como, in Italy, to buy your silks in the piece, because they make silk there. You find Como a rather dingy little town, with very few shops; but at last you find a wholesaler who has bolt silks. For light flowered summer silks you pay the equivalent of about sixty cents a yard, or more. For better dress patterns you pay as high as a dollar a yard. Put sixty per cent duty and a little trouble in carriage on top of your original price, and what have you made? You can buy light silks at home for a dollar and a quarter a yard. Your own merchant is responsible to you; your foreign merchant is responsible to no one.

Another thing that the tourist forgets when buying articles early in the course of a journey is the existence of the several different foreign frontiers which must be passed if one carries purchases along. The customs examination is not very serious, but is annoying always. If you send your purchases by express directly to America you are obliged to pay the duty. Where is the real saving to you after you have paid that raised price which, as an American, you are expected to pay cheerfully?

Another favorite way of getting money away from Americans, and in large sections, is to rent to them "shootings" or "fishings." These are English and Scotch specialties, and there are many firms in London that make it a business to fish for rich Americans who think it the correct thing to go over to England and go in for sport—that is, to lease a piece of ground for one or more years on account of its supposed sporting privileges. The effrontery of some of these leases is remarkable, yet the most extraordinary prices are asked and obtained for small tracts of ground utterly worthless for any purposes of real sport. In most cases all the charges are paid by the American lessee. In many cases after he gets on the ground with his friends he finds that the grouse have been shot out, the hares scared to the tall woods, and even the rabbits sent to market. He is then expected to be really game and sportsmanlike and not to squeal. Usually he does not, but instead his wife comes back and impresses the Jones woman with stories of how Lady So-and-So came down to our shooting at such and such a place. In many of these little gatherings nothing is ever even half-shot, excepting the gatherers.

Nor is this all the experience the American can have in this line. If by any special dispensation he becomes a guest on a big estate where there really is some sport he finds that he is paying for it none the less, although he is a guest and not a lessee. The series of tips to the head gamekeeper, gunbearers, and so forth, is something startling to the novice. An American who was the guest of an English nobleman at a shooting party not long ago failed to receive his guns at London. He wrote to the head keeper with whom he had left the pieces, and got a reply stating that he would get his guns as soon as he had paid the tip which he had forgotten, about five dollars a day!

The form of larceny that excites the quickest ire on the part of Americans is that most rapacious form seen in European restaurants, especially those of Paris and London. The *à-la-carte* American is grafted from low to high. In Carlsbad, for instance, he orders a cup of coffee and finds that he has got double what the German has secured by his cautious order of one "*echter*." The custom in regard to *hors d'œuvres* is different in different parts of Europe; but in most Parisian restaurants the waiter will suggest countless little things, all of which come on the bill. Sometimes on a railway train a bottle of wine is placed near your plate. If you do not send it back you pay for it whether you use it or not. The European penury and the European rapacity of the foreign vender is something not readily grasped by the careless American mind, used to tip in a country where even yet food is more abundant and the scale of middle-class life much higher. At first he may rebel at the charge for *couvert*, which, translated, is simply a charge for sitting down at a table and spending some money; but he may get over that, and may get reconciled to tipping all the waiters in a place.

(Concluded on Page 60)

PERFECT PEACE

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

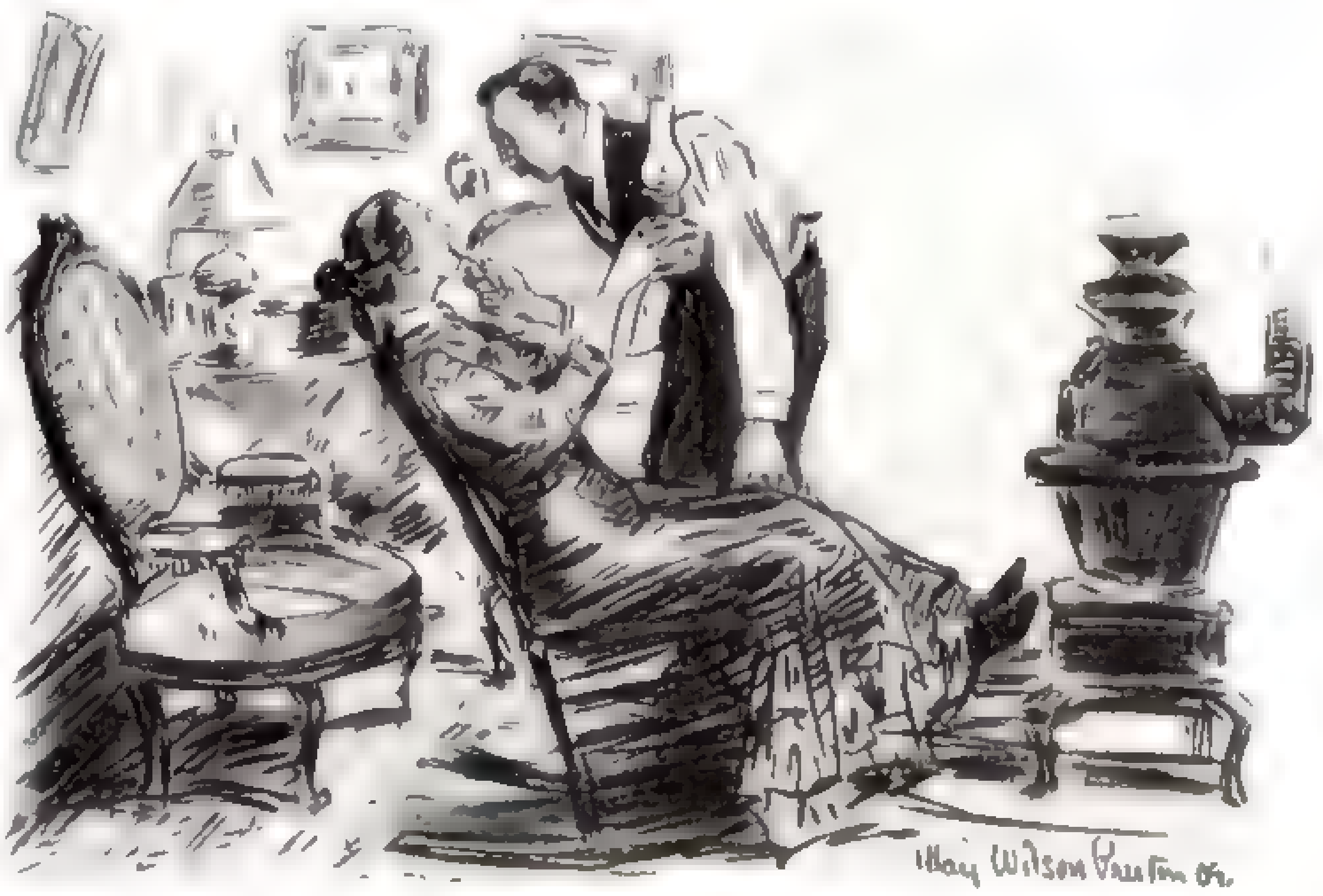
JIM HANDS, the foreman of the 'room, ran his calloused forefinger around the edge of a vamp die to see if it was still sharp, following his finger with his eyes as if to assist the sense of touch with the sense of sight. When he looked up Dave Pierson was standing in front of him, shifting his feet.

"Want to see me?" asked Jim

"You know it," said the younger man, mustering all his self-assurance. "How about that what I spoke to youse about yesterday? Now the two kids is growin' up and everythin' costs more ——"

"You'd like to have another raise?" finished Jim, pointing to the ceiling. "You'd like to get prosperous? Well, look here, Dave. You take it from me, prosperity is a hell of a fix. The happiest part of a man's life is when he ain't. If anybody comes along and offers to give you a hundred thousand dollars, tell him to go bet it on the races. Don't get along so fast that you can't enjoy it. Don't gorge on good luck. And when I tell you the next time that your work has been good the last month don't come around on the strength of it and ask for more money."

Jim watched the worker disconsolately shuffling back to the bench.



"I Couldn't See Nothin'"

"It's a fact," he mused. "The best fun in life is being young, healthy, married and poor! But did you ever know what happened to my Annie when I got the big raise and bought that little house up there on Maple Street? It would surprise yer! You know her—the best ever. Sense and grit in carload lots, freight paid—that's her!

"Twenty-one years I'd been married to her. I'm speaking now of winter before last, and we'd had four kids, less one that died. It had been a circus, ups and downs an' all arounds. Once, when we had a strike, when I was workin' on the laster's bench, we had to use overcoats fer blankets, an' it was a choice sometimes whether we'd have hot water or cold for lunch. We grinned, though—she an' me—we grinned together. She was always singin' an' healthy and botherin' with the kids' clothes or hair or 'thank ye, ma'ams,' and right today she's as straight an' thin an' pink as the day I married her. I believe health is just having no time to be sick. An' maybe it helps out a little to have the kitchen boiler burst once in a while in winter, an' a rat die in the walls some time during the summer—for health!

"But, as I was sayin', this time I speak of began two years ago come this November. 'We've got to send the girl to the convent,' says Annie to me. 'She's been learned all they can learn her at the high school—which ain't much, or the teacher in the third grade wouldn't wear them hair puffs,' she says.

"'Who'll play the pianner when she's gone?' says I, quite ugly. 'An' we just bought it—made of rosewood, too, that is twice the sweeter toned than them black ones!'

"'You might as well say a red automobile goes faster than a green one,' says she.

"'Well, I don't pertend to know nothin' of music,' says I, 'but I do pertend to know that the girl sets on the arm of my chair when I read evenin's, an' it's worth eight dollars a sit!'

"'She oughter go,' says Annie; an' I thank God she has good sense, fer confidential I'll tell yer that she's the boss of the house without knowin' it. 'We have the money to send her,' she says, 'and, Jim, dear, our boy Mike will be away this winter, too, an' little Jawn, as ye know, is with his Aunt Maria.'

"'An' yer might as well have no children!' says I, 'with every one of 'em away forgettin' whether I wear a mustache or a beard!' I says.

"She looks at me with the devil in her eyes, an' she says, says she: ''Tis very sudden you get so tender an' sentimental,' she says. 'Only yesterday you was layin' plans to put little Jawn over yer knee fer smokin' coffee in yer favorite pipe; an' you was goin' to disown Michael altogether fer buying a pair of red and black striped socks; an' yer told your darlin' daughter that the next time she leaned over the fence to talk with that silly Bolton boy you'd go an' take a room at the hotel, where you didn't have to listen to such foolishness.'

"'Oh!' says I, ''tis all right. I suppose you'll have it all arranged now. Who am I, to oppose yer?'

"'Jim, dear," she says, comin' and sittin' besides me on the doorstep. 'You'll not misunderstand, dear, will you? But I just want to tell yer that fer eighteen years—ever since the daughter came—there hasn't been a minute that I haven't been a wife and mother. It makes me laugh when I think of the number of cakes of soap, safety pins an' handfuls of bakin' soda have gone through these two hands of mine. An' I suppose that the idea of the house bein' free an' clear of it all fer the winter seems good to me because I'm tired, maybe. An', now we're in good circumstances, Jim, I just thought I'd like to have ——'

"An' there she stopped, so I says: 'What is it, Annie?'

"'Well,' she says, pluckin' at her apron, 'I don't know what you'll think of me, but I'll just be glad fer the children to be away, now that it's fer their good to go. I'd be glad of nothin' to do. I'd be glad to have a little idleness, dear.'

"'God save ye,' says I, with half a lot of trouble not to have my eyes wet, 'you've earned it sixty ways. You want nothin' to do, an' I'll give it to you. We'll have a peaceful winter!' says I; an' with that she presses my hand as if she was still a young thing sittin' out with me on a park bench.

"An' she says over after me: 'A peaceful winter.' An' it's terrible to think of them words.

"I ain't sayin' that things didn't go right at first, you understand. Of course, it was surprising how large the house got. I didn't know I'd bought anything but a cheap cottage, but when the children was gone every room seemed as big as an op'ra hall, an' there weren't any rubbers on the floor under the stairs, nor new digs in the wall-paper at the landing, an' the books on the parlor table was piled so neat I got mad and turned 'em upside down so's the biggest ones would sit on the top. When the mice would come out fer crumbs after dinner when I was readin' my paper I could hear 'em very plain. It sounded as if they wore wooden shoes.

"Annie would sit on the other side of the table, evenin's, an' sew, an' we talked to each other fer a month an' then began all over again, sayin' just what we'd said before; an' after a month had gone by we'd told each other everything we knew and some extras. The wind would holler outside, and maybe Annie would say it smelled like snow that night, an' then a fly that had been warmed by the round stove would buzz into the corners where it was dark, an' I could hear the water drip from the faucet in the kitchen sink, an' I kinder missed Annie's step upstairs when she would walk around over my head, puttin' little Jawn to bed.

"'This quiet is a great blessing to us both, Jim, ain't it?' says she, studyin' to see how I'd answer.

"'It's more monotonous than a lot of noise,' says I to myself; an' to her I says, 'What do you think about when I'm at the factory?' says I.

"'Why, I don't know, Jim,' says she. 'There used to be so much to plan when we was scrapin' along. I'd plan then of how we'd be able to buy a pianner for the daughter, an' what we'd plant around the maple tree if we owned the house, an' whether I'd get gray blankets that don't look so swell an' put white spreads over them, or white blankets that cost more an' don't need no spread for the likes of us. But I don't have to plan like that any more. It's a perfect rest,' she says. 'I don't have to think of nothin'. An' if it weren't for a pain I have here,' she says, putting her hand under her arm, 'that worries me,' she says, 'I'd be contented, I suppose.'

"'A pain!' says I. 'Worries yer!'

"'Yes,' she says, 'I've had a mind to go see Doctor Ward. I've not been to a doctor these eight years. Many's the time I feel bad an' say nothin' to you, Jim. An' yesterday I was lookin' in the mirror an' I believe I've got somethin' growin' in my throat.'

"I drops my newspaper on the floor an' was scared till I remembered how healthy she'd always been. But there weren't two weeks gone when somethin' worse began to happen. I remember how I come home one day from work an' I seen her sittin' in the parlor winder; but she didn't come to meet me at the door, an' when I walks in she was still sittin' lookin' out over the hills.

"'You've got bad news,' I says, with my lungs layin' down in my stomach fer fright.

"'Oh, no,' says she. 'I'm just tired out. If it weren't wicked I'd wish I was dead. Every day is just like another. It seems as if I was no good any more—no good to any one,' she says.

"'Yer crazy,' says I. 'Annie, girl, there ain't anything the matter!'

"With that I seen her look up at me with a flash in her eyes I ain't seen since I quit drinkin'. 'Oh, that's like you,' she says, throwin' up her hands. 'I never thought it would come to this. You've as good as called me a liar.'

"'No, I ain't, Annie,' I says. 'I was only goin' to say ——'

"'I know what you was goin' to say,' she comes back at me before I could finish. 'You was goin' to say that I showed signs of growin' old.'

"'What the hell!' says I.

"With that she jumped up. 'Jim Hands,' says she, hot and shrill, 'you've sworn at me! You've cursed your wife!'

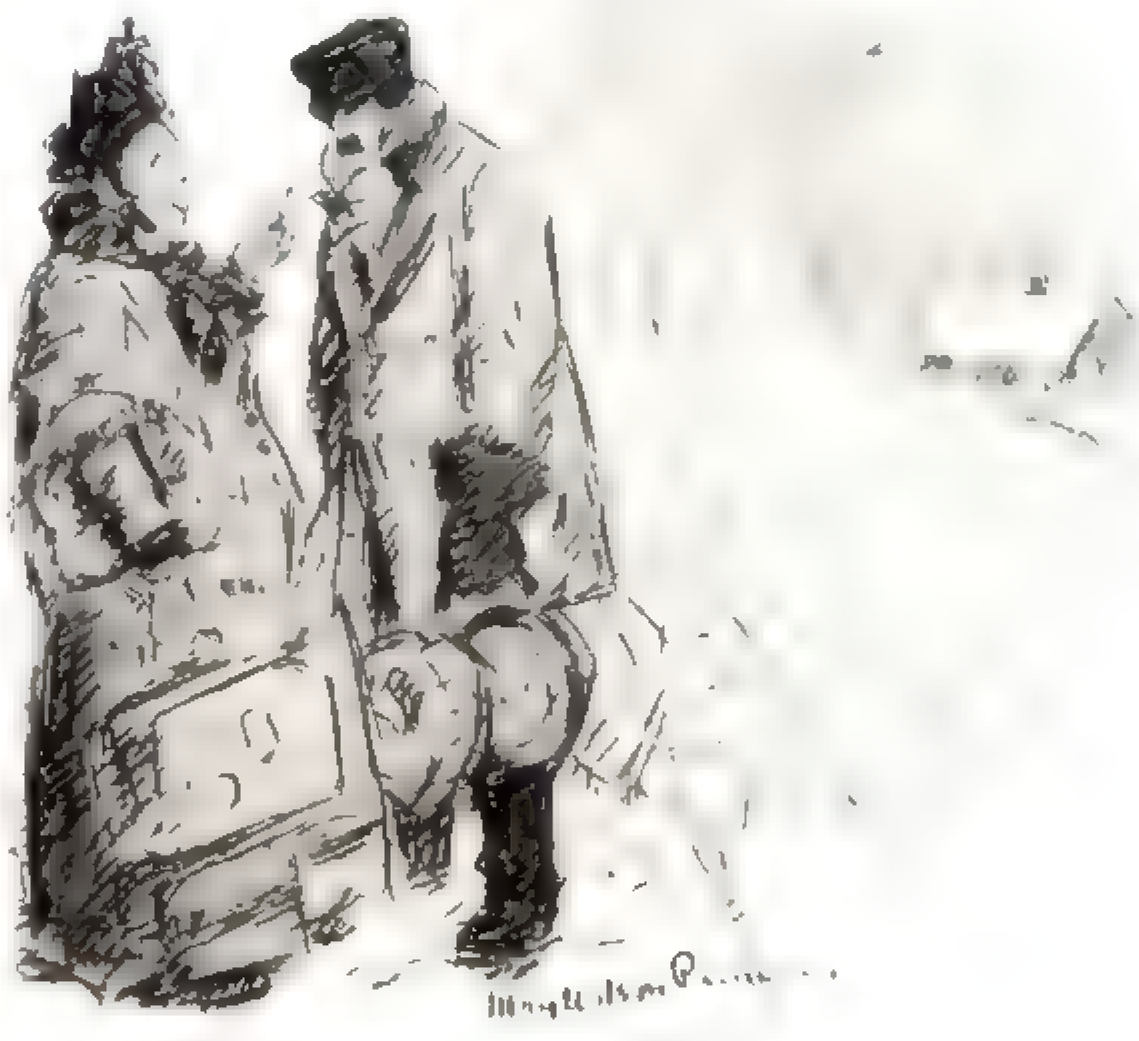
"'Annie,' says I; 'I'm sorry. I never ——'

"'Don't expect me to forgive it,' says she. 'You have no shame,' says she, 'to stand up there an' admit it. But it's like you. I thought it would come out some day. It's your brutal nature,' she says.

"'Look here,' says I—fer by that time an angel in Heaven'd be lookin' fer a brickbat—'what do you think you are? You behave yourself, or I'll give you somethin' that'll surprise yer.'

"'Not me!' she says, says she. It was at the door she was standin', an' she says, 'You weren't ever fitted to have a wife, you big doughnut! Don't expect me to care what you do,' says she, an' went up the stairs; an' I heard the key turn in the bedroom lock.

"I was hot. I sticks on my hat agin an' out I went. You know how a feller feels. Starts off to walk a thousand miles an' never come back! It had just come on to rain—one of them cold December rains—an' I hadn't gone half a mile before I began to feel bad about it. We'd never in eighteen years passed hot words before. I knew well enough it weren't my fault, but yet I suspected it was. I might have done this or said that, see? I was a big fool to turn back. Once started I oughter have done somethin' to scare her. But you know how it is, bein' a man. It's for them weaknesses women gets the best of us—an' it's better so, maybe.



"'If It Ain't One of Them Old Standard Disayses, Ye Have Little to Fear'"

"As I say, I went back with feet so soaked that every time I lifted 'em they sounded like bottles of cough syrup, an' there was the front door standin' open an' my Annie in it, carin' nothin' fer the wet or wind; an' when she seen me she give a little scream an' says: 'Oh, Jim, Jim, I thought ye might be dead. Come right into the kitchen till I get ye a dry pair of socks. Oh, Jim, I've been such a fool.'

"It was true, of course, more ways than one. Fer standin' in the doorway that night she'd caught a cold that kep' her hackin' and tossin' at night fer the next three weeks, an' after a month was gone she did look kinder bad. I was scared. I never knew what struck her. I couldn't tell what was the matter.

"She had forty different pains. Never sang no more an' was cross. An' somebody lent her a book called Every Man His Own Doctor, with a list of symptoms in the book. An' that made things seventy times worse, an' maybe eighty.

"'Jim, dear,' she says, 'I feel all tired out, and I can scarce move. This growth in my throat, too. Will you look in an' see what you can see? Whenever it comes on to snow, like it did today, it's worse, I think. It may be a cancer—read there in the book just above where your thumb is now. I'll hold the lamp, dear, an' you look down my throat,' she says.

"I couldn't see nothin', and the next day when I went off in the mornin' she was about as happy as a pan of wet coal-ashes. 'Another weary day,' says she, 'an' I feel so bad, Jim! I stayed awake all night thinkin'. I wondered if I was ever able to do my duty again. I wondered if you loved me!'

"'G'wan,' says I, 'what talk is this from a woman who has a good husband who don't drink, an' three fine children, all healthy, an' a house of her own, an' the respect of everybody in town—even the boss' wife!'

"'I know, dear,' she says, 'but I've been wondering what I would do if Applegate's store didn't have them preserves I used to buy there last winter. It just made me cry, an' my memory's gone, an' two nights runnin' I dreamed I was goin' to die. An', Jim, dear, I have a feeling that it will come true!'

"Then I was scared. I knew fer three months there'd been trouble. That was sure. It stuck out and smoked like the fuse on a big cannon cracker. Thunder was goin' to pop! But I didn't know what the trouble was, so I went off hot-foot fer Doctor Ward

"You know him—Charlie Ward. His father's a farmer up in Goldenville just above here. You wouldn't believe it to see Charlie. He don't even look as if he came from a muddy, manufacturing, water-power town like this. An' he's a fine doctor, they tell me, only he says that horse-chestnuts carried in the pocket won't keep out rheumatism, and so he's lost customers on that account.

"He said to me he thought it wiser to see Annie at home than in his office on Main Street; an', of course, it was lots wiser for him—a dollar and a half wiser each time. So, he came in that night, scentin' up the room with that doctor smell, an' rubbin' his chin as if the seat of thought was in his jaws, an' steppin' soft and speakin' quiet as if he was an advance agent fer a cremation company.

"'How long have ye had this little cough?'

"'Three weeks,' says Annie.

"'H'm! H'm!' says he, like that—as if he'd have us know he was thinkin', but none of our business what he thought.

"'Don't fergit,' says I, 'to tell him of yer ache under yer arm, an' how yer hair comes out, an' the shootin' pain across the back of yer neck, an' the dizzy spells, an' how yer heart slips under the beltin', an' yer can't sleep, an' yer all tired out,' I says.

"'H'm! H'm!' says he, an' he takes a picture of Father Ryan off the mantelpiece an' looks at the front of it an' at the back of it, an' he says: 'Have you had any fever, afternoons?'

"'I believe I have,' said she, 'now that you speak of it.'

"'H'm! H'm!' says he. 'You'd best come to the office tomorrow, an' we'll make an examination,' he says, squintin' one eye. 'We oughter know just what's the matter, hadn't we?' he says—fer all them doctors talk to yer like plumbers, as if yer didn't know but little about the mysteries of leaks an' clogged pipes, an' oughter be horsewhipped fer knowin' that.

"Well, sir, if you ever see a hen sittin' on the safety valve of a eighty-ton boiler when she blew off pressure you've seen how I felt after I talked to the doctor that next Thursday.

"The big fool put his hand on my shoulder! That was enough. I knew he was goin' to pass me a package, all right. He meant well. He'd seen it done in a play, I guess. But it scared me before he'd said a word.

"An' he says, 'Jim,' he says, 'I'm afraid yer wife is in bad condition,' he says. 'She must have a complete rest,' he says. 'She mustn't do any housework of any kind,' he says, 'not so much as wipe a dish.'

"'What's the matter with her?' I says.

"'It's a combination of things,' says he.

"'What's its name?' I says.

"He never answers. But he says, 'There is some suspicious symptoms that points toward a tendency to tuberculosis,' he says, 'an' a sign of impoverished circulation,' he says, 'with attendant melancholia,' he says. 'Complete rest and care may prevent anything serious,' he says, fer I remember them words by the fright they give me.

"An' he says, 'I've told yer wife about what to do,' he says, 'and she is goin' to send fer her mother, Mrs. Byrnes, I believe. So you can get along, Jim, with her to do the cookin', an' it's lucky the children is all away.'

"'Have ye ever et any of Mrs. Byrnes' bread?' says I, still solemn; an' with that I went out of the office.

"But it turned out that way—the old lady came up. You've never seen her. She's fat an' puffs when she walks. 'Tis a great secret with her that she can't read or write, an' she's from the old country, as she says, though many years ago. Annie takes after her father, who was a granite-worker with a arm like a piece of braided steel hawser—thin an' tough—an' a back that looked as if it was stuffed with English walnuts. But the old lady is a great old party, though she's got no learnin'. She ain't short on experience, an' many's the time I heard her say: 'A hound's nose is sharper than the school-teacher's.' An' she's got a brogue as thick as it is long, an' ain't never satisfied with life till she's made the house no place to live in by boiling pickles on the stove.

"I well remember the night I met her at the station, when the seven-eighteen come coughin' up the grade. It's a cold country—this—in winter, an' sleighin' lasts from Thanksgiving till you wonder why it don't get tired staying. An' the old lady got down from the train with about forty thousand boxes, an' things done up in straps, an' a tin lardpail, an' a jar of pickles with the paper off, so she looked like somebody who'd looted a ship's steerage. An' her breath was showin' on the cold air—puff—puff—puff—like a derrick engine liftin' a big block of granite.

"'God bless ye, Jimmy, bye,' she says to me just like that. 'I took much pleasure readin' yer letter about Annie's sickness.'

"'I didn't write it,' says I. 'Annie did.'

"'I don't doubt ye,' says she, 'fer my eyes is gettin' bad. An' what ails the poor darlin'?' she says. 'Have they put a name to it yet?' she says.

"'No,' says I, pickin' up her stuff fer her.

"'Oh, well,' says she, 'if it ain't one of them old standard disayses,' she says, 'ye have little to fear, bar the medicine,' she says, an' winks at me with one of her old eyes. 'I'll cook ye one of them pancakes. You was after being fond of them in yer courtin' days,' she says.

That was the kind she was, cheerful all the time an' makin' bread with bullets of bakin' soda peppered through it to surprise yer taste. But when she come Annie seemed to give up. She got so she would hardly dress fer to come down to her meals, an' dinner over she'd give a sigh an' go off to her room again. It most drove me crazy. She who'd been that healthy and happy an' now thinkin' of death, an' I tell yer there was times when I was at work I didn't know whether I was in the factory cuttin'-room, or sittin' thinkin' in the armchair at home—the armchair we bought out of the back of a magazine.

"I guess it was a week had gone when I come home one night, an' I remember it was the day the trap in the penstock busted an' filled the turbine full of ice an' shut us down. I stayed with the boss an' the engineer, blockin' her up so she wouldn't freeze if it come up cold, an' I was late home. I remember I stopped at the top of the hill there an' looked down into the village with the light in the town-hall clock an' all them little lights, an' I began to think that a feller climbs to the top of happiness an' maybe goes too fast an' slides down on the other side.

"An' when I got in Annie weren't there, an' I found her mother cleanin' up in the kitchen. I better say that there's one thing Annie gets from the old woman, an' that's a set on her jaw when she's mad. An' I could see it on the mother's face right then—stickin' out like a balcony on a buildin'.

"'Where's Annie?' says I.

"'Whist there,' says she, holdin' up a bottle. 'Make no noise, Jim. I'm pouring the doctor's medicine into a rathole, fer it has the odor fer their sorrow, me bye.'

"'What's this?' says I, fer I seen the row there'd be over her crazy tricks.

"'Be still, I tell ye,' says she. 'I want a talk wid ye in private,' she says. 'Fer what is it the doctor says?—I've dognosed her case,' says she.

"'Sit there by the stove,' says she, 'an' I'll learn ye somethin',' she says. 'I know what's the matter wid the girl,' she says, 'if my wits ain't broke wid my years. Did ye ever see wan of these rich women with no children an' nothin' to do?' she says.

"'I have,' says I. 'The boss' oldest daughter, who's married to a broker in New York, is one of them.'

"'Don't be interruptin' me,' says she. 'Ye know nothin' about it an' I do. I was out in service till I married Jawn, an' I seen more than many of them. An' I tell ye that poor women is lucky not to be rich—fer it's a dread disayse to be a rich lady without children.'

"'What's that to do with Annie,' says I.

"'She's wan av them!' says she, pressin' with her hands on her fat hips and squeezin' out a sigh.

"'She has three good children?' says I.

"'They've gone away,' she says, 'an' this rest the doctor talks about is the cause av the evil. Perfect peace, Jim, me bye, is perfect hell.'

"'An' what makes yer think it of her?' I says.

"''Tis quick told,' she says. 'She has three notions, an' these is them: She thinks nobody loves her any more, she thinks she's sick, an' she thinks she'll see what happens if she raises the devil.'

"'Not Annie!' says I, gettin' mad.

"'G'wan,' says she. 'You'd be worse than her if ye had to be here at home all day. An angel would be worse than the rest of us in the same fix, fer there'd be a complaint about the feathers fallin' out av the wings.'

"'What can we do?' says I, scratchin' my head.

"She walks over to me, mysterious, an' pokes my vest with one of her fat fingers. 'Sure, Jim,' says she, 'we must take this perfect peace an' knock spots outer it,' says she.

"'We must give her somethin' real to worry about,' she says. 'We must take all this peace an' prosperity an' wipe the ground wid it, me bye. Whisper,' says she, an', leanin' up to my ear as if the kitchen with its clocks tickin' had been crowded with secret-service men, she told me what we was to do.

"'We must quarrel an' fight contin'ous,' she says, 'you an' yer poor old mother-in-law,' she says. 'It must be strong,' she says with a rascally look in her wrinkled eyes, 'fast an' furious an' vi'lent,' she says. 'Throw plates,' she says, 'and mind yer don't hit me or I'll lose me temper,' she says, 'an' then ye'll have somethin' to regret,' she says.

"It was she who started it. It was the next mornin' at breakfast, with the sunlight pourin' through the windows an' takin' the chill out of the air. But my Annie looked as if she'd never had a friend. Her head was hangin' and now an' then she'd cough so as not to let her hand get out of practice. The old lady was bringin' the coffee-pot from the stove to the table, an' all of a sudden she stops.

"'Well!' she says. 'It's a wonder ye wouldn't say good-mornin' to me, Jim Hands,' she says. 'You old pieface!' she says. 'Anybody would think I was a rent collector be the way ye act to me since I've been in the house,' she says, an' with that she let the coffee-pot dangle down till a stream of it began to run out the spout.

"'Fer the love of Heaven, see what yer doin'!' screams Annie. 'An' what's the matter between you and Jim?'

"'I'll soon tell ye,' says the old woman, winkin' at me. 'I ain't treated with no respect,' she says. 'Me and me sixty-eight years,' she says. 'An' I won't take no more av yer abuse, Jim Hands. If we can't have love between us we'll have somethin' else.' An' with that she threw the coffee-pot an' all into the coal-scuttle.

"'Mother! Mother! Be quiet, dear,' says Annie.

"'Let the old bird go home if she don't like it,' I says.

"'Listen to him!' the old lady yells; an' sittin' down to the table she says, 'I'll eat me breakfast in spite of him—he's always startin' these rows, darlin',' she says. 'I think he's crazy as a dyin' tooth,' she says.

"We had another row at night, too, an' breakfast the next mornin', an' then the next night when I came home I found Doctor Ward had dropped in for more expense, an' I was half scared to death fer fear he'd ask about the medicine. But he'd only come to sit in the parlor an' look at his finger-nails an' say: 'How is our patient been these three days?'

"'About the same, Doctor,' says my Annie.

"'Any more pains under the shoulder?' says he.

"'That's better,' says Annie.

"'H'm! H'm!" says he, markin' off the roses in the carpet with the toe of his boot.

"It weren't till then I noticed the old lady, who was sittin' on the sofa, was movin' her big weight up and down on the springs.

"An' she says 'H'm! H'm!' after the doctor, an' got up an' waddles over to where he was sittin'.

"'Why don't ye come out with it?' she says. 'What satisfaction will the girl get unless ye give it a name she can tell to the neighbors?' she says.

"'Say no more,' I whispers to her.

"'Things is too quiet,' she says to me.

"'I don't believe you quite understand,' says Charlie Ward, fingerin' his collar.

"'An' the same to you, an' many av them,' the old lady says. She was off an' I couldn't stop her. 'The next thing we know,' she says, 'you'll be wantin' to cut her open fer a look inside,' she says.

"The doctor raises up an' blinks at her, an' Annie says: 'Mother, you've said enough.'

"''Twill surprise ye all to hear what I'm keepin' back,' says the old lady. 'The doctor wouldn't have to listen to it through that rubber tube of his, ayther. 'Twould be aisy to dognose my mind when I was through.'

"'Excuse me,' says Ward, gettin' up and reachin' fer his fur cap. 'I must be goin'.'

"With that the old lady pokes her finger at him. 'Ho! ho! me pill-shooter,' says she with a wicked grin. 'We understand each other, don't we? An' you, Jim, sit still; if ye go to beggin' pardons fer me I may bring shame on me own gray hairs,' she says.

"'Hush, Doctor,' she says, goin' on with her loose talk. 'Let's you an' I invent a disayse. What d'ye say, old sawbones?"

"'Oh, Mother, dear,' cries Annie, pluckin' at the old lady's checked dress. 'You ain't talkin' like yerself. Is everybody crazy?'

"But she could not stop her. The doctor was red with his temper, an' it kinder seemed as if he couldn't speak. But that didn't stop her, either.

"'I know a name fer it,' she says, 'but I'll not tell ye, Doctor. You'd take it away to frighten folks wid it, ye sly old dog,' she says.

"'Mother, Mother!' says Annie again, but the doctor was gone; an' though I was afraid he wouldn't never come back I had to laugh.

"'What are ye grinnin' about?' says the old lady to me. 'Insultin' me again, are ye?'

"So it went till that next Monday mornin'. Such rowin' and noise you never heard in one house, an' Annie was gettin' better. Yes, sir, I believe it.

"It was Monday that the big fuss came off. I remember I had been out in the yard after breakfast to pick up a shovel that had got lost that winter under the snow, an' when I come back the old woman was scrubbin' clothes in the washtubs in the kitchen an' Annie was sittin' in a rockin'-chair all tired out, as she said.

"'Look there, ye nephew of the devil,' yells the old lady to me. 'See the mud ye've tracked across the floor, ye clodhopper!' says she, shaking her fist.

"'The floor ain't clean, anyway,' says I, which was the truth. 'The house ain't clean, an' it ain't been real clean since you've been cleanin' it,' says I.

"'Oh, ho!' says she. 'That's the gratichude I gets fer washin' out these shirts of yours'—an' she held one up out of the tub, with the water and soap drippin' from it, an' winks at me.

"'Jim don't mean anythin',' says Annie. 'Don't let's be cross all the time,' she says.

"I seen then that our row was havin' a good effect, and as luck would have it I remembered then that I'd never really done my part to make it seem like real trouble in the house.

"So I reaches out an' snaps the cloth out of her hand, an' I says, says I, 'What's a shirt to me after you've made a rag of it tryin' to wash it?'—an' I grabs it in my two hands an' rips it into two pieces.

"'Oh, Jim, Jim,' screams Annie. 'That weren't yer shirt at all. 'Twas Mother's Sunday waist!'

"I seen she was right, but I winked at the old lady an' yells, 'What do I care? The house is all to pieces because of her,' I yells, an' I rips out a couple of careful swear words, bein' in jest. 'She's a trouble-makin' old lunatic,' says I. 'Yes, that's what you are—you, standin' up there at the tub with your mouth always goin' wherever yer mind may be—if ye have a mind. I'm tired of seein' you walkin' round here like a butter ball—you an' yer fat!' says I.

"The old lady looks at me a minute an' I expected to see her wink again, but instead of that she grabs the washboard out of the water an' tried to come at me right over the chair.

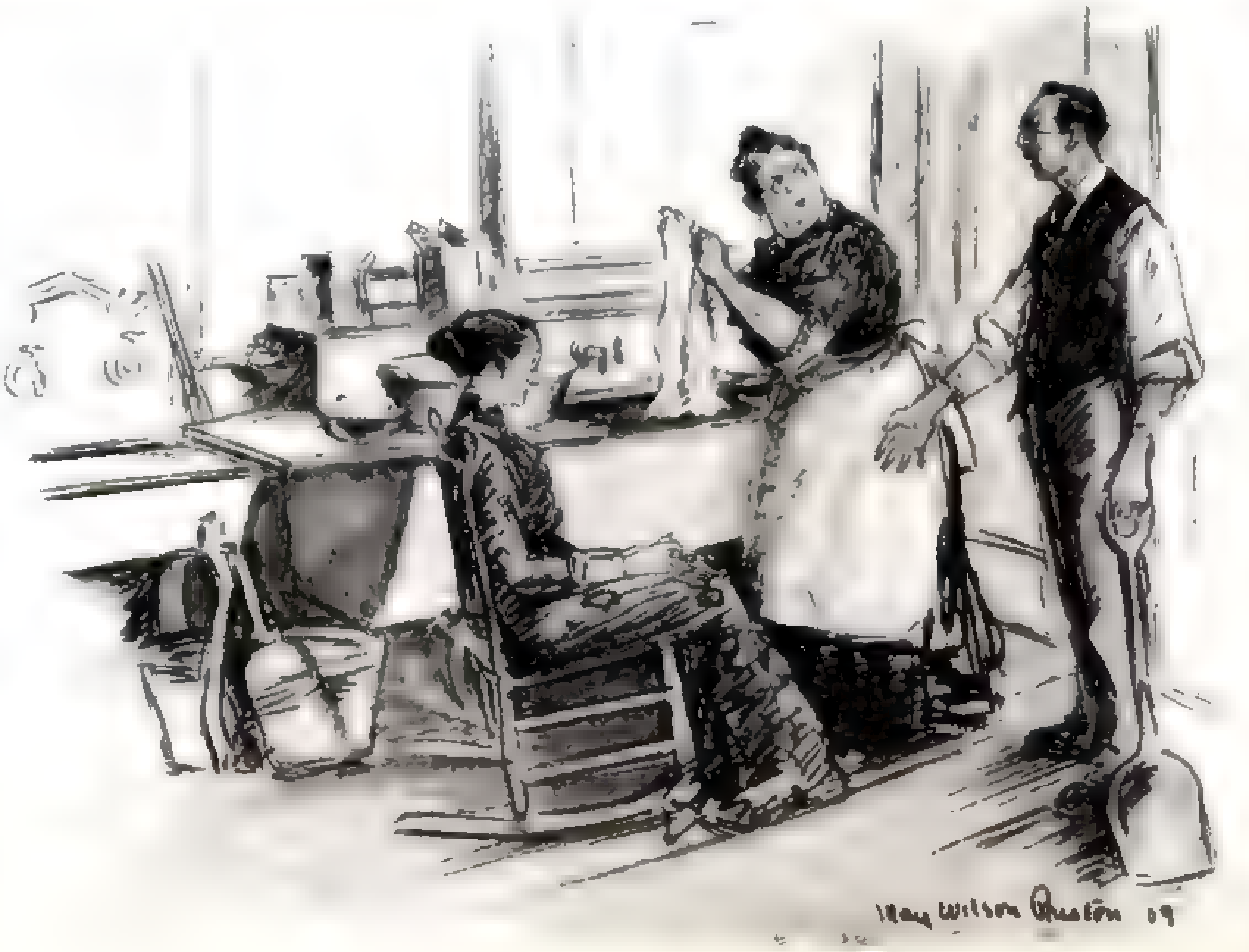
"'I'll show ye!' she yells, rushin' at me, an' you'd 'a' thought a house was flung at yer, to see her come. She was red in the face, an' for that second I had my doubts.

"Then it was crack! She beat the washboard on my head with both hands, an' split the back of it an' loosened up the tin part.

"'I'll show ye how far to go wid a joke,' she says outer breath, an' smashed at me again so it cut me over the eye. I put up my hand an' I seen she'd drawn blood, an' I run out through the hall an' up the stairs wid Annie at my heels, cryin' an' scared.

"'Twas half an hour before I went down an' I knew I'd be late to work. I was kinder shy of meetin' the old lady, too. I was

(Concluded on Page 64)



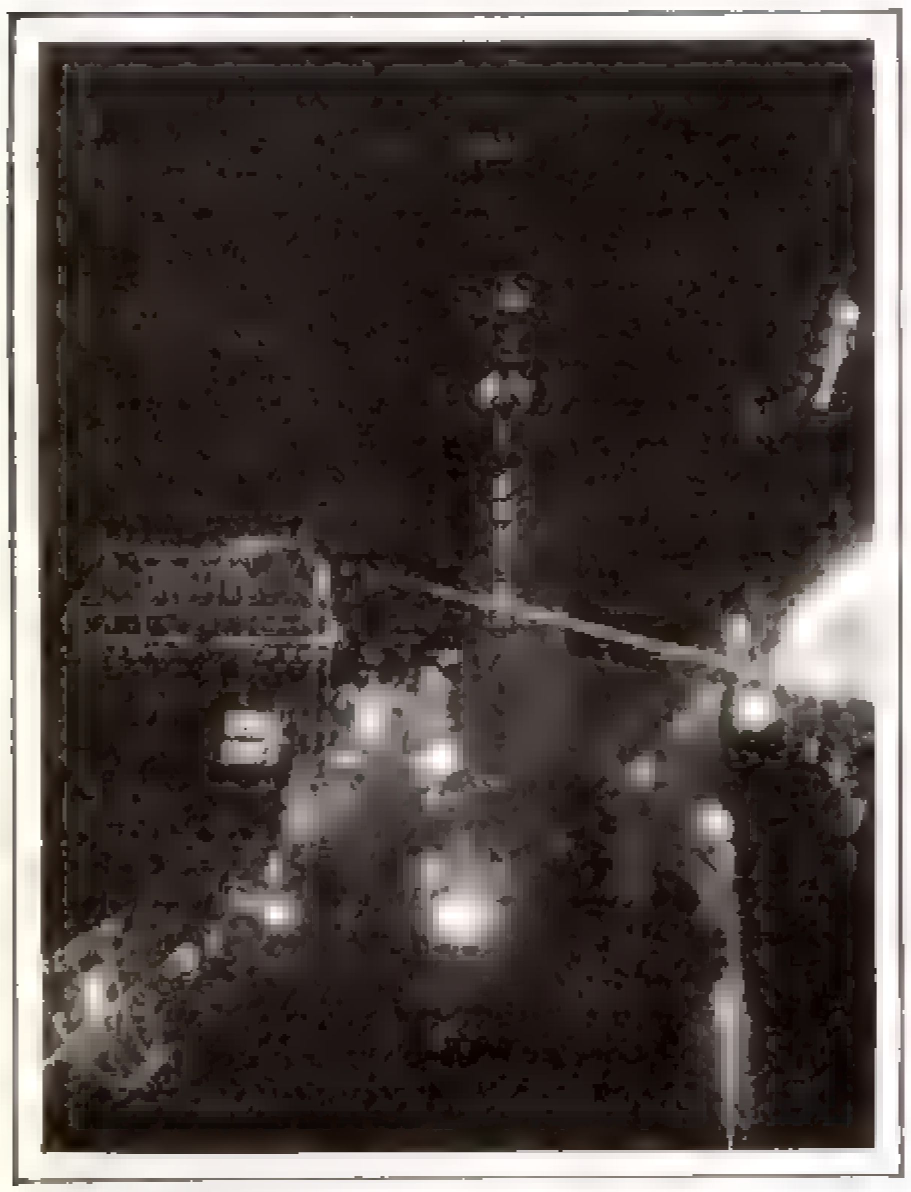
"'That's the Gratichude I Gets fer Washin' Out These Shirts of Yours'"

The Modern Tower of Babel

PROFIT AND LOSS IN HIGH BUILDINGS

By

Harrison L. Beach



The Times Building at Night

ONLY two facts are definitely recorded in connection with the Tower of Babel One, that it is the first tall building mentioned in history as designed for human occupation. The second, that it was never completed, and, therefore, failed of its mission. It was intended to be an abiding-place and a business center for those whose labor brought it into being, but the great majority of them were never able to use it for either purpose. It was the hope of the builders that it would reach the sky, but their ambition was never realized. In every other respect the tower fell short of expectations, and it is, therefore, safe to assume that the first tall building in the world was an architectural, social and financial mistake There was no necessity for its existence, and it passed away so completely that no man now can tell where it stood. No attempt was made, so far as history knows, to restore or reproduce it; no effort was made to pattern after it. Had there been a need, another tower would have been built; but as there was no supply of tall buildings it is certain that there was no demand

When the historical dust of forty centuries had piled around and above the tower's site habits of life and methods of business had vastly changed New conditions had come, and with them came again the tall building This time it appeared as the sequel of an actual need in the commercial world; but just so surely as the old Tower of Babel glutted the market for tall buildings in the plain of Shinar, just so surely as it satisfied all demand for structures of its kind for forty centuries, just so surely are men today erecting commercial towers, while they ignore the questions of supply and demand, defy the laws of economy and expediency, and frequently plan sky-touching structures that present financial propositions but little, if any, better than the Tower of Babel. The ancient builders abandoned their venture and did not maintain a losing fight by efforts to maintain and operate. The modern man, however, is often less wise. In many instances he makes his investment and then hopes and fights for dividends, when he has by his errors in building deprived himself of all chance of realizing them.

Miscalculations in Erecting Office-Buildings

WHEN a man, a syndicate of men, or a corporation plans the erection of a building it is to be conceded that the enterprise is not undertaken for any direct purpose save the profitable employment of capital. The projectors aim to make money as rapidly and in as great amount as possible. All other considerations are subordinated to this. They may, it is true, plan a building with the double view of having it both beautiful and profitable. They may arrange and adorn its interior in such fashion as will, in their opinion, attract and retain tenants. But, when all is said and done, they are after the money. It is, therefore, in the aspect of a financial investment that the modern office-building is considered in this article.

It is obvious that an office-building must derive its income from rentals received. It can become a dividend producer in no other way. It is highly desirable that this building not only should be in a good location, but also that it should contain a maximum of rentable and a minimum of unrentable space. Moreover, the stability and size of the income depend upon the constant rental of all revenue-producing area. All offices must remain constantly under lease if the building is to prove highly profitable. To render them capable of constant rental they must be desirable in respect to light, location, ventilation, and be easy of access. These statements constitute the very alphabet of the office-building proposition. They are so rudimentary that a child can understand their vital nature. A business man would hold himself insulted if they were called to his attention. Appreciating them as he does, how often does he fully and properly apply them? Possibly about once in a million times—probably not quite so often. In fact, one thing that distinguishes man from other animals is that he alone makes mistakes in his building operations. He is the one living thing on earth that constructs in such a manner as to invite a loss of time and labor, and he only is foolish enough to build more than he can profitably use

To the buyer or seller of any commodity, when he approaches his market, the paramount question is, everywhere and always, the proportion of supply and demand. The first thing to be considered, therefore by the projectors of office-buildings is whether or not there is in that particular location in that particular city at that particular time, or will be in the immediate future, a sufficiently great demand for offices to justify their construction. This most important matter does not always receive the careful consideration it merits. The city of New York today is an illustration of this truth. On lower Manhattan Island there are more high office-buildings than in any other city of the world. There are also, at the time this article is written, ten acres of vacant offices. One acre contains 43,560 square feet. The average space for a city office-room is 240 square feet. There are, then, in lower New York 1815 vacant offices—counting each room as an office. No claim is made that this figure is precise, but it is so close to the fact that any error is immaterial.

An Illogical Tendency

NEARLY all of these high buildings are fifteen stories or more. Some of them are nearly treble that. Each of them contains, during the business day, enough people to constitute a fair-sized town. How illogical is the constant tendency to erect these huge piles of masonry may be judged when it is stated that, if Manhattan Island from Fourteenth Street to the Battery were entirely occupied by buildings twenty stories high, and all the offices in the buildings were occupied by an average working force, it would, in the morning and evening, require seven times the present street area to allow all of them to reach and leave their offices promptly. Either the streets would of necessity be seven times their present width, which is impossible, or each street would require seven levels. This would mean that the top surface would be even with the floor of the seventh story of the buildings. These figures have not been verified by the writer, but an excellent authority vouches for their accuracy

Men cannot, with financial profit to themselves, unduly multiply the area of the face of the earth in one locality. One owner of Broadway property may gain by repeating the dimensions of his building at forty different altitudes; but if everybody follows his example either insufferable human congestion or loss of invested capital must result.

Another way of showing the error of exceeding the demand for space under present conditions in the large cities of the country is to realize that, if the owner of one-quarter of a city square erects a building fourteen stories high, and leases all the rooms in that building, other owners in that square must not build more than six stories high if they desire to avoid trouble and possible financial loss. As a rule, one building of fourteen stories occupying one-fourth of the square, and six-story buildings over the remaining three-fourths of the square, will give ample accommodations to all the people who will transact business within that square.

The Metropolitan Tower at Night

If builders in lower New York had limited themselves to structures not over fifteen stories high, business in that city, so far as it relates to rental and management of office-buildings, would be in a better shape than it actually is at the present time

The office business of any city of normal growth and healthy development is not enough to create a demand for more offices than will fringe the streets in the congested business center. In the small central areas of very large cities this fringe may be twenty stories high, but in small places office-buildings five stories high will suffice for all demands.

As an instance of how little, or rather how superficially, the question of demand and supply for offices is studied, it may be told that recently a wealthy corporation in New York City planned to erect a building sixty-two stories high. It was to be, in one sense, an advertisement; but it was also intended to be a revenue-producer and to form a permanent investment for the funds of the company. The officials of the corporation were assured by several men supposed to have accurate knowledge of the matter under discussion that the venture would constitute a good and paying investment. They omitted, however, to take into consideration several important factors, and it was not difficult to reduce the sixty-two-story building to the sixty-second degree of absurdity, so far as a money-making venture was concerned.

The Builders' Arithmetic

IT WOULD be fair to estimate the cost per rentable square foot not the constructive cost per square foot in this building at $10 for the ground floor and basement combined, $5.25 for the second floor, $5.75 for the third floor, $6.30 for the fourth floor, and ascending to the roof, each succeeding floor would cost more per rentable square foot than would the floor immediately below. One rentable square foot on the sixty-second floor of this building would cost approximately $123.75, or more than twenty-five times as much as the outlay for the same area on the second floor, and would produce no greater revenue

Obviously, when an old building is to be replaced with a new structure the first things to be considered are: the value of the ground upon which the building is to stand, the loss of income from the old building while it is coming down and the new one is going up, the expense of demolition and the cost of erection

The next question is whether the new structure is really a more profitable investment than the old, and if so, how much greater is the profit. Then determine whether the revenue from the old structure, if allowed to stand, plus the investment elsewhere of the cost of a new building, would not, as a whole, produce a larger revenue than the new building. If so, the latter should not be erected

In a former article it was shown that the value of centrally-located real estate and the amount of rental depend upon the number of people who pass that property during the business day. As both are dependent upon the same cause of valuation it follows that total values and rentals must always preserve a fixed ratio to each other, and one can easily be determined from the other. Following is the method by which the ground value may be determined from the rental revenue, provided the building is of proper size for the ground upon which it stands.

This hypothetical building is twenty stories high and occupies the same area on lower Broadway as that upon which the sixty-two-story building previously mentioned was to stand—49,250 square feet.

Although such is seldom the case, it will be assumed that the earnings of the basement will equal six per cent of its cost. The construction cost of the ground floor is $20 per rentable square foot; the average rental per rentable square foot is $10. Deducting the operating charges and the interest on the cost of the building from this amount, we find the net revenue as income to the ground value would be $6.95 per rentable square foot of building space. The ratio of rentable area in the building to the total ground area is sixty per cent, giving, therefore, to one square foot of ground a rental value of sixty per cent of $6.95, which is $4.17, and a total value per square foot of ground of $69.50, based upon the earnings of the first floor

The construction cost per rentable square foot of the second story will be $18, the average rental revenue per square foot will be $8, the net revenue as income to the ground will be $5.37, and the net revenue to one square foot of ground will be, estimating the ratio of rental area to total ground area at fifty per cent, $2.68, giving a ground value of $44.50, based on the earnings from the second floor.

Assuming that the construction cost per rentable square foot of the eighteen upper stories will be $14 which is not exact, as every floor above the second costs more than the floor immediately beneath—and estimating the average income per rentable square foot at $2.50, and the ratio of rentable to ground area at forty-five per cent, we have a net revenue to one square foot of ground of 42 cents, or a ground value per rentable square foot of $7 from all of the upper eighteen floors. This gives a ground value of $240 per square foot, or $11,820,000 for that tract of ground.

Half a Million Saved by Figuring

ANOTHER instance showing ignorance of primary building principles was recently exhibited in a large city of the Middle West. For that matter, such ignorance is being shown every week in all sections of the country, and this particular case is used as an illustration and not because it is unique.

There is, in this city, one of the wealthiest banks in the country. It owns a building of ancient type standing upon ground for which the bank pays an annual rental of $50,000. The directors decided to tear down their building and erect a modern office affair. After much consideration it was decided to expend $600,000 for this building, the construction of which was to occupy eighteen months.

The directors, instead of determining the comparative cost and revenue of remodeling the old building and erecting the new, reasoned it out as follows:

"Our present building is old and out of date, but all its offices are occupied. If we erect a larger building on the same site it will contain more offices, and they also will be occupied. More offices bring more money; therefore, we will make more money."

The Hudson Terminal Building

The Singer Building. Only Photograph Showing the Whole Building

They were men whose business was finance; but in this instance, at least, they utterly overlooked two of the fundamental laws of making money, which are that it is the net profit and not the gross revenue that determines the value, and that the greater the percentage return upon an investment the better is that investment.

Coming down to specific details in this particular case, it was shown to the directors of this bank that they could make more money by remodeling the old building than by erecting the new. They did not use the plans for their $600,000 building, and, much to the disgust of their architect, decided to remodel

Besides the $600,000 for the new building, which was to be of the same height as the old, the bank would have been at the following items of expense before it received a dollar of revenue from the new building: ground rental for eighteen months while the new building was in course of erection, $75,000; taxes for eighteen months, $22,500; cost of destroying and removing the old building, $20,000; net revenue that would have been earned by the old building had it been allowed to stand, $25,000—total, $142,500. An additional loss would also be the interest on the capital used in the new building during the period of construction This would easily be $10,000. The bank, then, in order to erect a building for $600,000, would have been at a total direct and indirect outlay of $752,500.

Remodeling the old building, it was shown, would cost as follows, allowing six months in which to complete the alterations: remodeling, $200,000; ground rental, $25,000; taxes, $7500; net revenue lost from rentals, $8300—giving a total direct and indirect expenditure of $240,800. The cash argument in favor of remodeling was, therefore, $511,700; and the building was remodeled.

Investors on Pins and Needles

RENTAL values lie in location, not in architecture, and the offices in the remodeled building would bring just as great a revenue as those in the new, and over half a million of dollars was saved.

These two instances relate to buildings that, like the Tower of Babel, were planned, but never completed. The following case is that of a building that was erected, and which today keeps in a constant state of apprehension all who have put their money in it. It stands on Broadway. Adjoining it are some four and five story structures of ancient design, owned by an estate that controls much real property. The projectors of this tall building made the mistake of going straight up from the south side of their building lot to the full height of their building, and they also put their windows flush with the wall. When finally their building was completed they realized with consternation that if the estate should erect on its property a building as tall or taller than theirs the offices on the south side of their building would be suitable for nothing but photographic darkrooms. The prospect of leasing all these offices on lower Broadway to several hundred photographers was not bright. Very shortly after they had realized their position the owners of this building had the situation rubbed in, and the rubbing was as if inflammatory rheumatism were violently treated with coarse sandpaper. The successive reports were—the estate had thoughts of putting up a tall building; the estate had tentatively decided to build the biggest thing in stone New York had ever seen; the estate was—and at this point the owners of the building flew to the offices of the estate, seeking definite information, and they found it. The estate had decided to erect a tall office-building on its property.

"But," objected the owners of the other building, "you will absolutely ruin every office on the south side of our building. They will be too dark to use."

A Dark Southerly Outlook

THE managers of the estate could do nothing but admit that the observation was well founded. The owners of the first building had voices and they used them. The representatives of the estate had ears that were given them for no vain purpose. Negotiations of a desirable character for the owners of that building were concluded, and the estate has not as yet carried out its plan of erecting a tall building on that property. When it does the owners of the other building will lose every desirable office on the south side, or be compelled to tear down one side of their building and construct a light-court that will cost them from $100,000 to $200,000.

Incidentally, it may be said of this building that its projectors intended at first to construct it of granite throughout. They later changed their minds and used brick on the south side of the building, at a saving of many thousands of dollars in building cost, and the rent is just as high as it would be if granite had been used

In England it would have been possible supposing that Englishmen were willing to accept the tall building—to provide against the loss of illumination by claiming the right of "ancient light," which means in effect that all men have a freeborn and inalienable right to the light, and that no other person shall take it away by the erection of a building that shall unduly darken the windows. In this country, however, the man who puts his windows on his building-line has invited disaster if any other man takes the notion to erect a building on the property immediately adjoining.

In estimating light for offices it should be remembered that the effective limit of daylight is 17 feet from the window. Many architects will claim that light is good from 20 to 25 feet from the window, but it is not entirely effective for more than 17 feet.

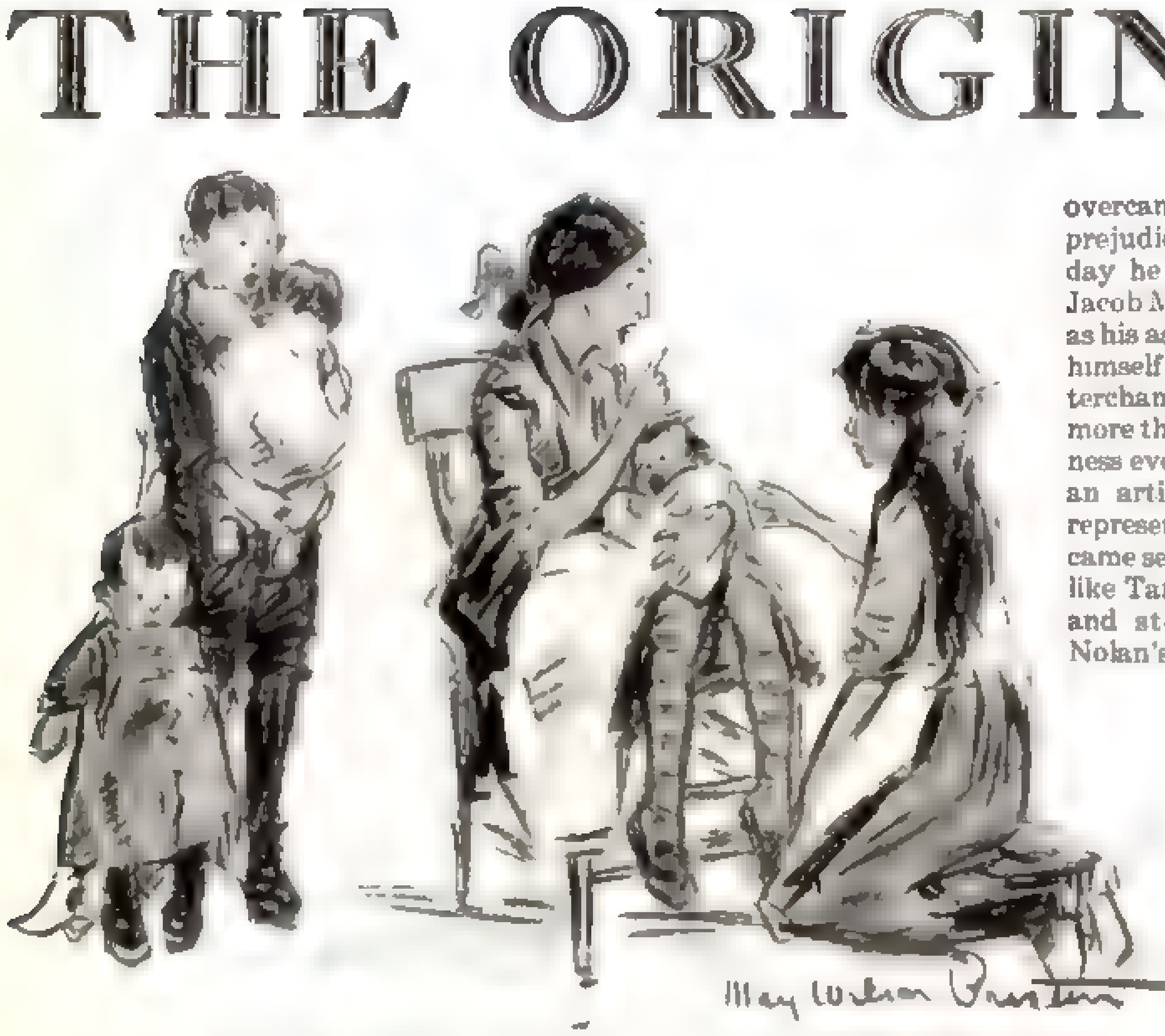
(Continued on Page 44)

The Greatest Aggregation of Skyscrapers in the World

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES

By MYRA KELLY

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



"Ain't You Got Nothin' to Do Only Knockin' Other People's Babies?"

"SAY! What you think!" cried Rebecca Einstein to her friend and neighbor, Esther Nolan. "What you think we got to our house?"

Esther confessed ignorance.

"A baby," cried the triumphant Rebecca.

"It's mine," said Esther promptly. "I writes such a letter on the Central Park stork he shall bring me a baby. I tells him I got a crib even. It's too little fer me. I likes I shall lay all longed out on the sofa; und then he goes und makes mistakes and leaves it by your house. It's boys, ain't it?"

Rebecca admitted it was a boy.

"And did you write such letters on storks?"

Again Rebecca admitted that she had not. "We don't got to write no letters over babies," said she with pride. "We gets 'em anyways. My mamma is got thirteen childrens. We ain't all babies now, but we was."

Esther returned crestfallen to her second-floor home and sought the comforting arms of Mrs. Moriarty, her chaperon and guardian.

"But whatever made you write for a baby?" demanded Mrs. Moriarty when the stork's carelessness had been explained to her. "Aren't you and your father and me happy enough in this grand new house without a baby to be botherin' us?"

Unconsciously she had touched the root of Esther's trouble.

"I needs a baby," she wailed, "the whiles my papa he ain't lovin' no more mit me. Und I wants somebody shall love me."

"Tut! tut! now," admonished Mrs. Moriarty; and then again, "Tut! tut! Now, Esther, dear," said she after a pause, "you're getting to be a big girl."

"I'm eight. I will become nine."

"Please God, you will. But, anyway, you're big enough to know that your father loves you as much as ever he did, but hasn't time to show it—bein' in heavy trouble, God help him. You know about your auntie, her that was to have the bringing up of you as your father often tells ye."

"She don't never comes," Esther complained. "I waits und I waits und my auntie don't comes, und mine papa ain't lovin', und I needs I shall have a baby out of that Central Park."

The heart loneliness of which Esther complained was real enough. The material prosperity which had recently fallen upon her had deprived her of all the old comfortable joys which had brightened less prosperous days. Chief among these had been her father's light-hearted companionship. Mrs. Moriarty, the brightest feature of the new conditions, did her best to cheer and comfort the motherless child, but she could not hope to take the place of Jacob Morowsky, who had changed in so much more than name since he became John Nolan. Esther had dutifully tried—and failed—to understand why she, who had for so long been Esther Morowsky, was now Esther Nolan. And yet the explanation was sufficiently ordinary and was the cause both of her improved surroundings and of her father's preoccupation.

Jacob Morowsky had, upon his first coming to America, found employment with old John Nolan, whose little shop of sacred statues, crucifixes and holy pictures was the survival of the Irish Catholic era in Henry Street's history. There are not many traces of this era now remaining, but John Nolan's little shop was one of them, and economy overcame racial prejudice on the day he engaged Jacob Morowsky as his assistant. Later he congratulated himself upon this apostasy, calling it interchangeably "an act of charity, no more than that," or "the best bit of business ever I done." For Morowsky was an artist, and the heavenly choir, as represented by John Nolan, soon became separate, dainty works of art more like Tanagra figurines than like the stiff and stereotyped figures which John Nolan's six or seven moulds had formerly produced. Later still, when John Nolan was gathered to his fathers and afforded, one must presume, the opportunity of judging the accuracy of his portraits, he left his business and his name to Jacob.

"For without the name," said he, "what good would the business be to ye? Who could believe that the likes of a Jacob Morowsky would know the truth about the blessed saints? And you're not to forget what I've taught you. Arrows for Saint Sebastian, flames and a gridiron for Saint Lawrence, a big book for Saint Luke—he was a scholard, you know—and the rosary for Saint Dominic. There's not the call there used to be for Saint Aloysius; but when you're doing him don't forget to put a skull in his hand. You have your Lives of the Saints, haven't you?"

"I have, dear master," answered Jacob.

"Then keep on studyin' it. And ye'll do what ye can for old Biddy Moriarty, that's took care of me ever since me poor wife died?"

"She shall be of my household," answered Jacob. And so Esther succeeded to the old man's name and the old woman's care.

Jacob Morowsky left his old quarters and as John Nolan took up his residence in the front room of the second floor of a house that had been the residence of an English official when New York was a colony of the crown. The house had endured many vicissitudes and degradations. It was, when Esther knew it, a tenement unpopular with the authorities because it could not quite condescend to the laws of the Tenement House Commission; and not too popular with its landlord because its rooms, in proportion to its ground area, were extravagantly few. Its spacious halls and staircase, its high ceilings and wide chimneys were all so many waste spaces according to modern tenement architecture.

Esther and her father slept in the drawing-room behind a red curtain—Esther in her babyhood's crib, which, as she had written to the stork, she had quite outgrown. But no one seemed to notice that. No one, in fact, noticed her very much. She was a good little girl. She was never late nor troublesome at school. Every Friday afternoon she brought home a blue ticket testifying that her application, her deportment and her progress were satisfactory. From time to time, as she reached new altitudes in the course of study, the teacher's name on these tickets varied. But the tickets were the only link between Esther's two lives at home and at school. No reproachful teacher, no truant officer threatening arrest and the Juvenile Court, ever darkened her horizon. No outraged principal ever summoned her father to an uncomfortable quarter of an hour. She was, as successive teachers noted with amazement, that *rara avis* in the human family, a normal child. Even her clear, dark eyes and her dainty little features were as her ancestry decreed that they should be. And the clear pallor of her skin—which Mrs. Moriarty tried to combat by dressing her much in red—was the normal accompaniment to the fine, soft blackness of her hair.

She adored her father. His society was her sunshine and, since he had become John Nolan, Esther's days had been very cloudy. He was always away from home. There was only one little patch of the morning of Saturday, the Sabbath, which Esther could call her own; and even that was broken into by the service of the synagogue when he sat upon one side of the aisle, magnificent in black broadcloth and silk hat, and she sat upon the other side among the women. In the afternoon he was at work again. She was in my lady's drawing-room or marketing with Mrs. Moriarty.

"You're to bide by yourself or along with me," Mrs. Moriarty had often admonished her. "You're to bide by yourself till your auntie comes."

And always to Esther's eager question, "When is she coming?" Mrs. Moriarty's cryptic answer had been, "God knows."

But when she understood that the gloom of the drawing-room had forced Esther into the writing of unsuspected letters she deemed it wise to go further in enlightenment.

"You're to say naught of this to your poor father. But I'll tell you the meaning of his trouble. Your auntie is lost, my dear."

"Lost!" cried Esther.

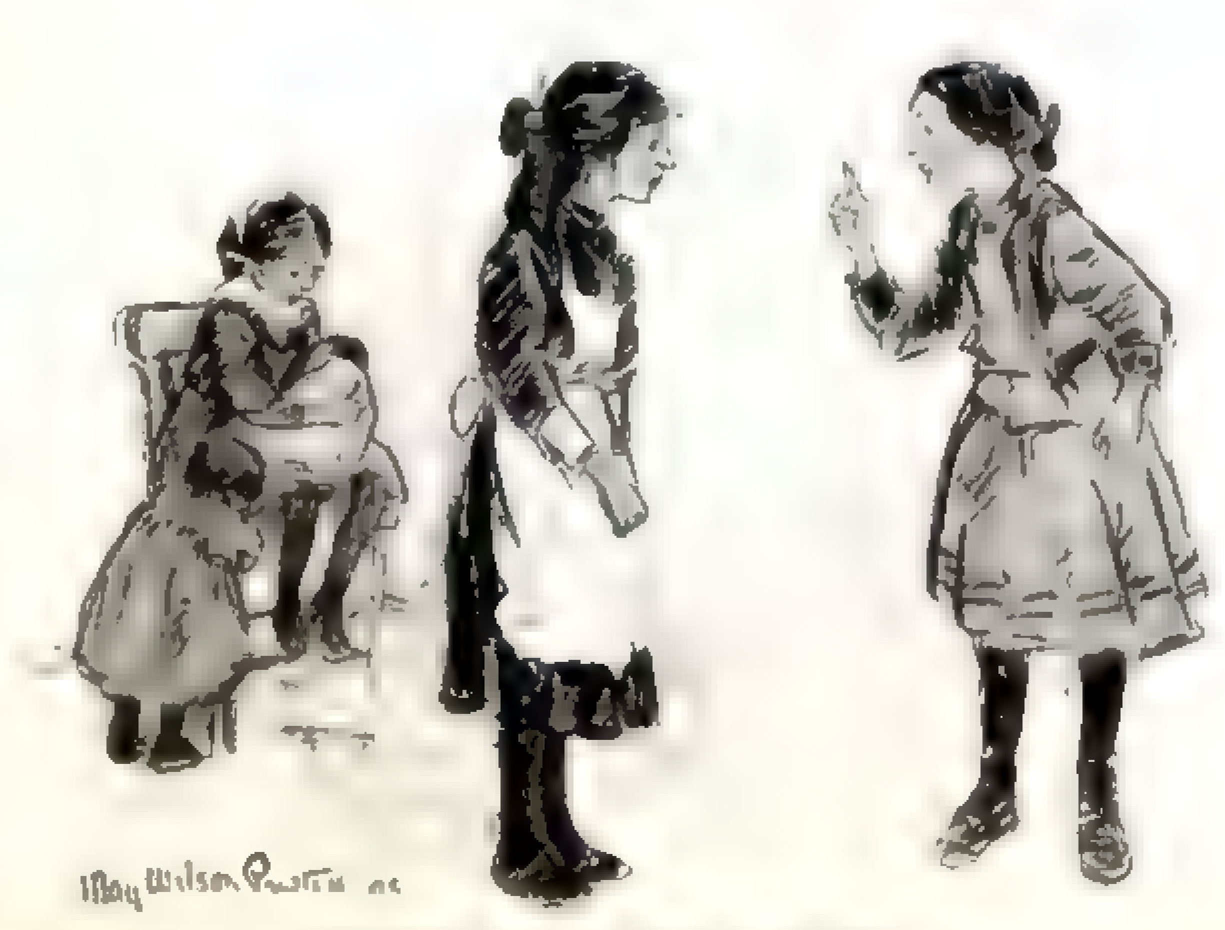
"Aye, lost in this cruel, hard city. Lost among strangers in her sorrow. She was comin' over to live with the two of ye. I'll never forget the night your father got her letter saying she was comin' and for him to meet her at Ellis Island. I went in and found him sitting with it in his hand with the look of death on his face. For the letter was two months old when he got it. Some mistake about his two names there was, and the date she set down for him to meet her was six weeks gone when her letter came. Glory be to God, but it's a cruel world! An' her husband just dead on her, and her so lonely, the creature! If she was poor itself we'd have a better chance of finding her through some of the charities or the hospitals, maybe. But she had money enough to last her a while, and she's gone the same as if the ground had swallied her up."

"Mine papa," commented Esther, "he's got it pretty hard." And she folded her hands and shook her head in unconscious but triumphant imitation of Mrs. Moriarty.

"Hear you me," Mrs. Moriarty acquiesced. "He has the hardest luck ever I heard of. His sister's husband's name was Cohen, and her Christian name"—Esther looked puzzled and Mrs. Moriarty politely substituted—"her first name was Esther, the same as yours. And when your poor, distracted father went to find out did e'er an Esther Cohen land the day she mentioned in the letter they told him that twenty-five did and for him to go away with his jokes. You know, the world is full of Cohens."

Esther knew more than that. She knew that there was a Cohen in the house. She was not supposed to form friendships, but she cherished two or three in secret and one of them bore the name of Cohen. To Esther she was always the lady mit the from-gold hair, but she had heard a neighbor once address her as Mrs. Cohen. She lived in what must have been, in the days of the house's grandeur, the tweeny's room in the servants' quarters on the top floor. A tiny little room it was, whose one window opened now upon a blank wall; though the tweeny may have sat at it and watched the locks and the slow canal-boats where now Canal Street runs. There in the dimness Esther, on her surreptitious way back from a surreptitious visit to the friendly top-floor front, had discovered the lady mit the from-gold hair, and the lady was crying.

Esther's heart swelled and almost burst beneath the square breastplate of her apron, and presently the lady,



"What You Think We Got to Our House?"

looking up, met two deep wells of sorrow and admiration fixed upon her. And so their friendship began. It persisted despite Mrs. Moriarty's warnings, and despite, too, the barrier of alien tongue, for the speech of this stranger was greatly different from the Yiddish spoken in that Polish and Russian quarter. In the other wordless ways of love, however, Esther threw her lonely little heart at the feet of the lonely lady, and knew that another secret must lie between her and the home circle in the drawing-room.

The load of such deceptions upon her conscience was not heavy. There were only the kindly top-floor front, the janitor and Rebecca Einstein, who lived next door and who was in Esther's class at school when she was not nursing old and new babies at home.

Mrs. Moriarty disapproved of the Einsteins. Her complaint was that there were too many of them and that thirteen was an unlucky number for a party, whether family or otherwise. But to Esther their number was their greatest charm; and after a visit to their crowded and uproarious circle the quiet drawing-room seemed very chill and empty.

When Jacob came home that night Esther was awake and waiting for him with a proposition.

The Einsteins, she announced, had a superfluous baby. Would not he, out of his loving bounty, buy it for her? It was a boy; and she, Esther, desired beyond all things else a baby brother. She had reason to believe that this one was really hers. She had forwarded an application to the proper quarters.

Jacob took his little girl on his knee and explained the situation to her.

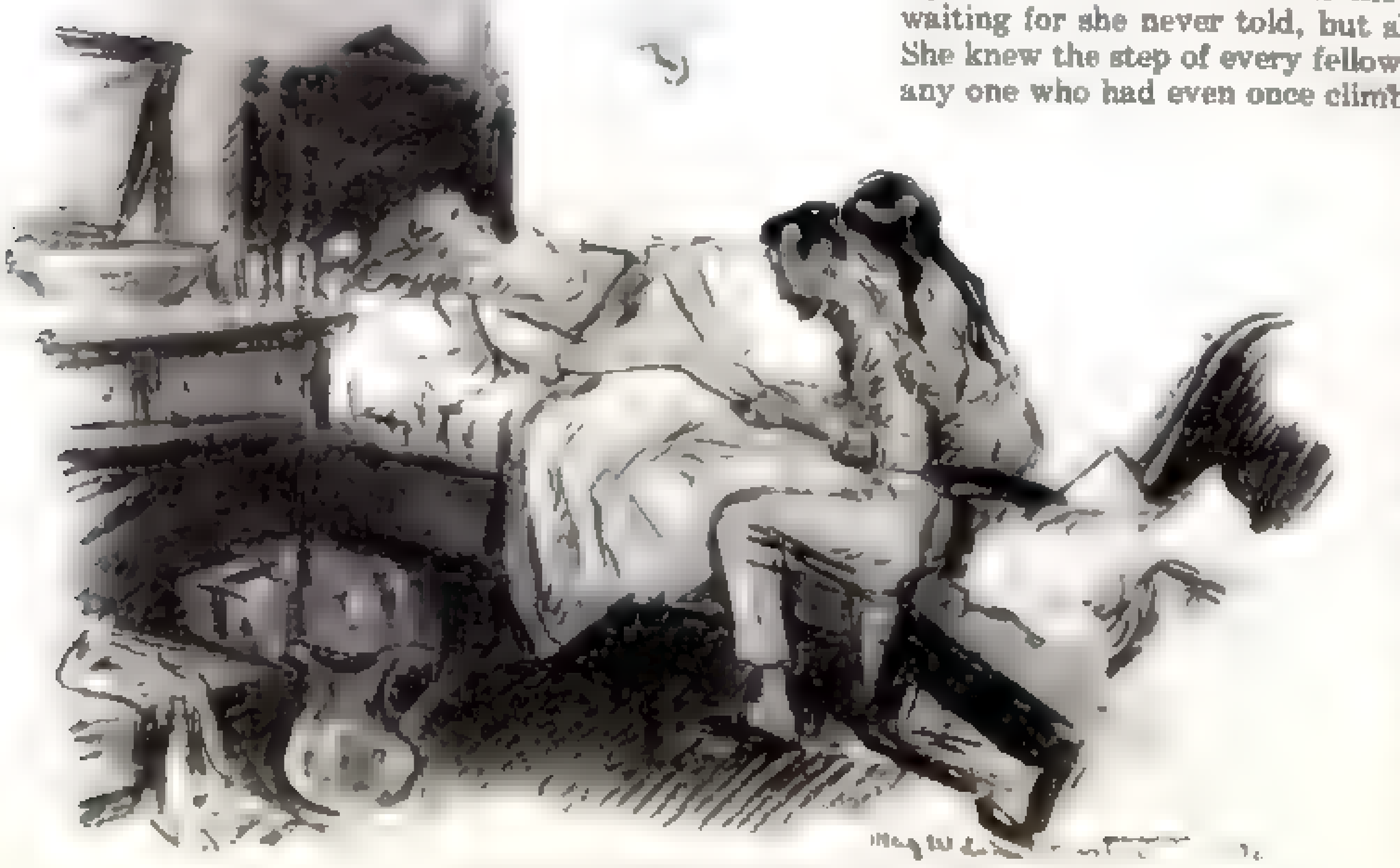
Purchase, so his instructions ran, was not the usual method of acquiring infants. One took them, or did without them, as the big stork pleased. It is true that babies sometimes were adopted. If, when she grew a little older and he a little richer, she still desired a brother, they might manage to adopt one; but not, as he told her when he restored her to her crib, not until he had found her Aunt Esther.

And when he had eaten his supper he came again to Esther's little bed and told her, as he sometimes did, stories of another little brother and sister who had loved and played together in the long ago. And he told her, too, more graphically than Mrs. Moriarty could, of that brother's desperate search for his sister; of all the promising clews which led nowhere; of all the high hopes which ended in despair. For two months he had neglected his business and his daughter for this search, and he was beginning to believe that his sister was dead.

Esther caressed and comforted him as best she might. After holding her silently for a few moments he carefully tucked her into bed again and went out into the crowded, sordid streets to search hopelessly and doggedly—for the little sister of his childhood

The days passed and her father confided more and more in her great love and sympathy. Esther became reconciled to the stork's mistake and decided that she could wait until he brought a baby without urging or request. She was very busy. Her lady mit the from-gold hair spoke no English, and Esther entreated that Mrs. Moriarty should not be consulted, as that would mean her own instant banishment to the lonely drawing-room. So Mrs. Moriarty was allowed to form her own explanation for Esther's long absences, while Esther, light of hand and step, served her golden-haired lady friend.

Mrs. Moriarty's natural supposition had been that Esther was with the baby so carelessly turned over to the Einsteins; and occasionally, of course, she did visit that official error. But as its novelty diminished and its lung power increased Esther became reconciled to the mistake.


The Lady Mit the From-Gold Hair Laid Her Other Hand on His

"He cries awful," Rebecca would carefully explain; "und we didn't really need him. We had lots. The old baby ain't yet so big. She couldn't to stand even. Und she needs all her clothes. My poor mamma has it pretty hard."

"Ain't it funny," mused Esther—all unconscious that she was grappling with a world problem—"Ain't it funny, Becky? You got too many families und so you gets some more. I ain't got no families und I loses mine auntie. Ain't it fierce?"

"Well, it sure is fierce," her friend admitted through the howls of the youngest Einstein. "But don't you care, Esther. I guess, maybe, that stork will get round to your order soon. One baby"—she spoke from experience and with conviction—"is lots of family."

"I don't know do I needs that kind from baby what you got," Esther objected. "It's a awful loud baby, ain't it?"

"It is," Rebecca admitted. And any one of the fifteen Einsteins or even any neighbor to the fourth or fifth house removed would have corroborated her.

"Und it's got black hair," Esther further objected.

"They all do when they ain't red-headed," retorted the now ruffled Rebecca. "Ain't you got nothin' to do only knockin' other people's babies? First oft, you says he's yours, und now you says he's too loud und too black. Well, he ain't too loud or too black fer me. You wait till your own baby comes. Maybe you'll get somethin' worster, with fishes' faces maybe. How will you like that? You can't never tell what kind they're goin' to be, an' you've got to keep 'em."

This haphazard system—or lack of it—rather alarmed Esther, though the desire for a baby of her own design and choosing was growing stronger every day. For her loneliness was growing, too. Jacob was hardly ever at home. He spent many of his days and all of his evenings in his fruitless, endless search. And Mrs. Moriarty had begun to help him through some subterranean, first-cousin-twice-removed channel which connected her with a member of the police force. She was making a canvass of the women's lodging-houses near the Bowery.

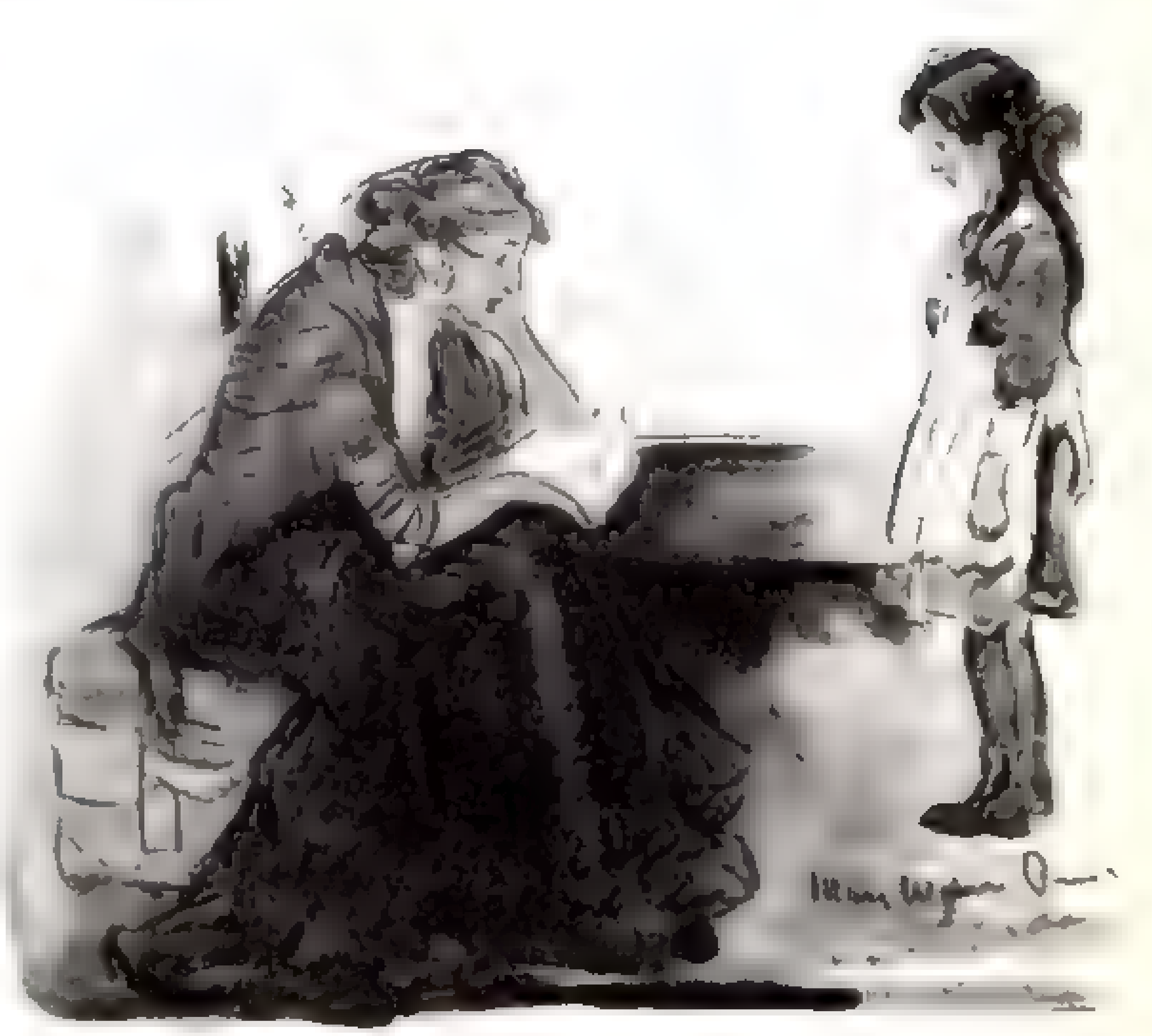
So Esther, having much time upon her hands, turned her thoughts again to the upbringing of a brother, and wrote again to the headquarters in Central Park and impressed upon the authorities—in large, round writing upon a sheet of pink paper with two turtledoves embossed upon it—that she was not in a hurry for her baby and would prefer to wait until they found a really acceptable article. If possible, she would prefer from-gold hair, blue eyes and a silent tongue. For such an infant her outgrown crib, a warm welcome and comfortable home were waiting. No others need apply.

When this letter was dispatched she felt greatly relieved and set about the nursing of the lady mit the from-gold hair with renewed energy. And the lady needed her little friend and welcomed her always with a gentle smile, though a large and unwonted female was now regularly established in the room, from which she relentlessly barred more disturbing and autobiographical visitors.

All through her illness—indeed, ever since her first coming into that house—she had kept the door open, and she lay so that she could watch the stairs. Whom she was waiting for she never told, but she was always listening. She knew the step of every fellow-lodger, of the doctor, of any one who had even once climbed those stairs. And at the approach of any new footstep she would sit up rigidly among her pillows, staring and listening so intently that when the newcomer appeared and brought only disappointment she would sink back again gasping and exhausted.

"What does she says?" Esther once asked the imposing nurse, when a visitor for the top-floor front had precipitated one of these attacks. "What does she says when she cries?"

"She says," interpreted the nurse, "'He is dead. It must be that he is dead.' Yet we know that her husband is dead. She still expects some one."


And So Their Friendship Began

"Maybe," said Esther—arguing from her own state of mind to that of her friend—"Maybe she expects a stork mit babies."

The woman caught Esther by the shoulders and peered down into her eyes. "So they have been talking to you," she said with immense scorn. "Oh, those women!"

"Nobody ain't told me nothings," Esther answered. "I don't know nothings. On'y, I thinks it in mine heart. And, anyway, the first baby what comes here is mine. I writes on the Central Park a letter over it. It's going to be a boy mit from-gold hair."

"Well," snorted the nurse with some professional pique, "it's good you got that settled."

Late that night Esther awoke in her little, outgrown crib. A familiar series of sounds had disturbed her: the arrival of the doctor. So the lady mit the from-gold hair was presumably worse. The doctor's steps mounted into the darkness and silence of the sleeping house, and the clock in Mrs. Moriarty's room struck two. Esther lay wide-eyed in the dark and waited for the sound of the doctor's return; but she heard nothing except the far-away clang and shriek of an occasional cable-car, and the sound of stealthy, hurrying feet upon the sidewalk. She sat up, and in the dim reflection from the electric light on the street corner she distinguished the shapeless bulk that was her sleeping father. Jacob had only recently come in from his quest, and he slept the sleep of exhaustion. Cold had no terrors for her—she was clad, feet and all, in an Eskimo garment of brilliant pink flannel of Mrs. Moriarty's contriving.

And still the doctor did not come down. Esther climbed to the floor and noiselessly unlocked the door. In the hall a deadly quiet served as a background for Mr. Finklestein's snoring. And then Esther's summons came. Shrill and clear from the darkness above dropped the cry of a new-born child. Hers! The stork had blundered again.

"Oh, my!" wailed Esther in despair, "ain't storks the fools! In all my world I ain't never seen how he makes mistakes. I told him just as plain: second floor front. Und extra he goes und maybe wakes up the lady mit the from-gold hair over it. She's got it hard enough 'out no babies yelling."

As Esther toiled toward the sound she realized that yet another mistake had been made. It was a "loud one." Now, what would her father say—and Mrs. Moriarty? But this was no time for such questioning. Her plain duty was to collect her property and prevent its disturbing the whole house.

When she reached her friend's room she found that the disturbance had taken place and was still in progress. The nurse, the doctor and the top-floor front were gathered about the bed, presumably reassuring their patient, and upon a pillow thrown into a rocking-chair the stork had left Esther's gold-haired brother.

Oh! it was easy, fatally easy, to recognize the answer to her petition! The noise subsided as Esther noiselessly pattered over to it, and from an end of its roll of flannel a bright head projected. Esther picked it up and beat a hasty retreat unobserved by the workers at the bedside. Down the dark stairs she passed with her burden and into the drawing-room again. She snuggled down beside it in her crib and for a few ecstatic moments held it in her arms. The clock struck four, and as Esther quivered and listened still for the descent of the doctor the baby raised up its voice again in one prolonged and breathless yell. Jacob was beside the crib in an instant and had his daughter in his arms.

(Concluded on Page 42)

IRRIGATION'S ARTFUL AID

By Henry M. Hyde

ONE sails on a big sternwheeler for eighty miles, down a lake of clear, light-blue water. The high, cloudless sky is a deep, warm color, which somehow gives the impression of substance and depth. The air is shot through with the golden rays of the sun. It sparkles like the heart of a crystal. It smells of elemental freshness and there is a strange tang in it, as if a spicy breeze from the south had blown across a field of new-fallen snow.

From the edge of the water, on every side, high hills climb up at a steep angle. They are a dry russet-brown in color, broken by the olive-gray of sagebrush patches and the faded green of bunchgrass. Toward their summits the hills are mottled with dark-brown and purple shadows. Behind and above them, at intervals, loom tall mountains, their heads capped with snow. Nowhere is there anything green and growing. It is a scene of beautiful desolation

The steamer puffs its way around the high shoulder of a tremendous rock that projects far into the lake. On the other side the hills have given back for a quarter of a mile. Between them and the water lies a perfectly flat, high bench of land The whole bench is crossed by straight lines of symmetrical trees, low, dome-shaped, each crowned by the lushest, richest foliage. From a distance it is as if lines of deep-green velvet ribbon had been stretched over the smooth chocolate-brown of the soil. Crisscrossing the hill behind is a big wooden flume, bringing down the life-giving water from a mountain lake. For this is the irrigated fruit country, one of those mountain valleys in the far Northwest from which come the Aladdin-like stories of one, two and three thousand dollars' annual profit from each acre of developed orchard.

PHOTO. BY FRANK PALMER, SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

Prize Wolf River Apples

Behind the hills—between them and the surrounding mountains—are other big benches, all covered with growing orchards. Scattered about and never far apart are the handsome houses where the fruit growers live in comfort, often in luxury. The owner of a successful irrigated orchard is more prosperous and independent than most men. The mountains that ring his valley keep out the clouds, the winds and the storms. They make the winters mild, the days clear and sunny and the nights cool and crisp. In their high gorges they store the waters which are the life-blood of his trees. Their influence gives to his apples the delicious flavor which brings the city buyers hurrying across country to bargain on the spot for the growing crop. The mountain brooks are full of rainbow trout, anxious to rise to the fly. Brown bears make their dens along the draws and, on the higher ridges, goats and big-horn sheep are plentiful.

Why City Men Make Good Fruit Farmers

IT IS a country of inspiring scenery, of rugged health, of unequaled opportunities for sport and for profit. The stories of men who, after six or seven years of patient waiting, have got back from their first full crop all their investment and a good stake besides are plentiful—and true. But . . . What must a man do to win through to this ideal position? How much capital must he have to start with? What chance has Jones, forty-five years old, after twenty years of hard work in a city office, absolutely ignorant about growing anything, to make a success with an irrigated orchard? Finally, won't there be more apples grown a few years from now than the country will consume?

. . . .

Early in the spring of 1908 a party of people from the Middle West started for southern British Columbia. Under the escort of a land agent with charming manners and persuasive speech they were going to visit the irrigated fruit country. They were city people—clerks who had saved a little money, small merchants, a sprinkling of lawyers, doctors, dentists—all anxious to win from the soil the independence and happiness which the big town had denied them. The tourist car was full of high hope and courage, not unmixed with pathos; for every man in the party was ready to risk his little all on the hazard of new fortunes.

On the way across the prairies and up through the mountains the land agent talked much about the proper way to set out and bring to bearing an apple orchard in the irrigated country. He went into minute details, and his company of middle-aged Argonauts listened with open ears and minds, believing and remembering everything that he told them. All but one. He happened to be an apple grower himself, born and reared on a Michigan fruit farm. To his experience much that the agent said was idle; some was even misleading and wrong. He grew indignant as he listened to this heresy, and finally decided that he would no longer allow his ingenuous companions from the city to be led astray without making a protest.

"Mr. Brown," he broke in, "you have been talking to these men as if you were an expert on apple growing. Now, I was born on an apple orchard and have lived on one all my life. I know that a lot of the advice that you have been giving is wrong. You say that the proper time to set out apple trees is in the spring. That is not true. The right time is the fall—that is, if you really have the mild winters you claim out in the valley."

"I don't claim to be an expert," the agent answered, "and we do have mild winters in Happy Valley. But, with us, the proper time to set out apple trees is the spring."

"Of course," returned the man from Michigan by way of a final shot, "I understand why you say spring. You want to sell us each a piece of land on this trip and get our money without any delay."

It happened that every man in the car bought ten or twenty acres of the high bench land in the valley. With the exception of the Michigan fruit grower they all started in at once and set out their trees.

He waited until fall before putting the nursery stock into the ground. And when spring came every one of his trees was dead The city yokels came through the winter with only a small and normal loss.

It is one thing to set out trees in Michigan, where the winters are uniformly cold and the air damp. There the sap barely stirs from fall to spring, and little demand is made on the tiny roots to supply moisture lost through evaporation. But out in the dry, mild, mountain valleys there is always likely to be more or less evaporation and movement of sap. Unless the rootlets have had time to get set in the ground, so that they can make up for the loss, the tiny tree is certain to die of thirst.

The less one knows about fruit growing elsewhere the more likely he is to succeed in the irrigated country. Farmers and veteran orchardists make the largest percentage of failures in the mountain valleys. City men who have been trained to follow business methods have—other things being equal—the greatest chance of success. For successful fruit growing under irrigation is a new business of infinite detail.

Choosing an Orchard Site

FIRST of all, and most important of all, is the question of location. There are scores of mountain valleys in the great Northwest which to the casual eye, and even to the eye of the experienced farmer or fruit grower, present exactly the same conditions. Yet in many of them fruit growing can never be largely successful. A man who has spent the last ten years of his life in locating irrigated orchards says that there are exactly eight hundred questions which must be satisfactorily answered before one who is looking for big profits is justified in setting out his trees.

Take the primal matter of water for irrigation. Does the seller absolutely control the original source of the water that goes with his land? Is the supply of water sufficient for irrigation purposes, even in an abnormally dry season? And it takes a truthful scientist to answer that question.

A few years ago certain lands in Texas were widely advertised It was pointed out that the soil was vastly fertile and the climate mild, semi-tropical. Almost anything could be grown. As for water supply, the average rainfall was a trifle greater than that of the fat, black prairies of Illinois. Last year a dozen farmers cleared four hundred dollars an acre each from crops of early vegetables. Come on, boys, and get rich quick!

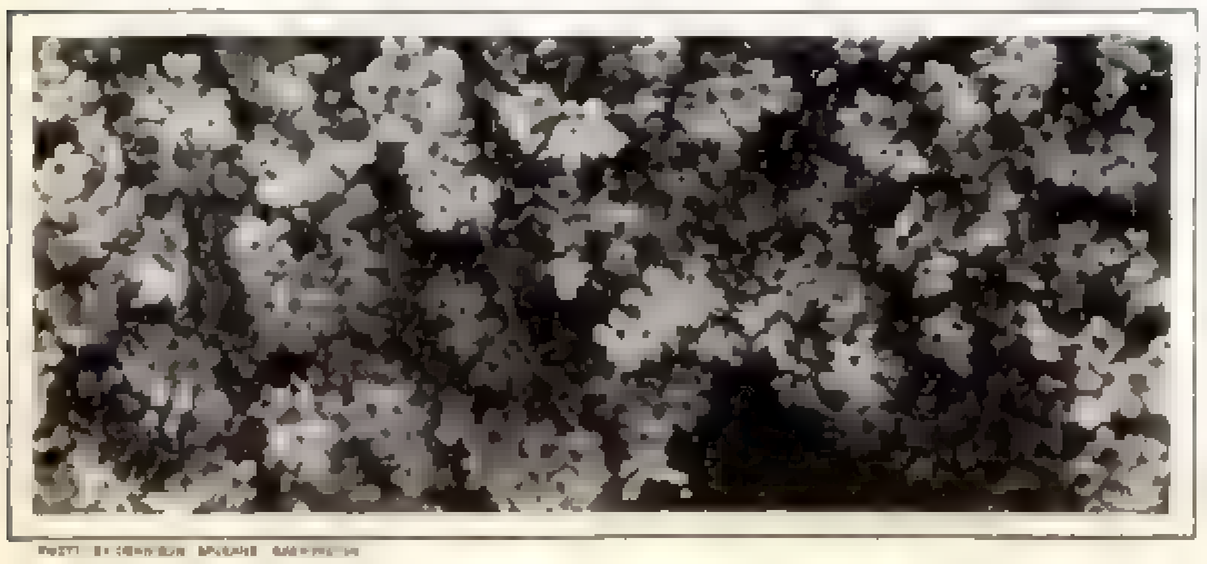
All these statements were true. But the advertiser failed to state—perhaps he did not know—that the average evaporation from his Texas lands was twice as great as from the Illinois prairies. Therefore, a rainfall that kept an Illinois farm properly moist left his property parched and dusty. And this year, after a dry season, there will be few glowing stories of great yields from this district.

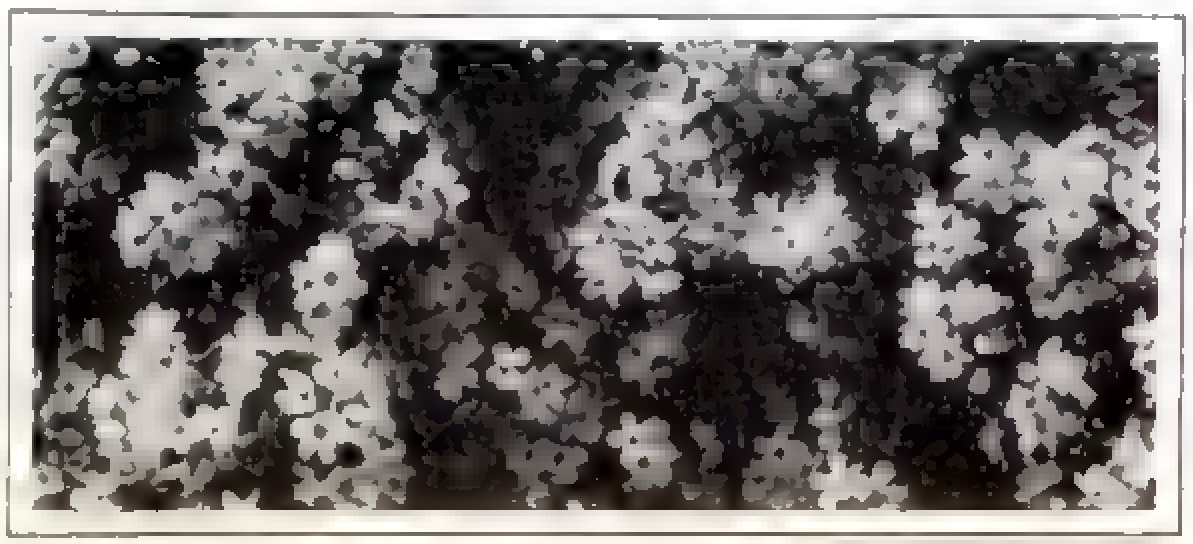
If the water is properly controlled and is sufficient in quantity, what is its chemical analysis? What elements does it absorb and hold in solution as it comes rushing down from the distant mountains? How do these particular elements affect growing fruit trees? And are certain varieties of apples affected more strongly than others?

The soil, also, must go through the chemist's test tubes. It may contain salts that make profitable fruit growing an impossibility. Is it properly inoculated with beneficent microbes that take nitrogen from the air and add it to the soil? If it is not so infected it will not permanently yield large crops, unless the lack is otherwise supplied.

To the grower of irrigated fruit average conditions do not tell the story. He is even more interested in the extremes. Are late frosts in the spring absolutely unknown? What is the highest wind ever known in the valley? A single cold night in April may ruin the whole year's crop. One forty-mile gale may break down the laden trees.

The question of location, with all that it implies, having been correctly answered, the man who has his mind set on





future profits of two or three thousand dollars an acre must make certain that he selects the varieties of apples that are best suited to his particular valley. The Northern Spy, for instance, which was the great bearer in the orchard back home, or even in the neighboring valley forty miles away across the mountains, may do only fairly well here. It may, indeed, be not at all suited to the local conditions. And these conditions vary more or less in every district, even in those that lie closest together. The first comers into every undeveloped apple country are, therefore, obliged to do more or less costly experimental work before they hit upon the proper strain. Nor is the growing condition the only thing to be considered.

A grove of a single variety of apple trees, sturdy in growth and splendidly developed, may produce few apples and those only of small size and poor quality because the blossoms have not been properly fertilized. Some varieties of apples are not self-fertilizers—the pollen that they produce will not quicken their own blossoms. So the grower must set out trees of another variety, one also suited to the local conditions of growth, of which the pollen will mate well with the blossoms of his first. And not even then is the problem wholly solved.

Two years ago there was a man in one of the famous valleys of the Northwest who had followed all the rules up to this point. Soil, water, climatic conditions—all were perfect. He had set out the right varieties of trees, and had brought his orchard through to its sixth year in thriving and thrifty condition. The days in this valley were bright and sunny; the nights cool and windless. Yet he got little fruit, and that not of high quality. The man was desperate. He had put his whole stake into the venture; he had been tireless in his attention to the trees; he had overlooked no detail to which his attention had ever been called. Yet he faced a practical failure. He was almost ready to admit defeat, sell out for what he could get and drift back to the city. In despair he sent for an expert from the state experimental station. The expert spent a day or two in studying the situation. He seemed puzzled until it was brought to his attention that in that particular valley there was rarely a breeze that could be felt. The surrounding mountains shut out the winds from every direction. Then the expert smiled. He went out and bought half a dozen hives of bees and set them about the orchard.

"Now you'll have a big crop," he said

The expert was right. The apples picked from those trees the next season paid back the total investment made in buying and developing the orchard and left a big profit besides. The explanation was simple. The bees flying from apple blossom to apple blossom had carried the pollen with them, and so had thoroughly done the work of cross fertilization, which, in the absence of breezes, had never been done before.

When the jubilant grower sent for the expert while his great crop was being picked, to rejoice with him in their triumph, he had still one puzzle to put to the visitor.

"Of course, the bees have done the work," he said. "I know that. But what about Perkins, my next neighbor? He has just as big a crop as mine. He had practically as big a one last year. We have the same varieties of trees and mine are in as good a condition. Yet he never has had any bees about the place. And he laughs at the idea that they have anything to do with it."

"Let's go and see," answered the expert.

Perkins was polite, but incredulous. The expert spent a couple of hours looking about his orchard and its immediate surroundings. At one side he found several dead old trees standing, and in the hollow of one of them was a great colony of wild bees.

Irrigated fruit farming is only a few years old, at least in its modern manifestation. In every valley that is now famous a great amount of necessary experimental work has been done. Many of the orchards that are now in bearing are the result of such experiments—more or less successful—and it is these that are chiefly for sale as producing orchards. An irrigated orchard that can be bought in

(Continued on Page 46)

THE LOSING GAME

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

VII

THE Pounds, the Lesters and the Mullenses were having one of their expensive little dinner-parties the evening before Thanksgiving. An unwonted air of genteel self-consciousness pervaded it. Even Mr. Mullens was reduced to innocent conversation upon the respective merits of the tables at various New York hotels. He carefully said "blamed" instead of the more vigorous word which came naturally to his candid lips. Warned by his wife's meaning eye, he stopped at the second bottle of champagne for the entire party, whereas his own normal capacity was about two bottles. Such was the refining influence which was imposed by the presence of Mrs. Eileen Morrison.

For more than a month Mrs. Morrison had been a guest of Mrs. Mullens, to whom she was distantly related. At first sight Emma, reading her with sure feminine intuition, felt toward Mrs. Morrison the honest antipathy of a dog for a cat—a pretty, willowy, pouting, cuddly creature, whose whole capital lay in her complexion, her coppery hair, her teeth and dimples; a creature good for nothing but to wheedle and whimper and waste, with just brains enough to trick out her pretty person. That she was so eminently proper and conventional was, in Emma's contemptuous view, merely a part of her poor little stock in trade; it went along with her hair and her carefully-unnatural manner of showing all her small white teeth when she smiled. Emma had no doubt that in the legal proceedings which had separated her from the unknown Morrison she had appeared impeccable and had received the sympathy of a masculine court.

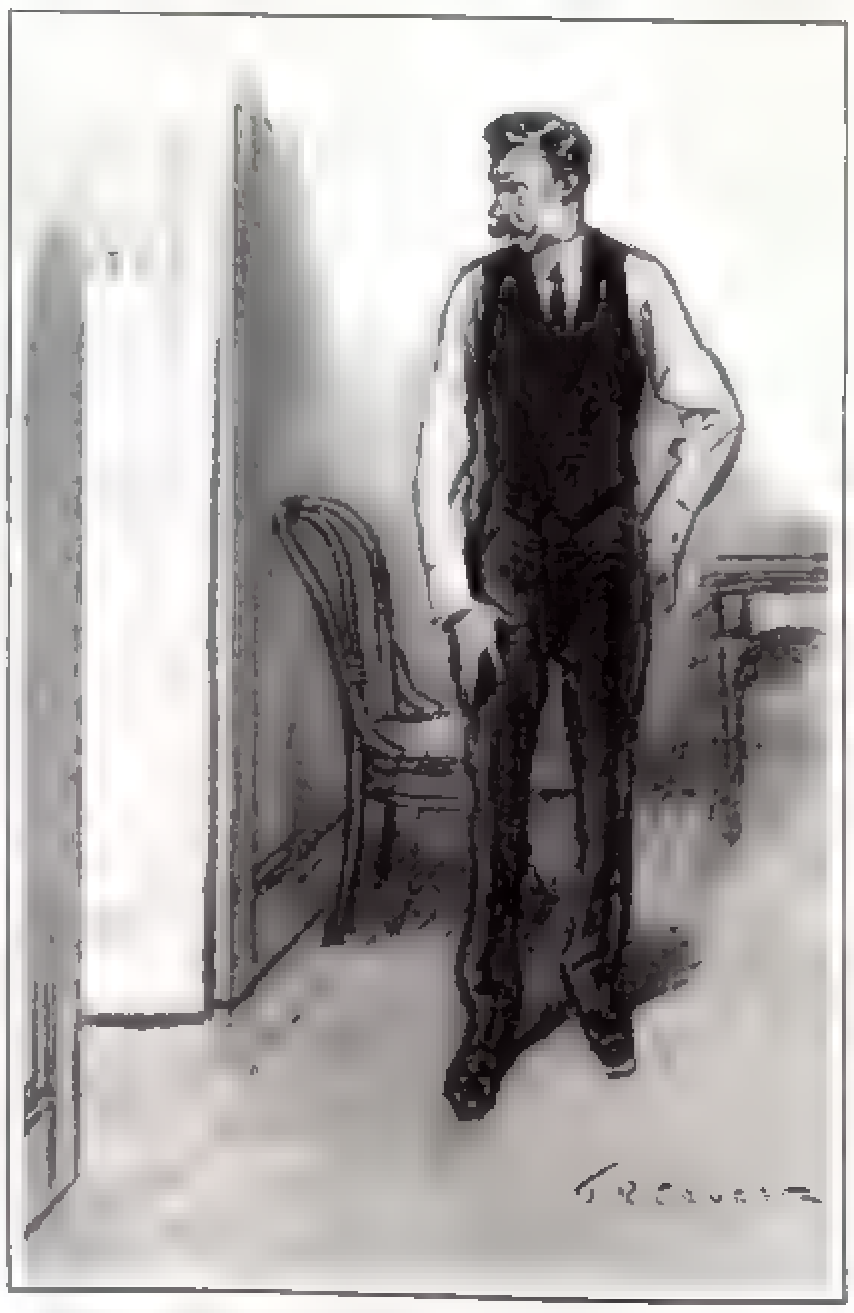
Emma was something of a philosopher. She was acquainted with the unromantic fact that, very often, if a man falls in love and the girl refuses him, he promptly marries some other girl—because a hunger has been evoked in him and Nature herself prompts him to satisfy it. She knew that a man whose romantic sentiments have been powerfully aroused, but left without an object upon which to discharge themselves, is as dangerous as the traditional "unloaded" gun that explodes the moment any one gets in front of it. She knew, also, that Pound had fallen helplessly and hopelessly in love with May.

Not that there was a thing in the conduct of Mrs. Morrison at which even a jealous spouse could properly have taken umbrage. She merely smiled as Pound persisted in talking to her—taking care to turn her shining head now and then so as to bring Mrs. Pound into the conversation—and graciously bent her shoulders when Pound took the wrap from an attendant to invest her with it. Certainly the poor young woman couldn't prevent anybody who liked from looking over her shelfful of wares.

But Emma was not at all looking for pretexts. She had a habit of going squarely to the main point.

In explaining to Emma about a New Year's party he was planning, Pound tried to make it appear incidental—merely an amusing, inconsequential idea that had just occurred to him, in which her interest would equal his own. It would be a small, yet rather notable party. He proposed to hire the banquet-room in the hotel. After dinner there would be a vaudeville performance, with the best professional talent procurable.

Emma listened without comment, then asked calmly: "Who are you going to invite, Johnny?"



Staring Aghast at the Doorway to the Private Room

"Oh, just a dozen or so—anybody you like," he replied magnanimously. "Doc Lester and his wife, of course." He named some others. "And the Mullenses."

"And Eileen?" Emma inquired with ominous quiet.

"Oh, of course—Mrs. Morrison. We couldn't ask the Mullenses without asking her," he said, as though, otherwise, he would have left her out.

"Eileen don't come to any party of mine, Johnny. I don't stand for her," said Emma very coolly, looking him steadily in the eye. So, there it was, dragged right out of its lair and laid stark between them. Such was Emma's method.

Naturally, Pound lost his temper. He was exasperated, for one thing, because she wouldn't play the game according to rules. She had no excuse in the world for objecting to Eileen, except the one grand excuse that he was falling in love with her—which he knew, and she knew, and he knew that she knew. He bluffed and jeered. Wasn't Mrs. Morrison perfectly respectable? Wasn't her conduct always above reproach? Wasn't she a perfect lady? Was Emma getting jealous, then? But he might as well have thrown feathers at a rock.

Presently Emma spoke calmly: "Why do I object to her? Well, she is a perfect fool, for one thing. She hasn't any more brains than a cat. She couldn't fool any bright woman for a minute. She's stringing you along because she wants your money."

That, spoken with perfect calmness, was clearly intolerable. Pound sprang up. "I'll invite her all the same," he exclaimed. "You can come to the party or stay at home, just as you please."

He was going to fling out of the room, but she stopped him. "Wait just a minute," she said in a low tone. She had not left her chair, and her hands rested quietly in her lap. But she looked steadily up at him and the look held him. Even in his wrath he perceived that she was angry and no more afraid of him than a ferret is of a rat.

"We won't talk about husband and wife," she said after a moment, speaking rather slowly. "We won't mention that at all. But I'm the best friend you ever had, Johnny. I've done more for you than anybody else ever did or will do. I can help you now if you'll let me. I know Eileen like a book. She's a lazy cat that can't do anything but eat and purr and yowl. It makes me sick to see such a cheap thing take you in. You're too good a man, Johnny. That's for mushheads and pikers. She wants your money. Cut her out, Johnny. Just think that over as though some man that had stood by you through thick and thin had said it."

"Is that all?" Pound inquired mockingly.

"That's all, Johnny," she replied quietly.

He walked out. The next day he took a suite at the hotel, and the swell apartment knew him no more. Emma learned that he gave his New Year's party as he had planned. Ten days later she sent him a note which ran:

> *Dear Johnny:* I've been looking over a piece of suburban real estate. I think it's a good investment and would like to buy it. The price is fifty thousand.
>
> Yours, EMMA.

Promptly, with much relief and with some contempt, he mailed her a check for the amount. He might have known, he reflected, that it would be simply a question of buying her off. Soon afterward he began taking frequent trips out of town—to the Coast, to Chicago, Toronto, New York. Emma and May, meanwhile, lived on quietly at the swell flat, where Tommy Watrous was a constant caller. The middle of February Tommy brought a piece of news which he imparted to Emma as they sat side by side on the davenport in the nobby parlor. He spoke low, for May was in the next room.

"He's been in South Dakota—at Sioux Falls," said Tommy. "He's taken lodgings there for six months."

Six months was the period of residence required by the Dakota laws before one could procure a divorce. Emma heard the news as one hears an expected thing. She was not, at the moment, in her usual vigorous health. She had caught cold and was ravaged by the grippe. So the only action she took in response to the news was to pack her trunk. Two days later she and May left for California.

In fact, the woman's will was languid. She was not a very sentimental creature, yet the separation from her husband affected her quite deeply. They had been good partners; together had built up a big concern out of nothing That he had gone back on her, that the silly Eileen was stepping into her place, did, after all, rather take the fighting edge from her mind. She knew well enough that she could extract a snug little fortune from Pound as the price of a divorce. The idea of travel had always enticed her, even when she saw no possible means of satisfying it.

After all, why not just fade out of the situation with a neat competence—take her ease and travel? As she boarded the train for California it seemed merely the turn of a hair whether she would ever come back.

After a month in California she and May did, indeed, go to Mexico. Travel really delighted her. She enjoyed this novelty of staying at the best hotels, riding about in a carriage, having porters and waiters to look after her. With almost no help from books, she got much information, asking questions about everything that interested her, observing, shrewdly apprehending. It seemed, indeed, very doubtful whether Pound would ever see her again—for he could mail the alimony to her.

While they were away they heard regularly from Tommy Watrous. Thus Emma kept a finger, so to speak, upon the doings of the bucketshop. It was an almost monotonous record of continued success. But in May they got word of a different sort. A big row had broken out.

There was in St. Paul an eminently respectable commission merchant, named Charles Francis Lansing, whom Pound had once outrageously gulled. Benjamin F. Totherow, a leader of the bar, had been Mr. Lansing's legal adviser upon that occasion, and had felt as deeply outraged as his client. Partly inspired by these two, a rather formidable combination of "regular" commission men and brokers had at length been formed for the purpose of driving the bucketshop out of the field. This combination commanded much money and large influence among the dominant, conservative elements of the community. They could count upon help from the banks, the newspapers, the politicians, and, in a general way, upon those who were amenable to conservative powers.

Upon receipt of this news Emma turned northward, traveling rather leisurely. She would have been really sorry to see Pound worsted, especially by such foes—for she had been long enough in the bucketshop atmosphere to despise the "regulars." But more than that, she had a large contingent stake in the bucketshop herself. She and May reached St. Paul the first week in June. Arriving early, they drove to a hotel for breakfast. Thus it happened that almost the first person they saw was Hamilton.

Naturally, Emma began talking to him at once about the fight upon Pound. It occurred to her that the lank, round-shouldered, bushily-mustached man was rather embarrassed; but she attributed that to the fact that May was sitting silently by. Hamilton told her, however, how the contest was going. The "regulars" had got two of the principal newspapers to pitching into Pound and bucketshops in general in a savage way; they were egging on the banks to cast as much doubt as possible upon Pound's financial standing; they were talking of introducing a very drastic anti-bucketshop bill at the next session of the Legislature.

"How's Johnny taking it?" Emma asked at length.

Hamilton looked at the floor and colored. "The fact is, Emma," he said reluctantly, "I haven't seen him for a week. I'm fired."

Emma regarded him in blank astonishment. Hamilton looked up at her, then glanced uneasily at May, yet faced it squarely.

"You know you can't always depend on me," he said very soberly. She knew, indeed, the old weakness which occasionally overcame him, but for which he might have been a partner in the bucketshop. Hamilton folded his bony hands and looked back at the floor. He would have given a good deal if May had been out of the room; but he took his medicine. "I got soused a couple of times this spring. Of course, Johnny's jumped on me for that before. But he's been pretty savage lately; temper seems to be going back on him. So the second time—that was last week—he fired me."

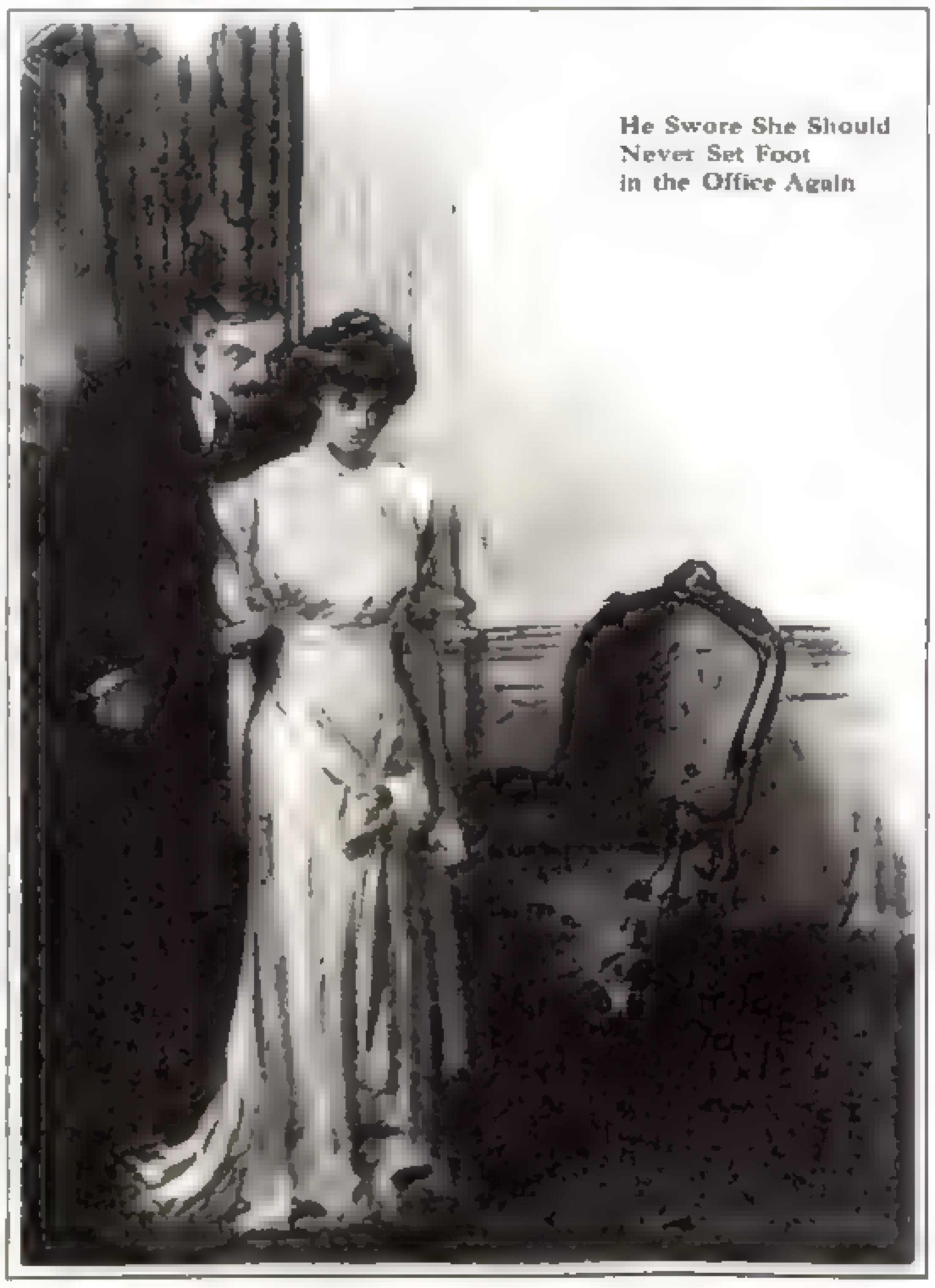
Emma stared at him almost incredulously. It would be difficult to say whether Pound's action shocked her most because it was so ungenerous, or because it was so grossly impolitic. For Hamilton knew the bucketshop from the ground up, as no other person except Pound and herself knew it. To the "regulars" he would be invaluable. For Pound to cast him out at this juncture was utter recklessness. Without stopping to consider that she was already out of the bucketshop herself, she said confidently: "I'll see that he takes you back, Ham."

Hamilton had no doubt of her good will. Perhaps he doubted her power. At any rate, he only looked up at her in a troubled way, and Emma understood there was something behind. May seemed to understand it also, for in a moment she slipped away to the other end of the hotel parlor. Emma bent forward eagerly:

"How did it happen, Ham? I don't understand it."

"Why, I met Johnny on the sidewalk in front of the Savoy," he said, under his breath. "He was just coming out from dinner. I felt affectionate toward him, you know, and I guess I acted it. I suppose I made a scene. I sort of remember a crowd gathering. You see, Johnny wasn't alone. He had a lady with him. Probably the lady wasn't looking for publicity—might seem sort of indelicate and improper, you know, to be found taking dinner with him. I suppose it made her crazy, and Johnny, too. Next morning he sent me a note, firing me."

Then Emma understood. She could imagine Eileen's rage at being made conspicuous in the vulgar position of taking dinner alone with the gentleman whom she proposed to marry as soon as he was divorced. This ruthless and impolitic sacrifice of Hamilton enlightened Emma also—painfully—as to the extent to which Pound's infatuation had progressed. There had never been an instant when he would have done so foolish a thing to appease her.



He Swore She Should Never Set Foot in the Office Again

After Hamilton left she sat a full hour in the hotel parlor, thinking it over. Then she went direct to the bucketshop. It had been nearly six months since she had entered that once-familiar place, and quite five months since she had seen her husband. She walked composedly to the private room, and found him sitting at his desk.

But it was not the old, simple desk. It was a handsome affair of carved mahogany, mounted with silver. A cut-glass vase on top of the desk held a bouquet of roses. The simple table had been replaced by a companion-piece to the desk, and there were new chairs to match. The table stood on an Oriental rug which—as she judged at one swift, comprehending glance—must have cost a couple of hundred dollars. The same glance took in the man at the desk. It struck her that he had gained flesh, and the gain was not to his advantage. His face seemed fuller and redder. Certainly his hair was cut shorter, which made the little patch of gray at the temples show. He wore a freshly-pressed suit of very light brown, marked off into checks by darker stripes, and fine silk socks and low shoes with broad, silk laces. He was not coatless now, as formerly in warm weather, but vestless. His expansive shirt-front, of fine linen, was covered with dainty little plaits. She felt a sort of angry disgust. This well-stuffed, betailored creature was not Johnny Pound, the winner, but just an ordinary, rich bounder. However, she had come there to talk business.

"How are you, Johnny?" she said, in a calmly friendly manner, and took the chair at the end of the desk as unconcernedly as though that had been her unbroken custom. She saw that he regarded her with surprise and in wary uncertainty, so she continued in a matter-of-fact manner:

"You're getting a divorce, you know. Why can't we settle up quietly in a businesslike way and have it over with? I'm willing." She made it, indeed, a simple business proposition, and as such, after a moment's hesitation, Pound received it.

"Very well, I'm willing," he said coolly, and waited.

"I've been having a good time traveling in Mexico," she said. "I want to go to Europe. I've always wanted to travel, and now there's no reason why I shouldn't. All I want is enough money to keep me comfortably. I'll take a couple of hundred thousand dollars."

That was a large sum. It was, in fact, twice as large as the sum he had had in mind. But this fight with the "regulars" put him at a disadvantage. It was clearly within her power to intervene in that fight in a manner highly inconvenient to himself. More than that, out of the six-months' purgatorial period which separated him from Eileen he had already gained four. He would pay very handsomely if only Emma would keep quiet and do nothing to postpone the divorce

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Emma," he said after a moment, in a manner as businesslike and free from unfriendliness as her own. "I'll give you twenty-five thousand dollars down, and a hundred and seventy-five thousand when I get the divorce."

That might seem like a reflection, yet it was, after all, mere ordinary business precaution. Nobody paid the full amount until the goods were delivered. So she said calmly, "That will be satisfactory, Johnny," and waited for him to fill out the check. She glanced over the instrument with an experienced, businesslike eye, folded it neatly and dropped it in her handbag. So that was settled.

"They're trying to put you out of business," she observed, taking up her second subject. Presently they were discussing the fight.

Now, for the "regulars" Pound had some contempt, but not too much. He knew well enough that their combination was rather formidable. In their behalf two influential newspapers were pitching into him, hammer and tongs. Many of the banks were ready enough to cast doubt upon his standing. He suspected that even the Norse National, while properly anxious to retain his profitable account, was not really infatuated with him in its heart. Its natural leanings would be rather toward the regular, conservative, conventional crowd. Except for such service as he could buy in one way and another, he stood practically alone. It was his brains and money against the field. But here was an ally, this woman, with her swift, clear, adroit mind, her unshakable courage, her surefooted judgment. Presently they were discussing the fight almost as in the old days. Before leaving she had little trouble in showing him that he must take Hamilton back. It wouldn't do to throw him over to the enemy, and he could be kept out of town a good part of the time. Indeed, when Emma had left, Pound discovered that something of a load was lifted from his mind. He had been quite confident before, yet the feeling that reënforcements were at hand was pleasant. He had no trouble in explaining to himself her interest in the fight. In the first place, she now had a stake of a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in the bucketshop. In the next place, he knew that she delighted in the fight for its own sake. Its atmosphere drew her as tradition says the sounds of battle do a warhorse.

The second reason was, perhaps, the more compelling. As a matter of fact, Emma did delight in the fight. It gave her exercise for her talents. Only three days later she returned to the bucketshop with an idea she wished to lay before him. Thus, without any prearrangement, she fell into a way of visiting his office quite often, talking the thing over with him, debating, devising and scheming. Within a month all the threads of the affair were as completely in her hands as in his.

Pound discovered an opportunity to get control of a moribund afternoon newspaper by advancing some ninety thousand dollars to pay its most pressing debts. The Evening Commonwealth enjoyed, in fact, only very limited circulation or influence at home. But its statements in the bucketshop's behalf would count out in the country if copies were judiciously distributed through the branch offices. Pound took over the sheet, and Emma urged him to deliver a frontal attack through it. Presently, therefore, the Commonwealth published a long and circumstantial account of how Mr. Charles Francis Lansing, the eminent "regular" commission merchant, had bucketshopped his customers' orders through Pound. Of course, it gave Pound's version only; but the detailed record of the bucketshopped trades, with dates and prices, looked quite convincing. Indeed, several of Mr. Lansing's customers, who recognized their own trades in the published list, reproached him severely. Altogether, the publication drove Mr. Lansing half frantic. His attorney, Benjamin F. Totherow, brought suit against the bankrupt Commonwealth for five hundred thousand dollars damages—whereat Pound and Emma enjoyed a hearty laugh.

Emma was especially happy in such counterstrokes as these, which, while they may not have advanced Pound's cause materially, brought vast confusion to the enemy. When her fighting blood was up she had a kind of malicious, half-apish mischievousness. She insisted that they ought to have a man in the enemy's camp. Surely there was somebody sufficiently respectable to gain the "regulars'" confidence and sufficiently venal to appreciate a substantial check. She and Pound together presently worked out a trap into which the "regulars" fell.

There being no law by which the bucketshop could be suppressed, the chief hope of the "regulars" lay in undermining its credit. By skillful manœuvering the notion was at length spread among them that the concern's financial position was really dubious. Pound's silence, as the two newspapers which most vigorously supported the "regulars" questioned his solvency with increasing boldness, tended to confirm this view. So did the reports which Pound's stoolpigeon brought them. They insisted that the bucketshop, which confessedly was holding the margin money of thousands of customers, should submit to an examination as to its solvency. When the demand had been iterated in such a manner that it could not be retracted Pound abruptly complied with it, inviting a committee of bankers and brokers to see for themselves whether he was broke.

He had, of course, been preparing for it. For some time his bank balance had been running down smartly. He rather suspected that the Norse National had not been guarding that secret as carefully as it should. But the money had by no means been lost. On the contrary, he had been buying Government bonds with it. Therefore, he exhibited to the very respectable and much disappointed investigating committee seven hundred thousand dollars in Government bonds, and statements from his various banks showing that he had more than four hundred thousand dollars in cash on deposit.

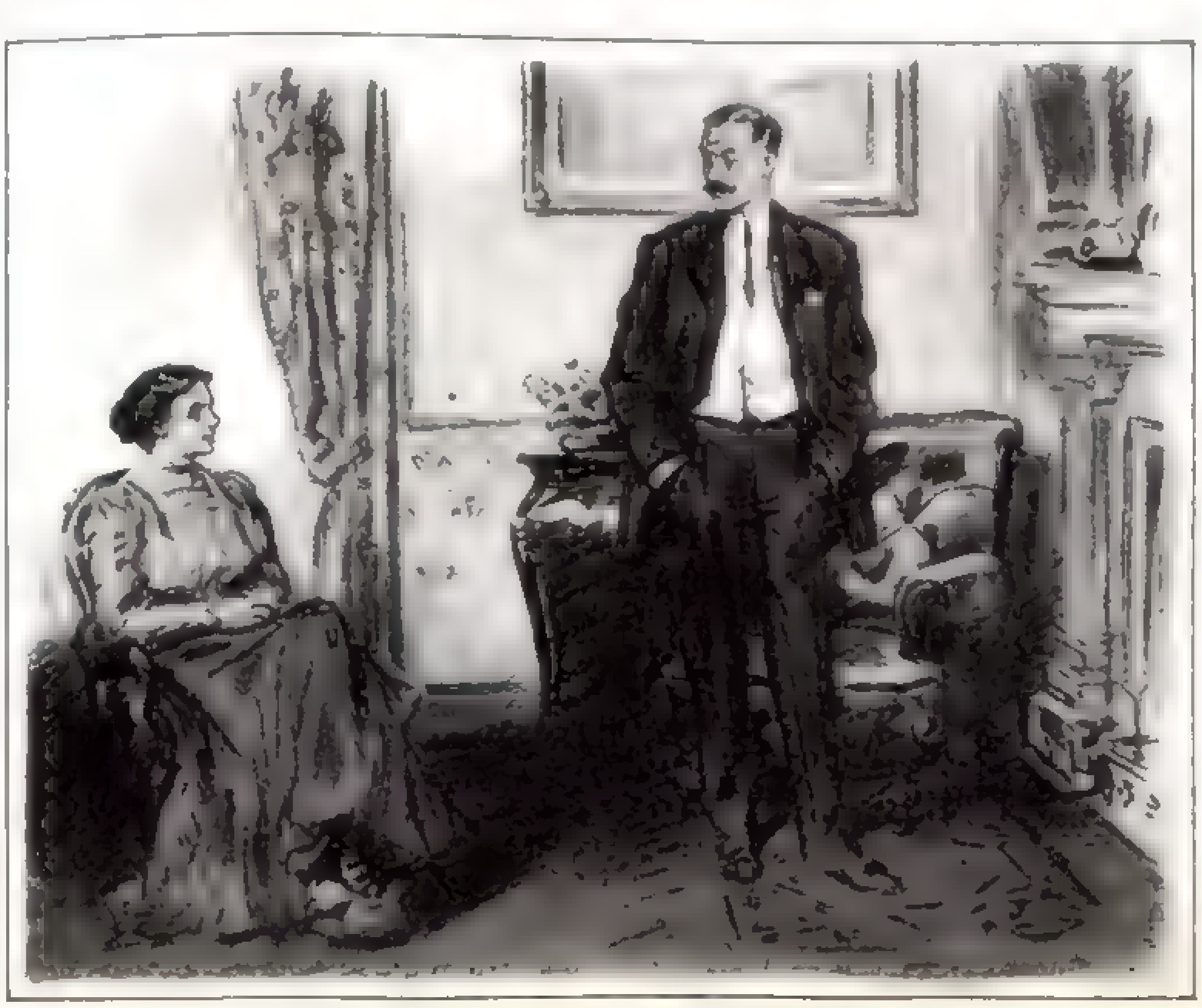
The Evening Commonwealth published on its front page a large photograph of the imposing heap of bonds, together with fac-similes of the bank statements and of the report which the committee—much to its chagrin—had been compelled to sign. The exhibition was so unusual that it was quite generally noticed in the press, while Pound distributed broadcast copies of that issue of the Commonwealth. Also, he had big photographs of the bonds, the bank statements and the committee's report handsomely framed and hung conspicuously in every one of his branch offices. The result was quite a boom for the bucketshop. In the popular mind Government bonds had long connoted wealth in its most solid, respectable and enduring form. The bucketshop's great heap of those securities carried conviction.

Immediately following the exhibition Pound sold two hundred thousand dollars of the bonds. The other five hundred thousand he kept. They were nice things to have—perfectly secure, yet convertible into cash at a moment's notice. Some such thought he expressed to Emma about a fortnight before the exhibition. A fat bundle of the bonds had come in by express from New York, and Pound was opening them personally. He liked to handle them; liked the feel of the strong, crisp paper so much like that of a new banknote; liked to look at the rich brown steel engraving which also bore such a resemblance to money. To his mind, also, these engraved sheets suggested wealth in an impregnable form. While he was thus engaged Emma chanced to step in. He smiled a little, as though he had been caught playing with a toy, and pushed a handful of the toys across the desk for her to play with. Emma took up the handful of bonds, examining them with an emotion identical with his own. They were *money* in its final manifestation; they were human aspiration cashed in and reduced to a tangible shape.

"Nice things to have," Pound commented, smiling a little. "I'm going to salt down about half a million of 'em and hang to 'em. It will be pleasant to know they're there in case it should rain some day."

To such an open, friendly, even intimate footing had they naturally come in the course of the summer's fight with the "regulars." Yet their footing was strictly with reference to business. Emma had a stake in the bucketshop, and the fight gave her that opportunity to exercise her ability which she naturally craved. And Pound found in her a highly-valuable ally. That was all. There was no sentiment about it. She simply came to the office like any other person who had business with the head of the concern.

The committee's report marked a crucial point in the fight, comparable to a battle which ends a season's campaign. This report was made the sixteenth of August. Exactly a week before that an awkward thing had happened.



"It Makes Me Sick to See Such a Cheap Thing Take You In"

Eileen had been spending the summer—since the first of June—with the Mullenses at their Lake Sorel place. Pound went out there every Friday afternoon, returning Monday—except that, occasionally, even when the fight with the "regulars" was pressing, he couldn't bring himself to go away before Tuesday. But early in August business unexpectedly called Mr. Mullens back to town. Mrs. Mullens decided to come with him. Eileen wrote that she would arrive on the ninth. Now, before going away Eileen herself had occasionally dropped in at the office—hence the Oriental rug, the daily bouquet and the silver-mounted mahogany. Pound had told Eileen that Emma had gone away for good, and had not deemed it necessary to inform her that Emma had returned. The possibility that they might meet made him nervous.

Luck favored him for a while. Then, the very day when he displayed his heap of wealth to the discomfited committee, Eileen and Mrs. Mullens, driving down to get Pound, saw Emma leaving the office. The ladies did not go in; but the veteran Mrs. Mullens promptly took steps which brought indubitable information that Emma had been a frequent visitor at the office during three months.

Eileen did nothing unladylike. With one white hand she repulsed Pound, while with the other she held a lace handkerchief to her pretty blue eyes as she bowed her shining head and wept convulsively.

Infatuation is a peculiar thing. Before this weeping woman the man who had faced many grave perils with clear brain and iron nerves simply went out of his head. He paced the room in despair and distraction, stammering out explanations and protestations. He clenched the nails into the palms of his hands, beat his fists together, gnawed his lip until the blood came. At moments he actually wept himself. He lied wildly; declared Emma had lost the fortune which he had given her and was trying to badger him into giving her more; swore she should never set foot in the office again.

Still, Eileen wept. With a sweet little sob behind the lace handkerchief, while her pretty shoulders shook, she mentioned brokenly the unfathomable faith which she had reposed in him. She had really, it seemed, returned with the Mullenses in order to buy wedding garments. She had thought their marriage was only three weeks off. She had looked forward—and now ——

Distracted, clean out of his head, Pound plunged into the room which Mullens called his study because he so often drank highballs there. Tearing a sheet of letter-paper in two and throwing away the half which bore the Mullens monogram in gold, Pound wrote a note and superscribed an envelope to cover it. Returning, he finally coaxed Eileen to read the note. It ran:

> *Mrs. Pound:* You will not enter my office again on any pretext. This is positive. I will instruct the office force accordingly.
>
> JOHN POUND.

When Pound left an hour later Eileen was smiling a little, like an injured but forgiving angel. The note which Pound had written and the envelope directed in his own hand were under the sofa pillow.

Thus the hour in which Pound triumphed so signally over his enemies nearly coincided with the hour in which Emma received this peculiar testimonial of his gratitude. She had seen Eileen and Mrs. Mullens drive up to the office the day before. She understood the history of the note, even recognizing the Mullens stationery. In effect, if not in form, she knew Eileen had dictated it. She was not a weak vessel, but Pound's infatuation and baseness really made her sick. That valiant organ, her heart, turned lumpish and ached. Like a mighty blow to a strong fighter, it so hurt her that it made her limp, actually took the fight out of her. She sat brooding, and for almost the first time in her life experienced a feeling of helplessness. Her contempt for Pound was so complete that to combat him seemed mean, like striking a cripple.

In the afternoon she went downtown to do some shopping. She had been thinking and thinking in a circle from which only one outlet appeared. She didn't want to fight Pound. He wasn't worth it. She simply wanted to get away—to go traveling. That thought appealed to her more and more strongly. It seemed intolerable to sit around there, as in a painful dungeon, even for three weeks. She wanted to get away at once. She could hardly wait to feel the pull of the wheels beneath her. She revolved this thought with higher and higher desire. Then she remembered that Hamilton was in town.

Why not? Why not let Pound deposit the hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars to Hamilton's order, to be paid over to her when his decree of divorce was signed early in September? Then she and May could pack that evening. The very next day they would leave for Chicago, New York, Europe, the world!

It was characteristic of her to go straight to the object when she had made up her mind. Absorbed in this notion of getting away, therefore, she turned about and walked directly to Pound's office without a collateral thought.

She entered by the side door from the corridor. With a merely mechanical glance over the main room she saw Hamilton sitting behind the counter. The lank man saw her, too; sprang up and hastened to the little gate by which one entered the space behind the counter. It occurred to her in a vague, mechanical sort of way that he meant to intercept her; but the impression touched merely the surface of her mind. Absorbed in her idea she walked briskly to the private room and entered.

Pound was not there. The chair before the silver-mounted desk was empty. But the chair at the end of the desk was occupied—by Eileen, in a picture hat and a delicate summer dress of blue and white silk with much lace on it. Emma herself was very plainly dressed in a brown linen skirt, shirtwaist, and sailor hat that cost four dollars. She had been quite economical in dress that summer, as her finances were not settled. So the two women confronted each other.

It was quite natural for Emma to despise Eileen on general grounds, as a useless, spendthrift creature, depending on dimples, hair and a powder-rag to take her through the world. It was as natural for Eileen to despise Emma on grounds equally general, as a vulgar, dowdy, mannish sort of person without any style. And each of them had plenty of special reasons for hatred.

Eileen, moreover, felt exceedingly sure of her position just then. She derived strength, after the manner of her kind, from the consciousness of being stunningly gowned. Emma was dressed like a workman's wife. That superficial fact misled Eileen's superficial mind. In Emma she saw merely an outcast person.

She arose quickly, her silken skirts murmuring, and stiffened with supercilious indignation.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded as she would have spoken to a kitchenmaid whom she found loitering in the parlor.

"I came to see Mr. Pound," said Emma very quietly, almost humbly. Her dark eyes, veiled by long lashes, were fixed upon Eileen's face. In fact, they had focused upon that pretty object the moment she entered the room.

"He isn't here," Eileen retorted angrily. "Hasn't he told you that he doesn't wish to see you?" Emma's humility, instead of mollifying Eileen, evidently increased her temper.

"I'll wait for him," said Emma with a kind of dogged humility, and took a hesitating step forward.

"I tell you he doesn't wish to see you. Go away!" said Eileen imperiously, drawing herself up and blocking Emma's path to the vacant chair in front of the desk.

Whereat a kind of malicious, or even devilish, lightning played in Emma's heart, and she slipped her handbag from the right hand to the

(Continued on Page 41)

Adventures of a Hypochondriac

Building Up the Body—By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

"I ASSUME you are blessed with ordinary intelligence?"

The Professor looked at me when he asked this; looked at me and through me, but his voice was mild.

"Do you?" I asked back without interest, for I was engaged in making wild dabs at my toes with the ends of my fingers, with my knees held rigid.

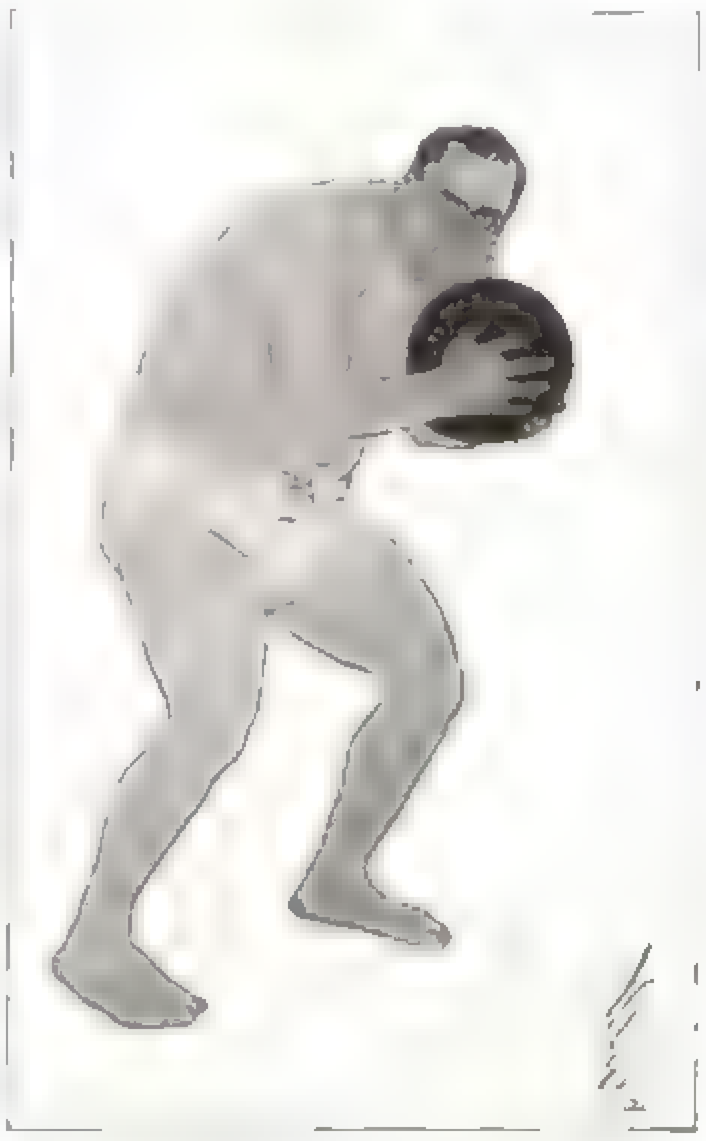
"Am I wrong?"

"You are."

"In what particular?"

I straightened up, leaving my toes to their own devices

"In every particular!" I shouted "I haven't a shred of intelligence left. I doubt if I ever had any. Do you think if I had a brain as big as a hazelnut I would be here trying to touch my toes with my fingers? What do I want to touch my toes for? I have no interest in my toes, no mad affection for them that would lead me to approach them with my fingers; and if I had I would sit down on the floor and touch them in a decent and orderly manner, just as any man would touch his toes. I know all about my toes. They are good toes and they need no touching."


I Noticed it Weighed as Much as a Ton of Coal

I stopped and glared defiantly at the Professor. He regarded me calmly, his arms folded. Heavens! what a man he was, standing there in his gymnasium suit, tall, broad-chested, with shoulders a yard across and the waist of a youth, his skin pink and speckless, and his muscles smooth and symmetrical—not bulged into unshapely lumps like most physical-culture men I had seen—giving the impression of tremendous power. There was a wraith of a smile on his handsome face, and his hair, a little disarranged, shaded a big, broad forehead. He was the handsomest man I had ever seen, and the strongest; but I was in rebellion and, although I knew he could break me in two and use me for Indian clubs if he wished, I hurried on.

"Intelligence?" I howled. "I haven't as much intelligence as a jellyfish. I ought to be put to work punching holes in porous plasters, and I doubt if I know enough to do that. Somebody should take and plant me out by the curb and use me for a hitching-post. I am the human zero, the living minus sign. Why waste breath asking me if I have intelligence, when you know I voluntarily came here and gave you good money for the privilege of decorating myself with a pair of cotton trunks and a sickly grin, and trying to touch my toes a million times?

"Intelligence? Why, Zip, the What-is-it, is a President Eliot compared to me. I don't understand why I haven't devoted the years of my life to collecting a trillion used two-cent stamps, or some other monumental enterprise of equal utility. I have about as much intelligence as a boiled dinner or a custard pie. I didn't have to come here, but I came, and that shows I haven't any sense. Furthermore, I am staying here, and that shows I never did have any. Intelligence? Pfaugh!"

Panting with righteous indignation I looked the Professor straight in the eye. The others in the room, all cotton-trunked, paid no attention to me. Like machines they proceeded with the sickening labor of keeping their knees rigid and bending over and touching their toes with their fingers. I had hoped for support.

"One—two—three," counted the Professor; and those slaves bent and straightened, bent and straightened—not a spark of manhood left in them.

I stood defiantly, resolved never to submit again. I would quit. It was all rot, a free-born American citizen submitting to such tortures. I didn't have to, and I wouldn't. That was flat.

Still, it was annoying that the Professor paid no attention to me. He was going through the exercise with the others, going through it so easily and so gracefully that I had to admire him, much as I deprecated his treatment of me. They all stopped at a signal. "Now, then," said the Professor sharply, "movement number two."

He looked at me and moved over a step in my direction

"Ready," he said; "one—two—three."

"You," he said, pointing to me, "go to work now, or get out."

This was the critical moment. Here is where I was to show my independence, to declare that no man could make me torture myself, that no man could force me to do a lot of foolish things with my arms and legs and inhale and exhale at his command. Had the days of inquisition returned that a man's body could be so racked and twisted, that muscles that had been dormant for years should suddenly be called into aching action merely because some ass of a doctor had sent him to this tyrant to be built up? Built up! He was tearing me apart. I was a fool. The doctor was a fool. The men there on the floor, meekly obeying this massive monster, were fools. Everybody was a fool, especially myself; but I would throw off the shackles. I would declare my manhood. And now!

The Professor took another step in my direction. His eyes were blazing. His hands were clenched. I could see the muscles of his arms and shoulders swell.

"You," he said, pointing to me, "go to work or get out! One—two—three."

Well, I went to work. Really, though, that second movement wasn't so bad. If it had been a case of touching toes again I should have carried out my intention and walked haughtily from the room; but I could do the second movement pretty well, and I was there, you know, and it would be sort of childish to quit; and, anyhow, the Professor didn't ask us to do anything he didn't do himself, and besides—oh, well, I went to work

He didn't scare me, though; not a bit. I wasn't frightened a particle or cowed—nothing like that. I just made up my mind to stick it out for another day. That was all there was to it. And, anyhow, I was certain he would do me a lot of good. So I decided to tolerate him for a time longer; but if he ever was harsh and dictatorial I would tell him what was what. I knew a lot of this stuff he made us do was all foolishness, and I resolved to point out his mistakes to him, but—for the present, at this moment—I would go along; and I went.

The Professor smiled one of his little smiles. I should have killed him for that smile, but I refrained. There would be time enough.

One or two of the men on the floor with me smiled also. It was evident I would be compelled to do a wholesale job of murder, and I marked these scoffers, looking at them out of the corner of my eye as I contorted myself after the manner of the Professor. Just when the man ahead of me began to grow incredibly tall and thin before me and sway backward and forward in tremendous sweeps to the accompaniment of millions of little red spots, and I had made up my mind there wasn't enough air on the whole world to fill my lungs again, the word came to stop.

Half of the serfs went to one end of the room and half to the other. The man opposite me plugged a big leather ball at me. I caught it and held it

"Well," said the Professor, "do you like that ball so much you are going to keep it as a memento of this pleasant occasion? Are you so fond of it you want it for your very own? Throw it back!"

I threw it back and the man opposite plugged it at me again. This was fun. The ball wasn't heavy, and there was some pleasure to be had out of the game. So I plugged back, good and hard, and the other man let me have it again.

"Huh," I thought, "I can keep this up all day. This is something like, with this nice, light ball. I wonder why he doesn't let us use those big ones."

Presently I noticed the ball seemed heavier than when I began to use it, and then a remarkable thing occurred. With each return of that ball it grew incredibly in weight. It weighed about a pound and a half at first, but in three minutes it had increased to ten pounds, and after that the ratio of increase was appalling. The fiend who was opposite me slammed the ball at me as if he had an idea of boring a hole in me with it. He had a nasty disposition, that man, for when I motioned him to let up for a minute he made signs at me to hurry along, and said rude things about my ability as a thrower.

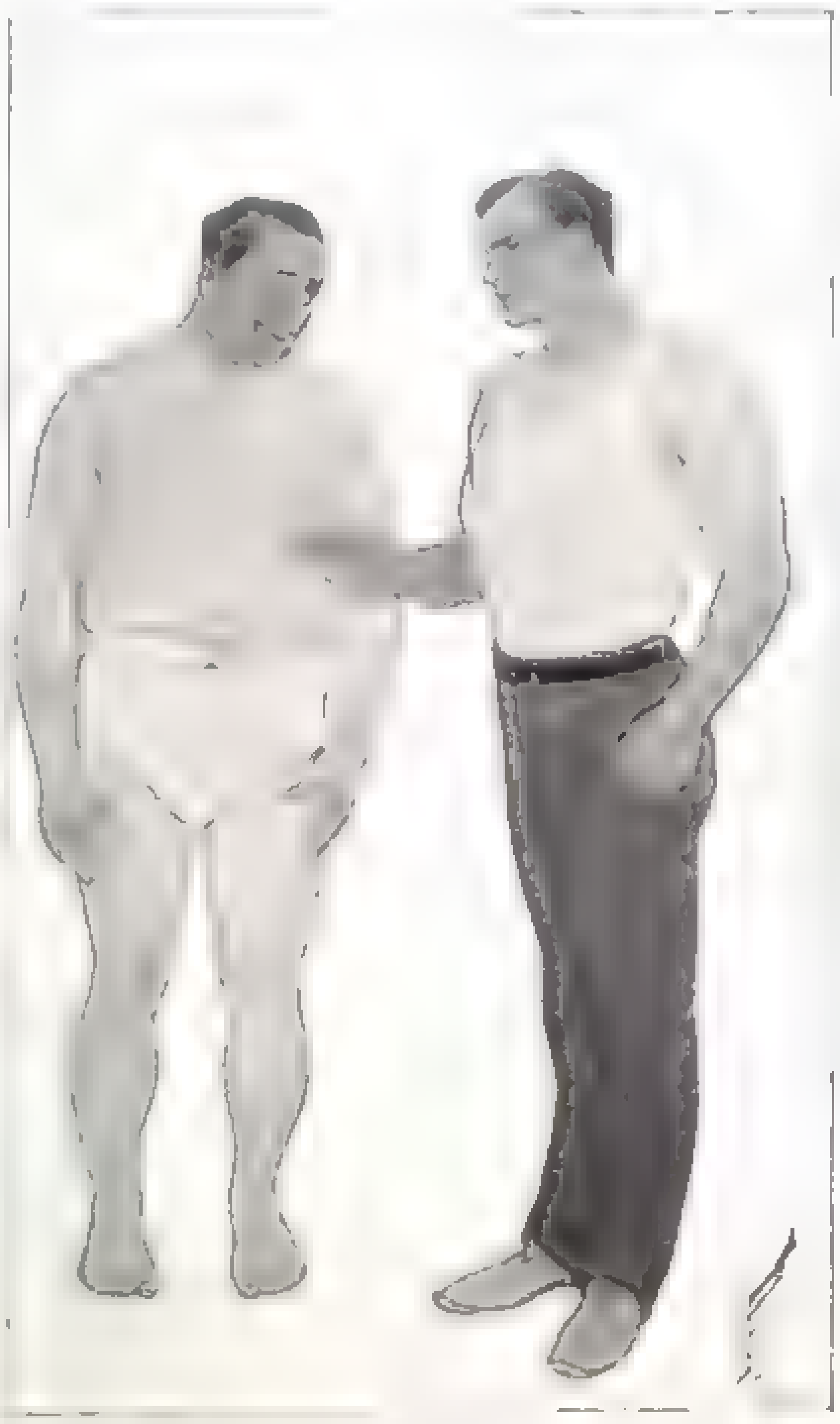
His gibes stung me. I drew a long breath and pasted the ball at him. It weighed at that time, I judge, about a hundred pounds. He threw it back and said: "Aw, get it over here, get it over here! What's the matter with you, anyhow? Slam it in!"

I put most of my remaining strength in my throw, thinking to scatter that person about on the floor and get some rest; but he caught the ball easily and catapulted it across. I grabbed it. Things were misty. I could see curious, shadowy men hurling ghosts of leather balls about, and through the fog that gesticulating, gibbering opponent of mine shouting for the ball. I sent it back and he returned it instantly. As I clutched it I noticed it weighed as much as a ton of coal. I put it across again, and after that I had a strange obsession that I was Ajax hurling the planets at some intangible object. Just as I thought I had taken hold of Jupiter and was consoled by the reflection that I had the heaviest of them now and would soon have to stop because there were no more planets, the shape opposite me, now grown so blurred I could only see a faint outline, threw up its hands and vanished through a door.

I dropped the ball, expecting that it would crash through the floor and wreck the place. To my amazement it bounced lightly at my feet. I was breathing like the exhaust of a motor boat, and so wet I thought somebody had emptied a pail of water on me. The room began to go round and round. There was no air. Apparently the world had been deprived of its atmosphere, and I took a casual interest in speculating how long my lungs would continue to pump with nothing to pump, when something hit me a thump on the back and I heard a far-away voice saying: "Get into the bath—you!"

I suppose it was the Professor, for a strong hand guided me through the door and leaned me up against the wall. Gradually things began to take on definite shape, to come out of the mist; and I saw that my companions in thraldom were all there, standing under showers.

The Professor loomed out of the fog. He pointed to a shower and I stepped under it. That, I take it, was the happiest hour of my sad, young life. "Hah," I thought, "now I have him. He can't make me do anything when I


I Wasn't Frightened a Particle or Cowed—Nothing Like That

am here!" And I stood under the water, still gasping, but content

I shaded it down from hot to lukewarm and was figuring that in about half an hour I would turn on the cold. It was delightful

A great, brawny arm reached through the water, a hand belonging to some gigantic meddler behind me moved from side to side.

B-r-r-r-r! The water came cold as ice. I jumped out. A big, compelling hand seized me by the shoulder and pushed me back under the spray

"I am not ready for the cold water yet," I protested, spluttering.

"Is that so?" inquired the even voice of the Professor. Then sharply: "Quit your foolishness, now, and get under that water!"

A wave of indignation swept over me. Good Heavens! was I a child, to be treated like this? Apparently I was, for I got under the water.

I was glad I did, for the cold water sent the blood tingling through my veins, and I laughed with the sheer joy of it.

"Come out!"

I turned to see who issued the order. It was the Professor standing by.

"I am not ready to come out," I protested.

"Come out!"

There was no use arguing He could pull me out if he wanted to, and I decided to obey, thinking to have a talk with him after I had dressed, and put him in his place.

I stepped out and an attendant handed me towels.

"Wipe yourself!"

I gave one of the towels to the attendant.

"What's that for?" asked the Professor.

"Why, he can help me dry myself."

"He can, can he? I suppose that is true, but it is also true that he won't. Wipe yourself!"

I wiped.

"Here," said the Professor "That isn't the way. Do it this way," and he illustrated with a few quick motions.

"I prefer to do it as I like."

"I prefer to have you do it as I like," said the Professor sternly. "Hurry, now!"

My blood boiled again. Was it possible that a full-grown, free-born American citizen would submit to directions for drying himself after a bath?

It was.

Treasuring this latest outrage with the others, I wiped as I was told. The Professor stood by and watched me; not, of course, that that made any difference, but I concluded it would be unwise to have that final row in the bathroom. Better far to have it in the Professor's private office after breakfast, where I could tell him just how much of this dictation I would stand

"Put on your underclothes."

"Oh, come, now ——"

"Put on your underclothes."

"Be patient," I whispered to myself. "Restrain yourself. Have no row here."

So I put on my undershirt.

"Here," and the voice of the Professor sounded raucously in my ear, "have I got to tell you how to dress, too? Drawers first."

Well, that was the limit, but I obeyed.

"Breakfast in fifteen minutes."

With the others I went to my room. It was a little room, opening into a long hall on one side and on a big veranda on the other. There was a single iron bed, a little dresser, one chair, and some books on the wall. I dawdled over my dressing. I was tired, but that cold water had done wonders. Presently the summons came

"Breakfast!"

"I'll be there in ten minutes," I announced

"You'll be there in two minutes or you will get no breakfast."

It was merely another of a long string of outrages, I reflected, another incident to be referred to when I put the Professor in his proper place; and I was there in two minutes

The breakfast was bountiful. It was a large, ornate, sturdy, man's-size breakfast.

The Professor sat at the head of the table and served the food. He covered my plate. I ate industriously, but I couldn't eat it all

After I had finished I noticed the Professor looking at my plate.

"What's that?" he inquired, pointing to the food remaining.

"I don't care for that," I replied.

"Don't care for it, eh? Well, you eat it —and eat all of it."

"But ——" I began.

"No buts go here. I gave you that breakfast to eat, and you eat it. Eat everything on your plate. That's what it is there for."

Another outrage! Fancy a man's being compelled to eat all his breakfast when he doesn't want to. "Can you beat this?" I said —to myself "There are a lot of things around here I won't stand for."

The Professor maintained his pose, pointing at the food on my plate.

"The thing for me to do," I thought, "if I have any manhood left, is to hurl this plate at his head and walk out."

I fingered the edge of the plate. I was sure I could hit him with it. I was boiling within, of course, but that didn't bother me, for I had been in a constant state of eruption since early morning, when they had made me get up at six-thirty, although I specifically told them I did not desire to get up until seven.

"But wait," I counseled with myself —"wait until you get him alone; then fix him." And I ate what remained on my plate.

We all trooped to the porch. "I'll go up and get a cigar," I said half to myself

"You'll do what?" asked the Professor.

"Get a cigar."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. You'll have a cigar after dinner—just one—and that will be all."

I could feel my face getting red and my neck swelling. But I restrained myself, for I could see all the other serfs looking at me curiously. I didn't want to make a scene there.

"All right," I assented. "Probably I smoke too much, anyhow; but you won't mind if I light a cigarette, I suppose?"

The Professor's face hardened. His eyes glittered. I could see I had made a *faux pas*. He was very deliberate about it, but, so far as I could judge, quite in earnest.

"Any person that smokes a cigarette here will be booted off the place," he said

"Do you mean that?" I asked, bridling and feeling for my cigarette case.

"Try it and see," he replied grimly, and I took out my handkerchief instead. I thought it best to humor him for the time.

Nine o'clock came. The men rose automatically and started for the rear of the house.

"What's up?" I asked.

"Riding and walking parties going out," a neighbor told me.

"Oh, well," I said, stretching luxuriously, "I guess I have had enough for the day. I'll stay here and loaf this morning."

"You'll do what?" inquired the Professor.

"Stay here and enjoy this view. It's fine here. Hope you have a pleasant morning."

I had begun to think it wasn't half bad, after all. I could spend a comfortable forenoon on that porch, and I had found a good book

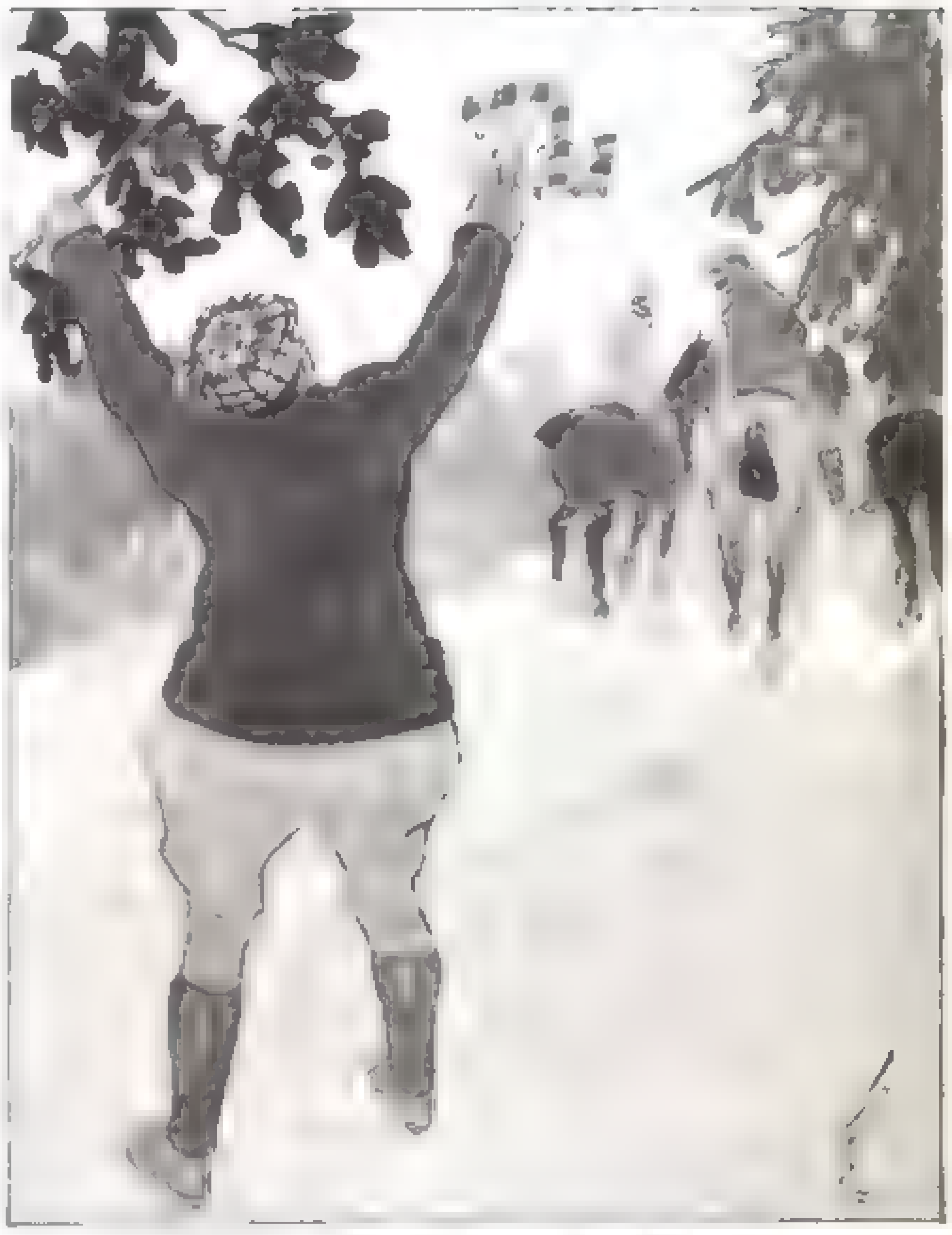
The Professor walked casually over to where I was sitting

"Nine o'clock," he said.

"I guess it is," I yawned. "Seems as if I had been up for a week."

"Get out there!" he commanded. "Move along, now!"

I moved with some alacrity. I was still humoring him.



"Hold on a Minute! Come Back Here!"

Grooms were there with fine, sturdy, sleek saddle-horses—beautiful beasts. About half of the men were preparing to mount. The other half were in sweaters and heavy clothes, carrying big sticks, and in charge of a muscular citizen who looked as if he could bite the head off a nail.

"Walk or ride?" asked the Professor, giving me a chance to exercise my own mind for the first time.

"I'll ride, I guess," I said. "I don't care much for walking."

The men on the horses snickered. I wondered why But in a short time I had on my leggings and my cap, and had reluctantly put on a sweater at the command of the Professor.

We filed out on a country road, the Professor leading He was the best-looking person I had ever seen on a horse, and I reckon he looks better in the saddle than any other man whatsoever. When I saw him on that big bay of his, at the head of that swathed procession, I felt I could forgive him for a good many of the outrages he had perpetrated on me. I decided not to be harsh with him when we had our talk that afternoon. I would merely indicate what I wanted to do and let it go at that.

We galloped along. The horses were well trained and the roads were good. "So you don't care for walking, eh?" asked the man who rode nearest to me.

"Not much," I said; "at any rate, I prefer to ride this morning. Fine day, isn't it?"

He said it was, but he laughed when he said it. All the others within earshot laughed, too. I didn't understand the joke. It seemed to me that bunch was a pretty groveling, submissive lot of folks, to do what they were told as meekly as they did. I would show them how a real, high-spirited, independent man could handle a situation like this. Mr Professor wouldn't treat me like a child—not much!

It was a perfect morning. The horses were easy-gaited ones and the scenery was new. I enjoyed every minute of it, although I had not been riding much lately and was awkward and somewhat stiff in the saddle. We went along at various gaits for seven or eight miles. The unwonted exercise and the heavy clothing made me very warm, and I felt I could learn to like the Professor, when he stopped at a spring by the roadside.

"Anybody want a drink?" he asked benignly.

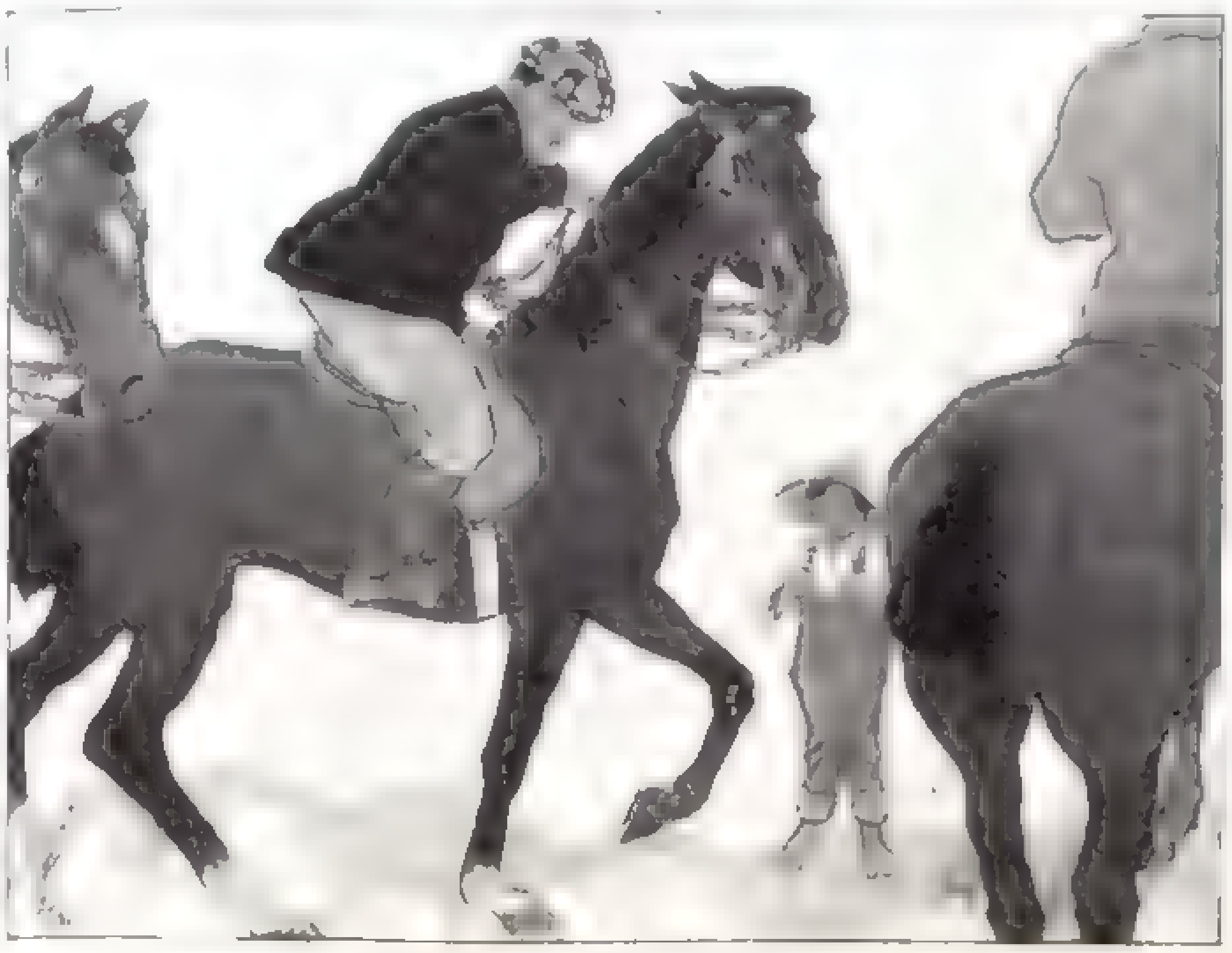
"I do," I said, jumping off. The spring was a considerable distance from the road, and I handed the reins of my horse to the Professor.

"Anybody else?" he inquired.

A man I had not seen before got off and handed his reins to the Professor. Nobody else was thirsty.

We went in to the spring. I stooped to get a cup of water and heard a great clatter of hoofs in the road.

(Concluded on Page 40)



I Had Not Been Riding Much Lately

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A:D: 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers
To Canada—By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $2.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 13, 1909

The President at Large

MR. TAFT'S continental journey evidently left a pleasant impression. Upon one occasion, we read, he went to bed in the daytime that his clothes might be pressed. Often it was noted, with joy, that his trousers bagged at the knee. He rode in common hacks and shook hands like anybody. These are the ties that bind.

He spoke upon two topics in which the country is keenly interested—the tariff and Secretary Ballinger.

"I want to find out," exclaimed Senator Tillman in righteous exasperation, last June, "whether there is anything we can get hold of that will disclose the facts. Why this bamboozling? Either the Senator from Rhode Island bamboozled us last night, or the Senator from Iowa is bamboozling us this morning. I'm getting tired of all this mixing up of information and misinformation!"

The President said the tariff was pretty nearly all right and proved it by a dazzling array of figures, originally prepared for Mr. Aldrich. Its critics say it is pretty nearly all wrong and prove it by other figures, or even by the same. The case of Secretary Ballinger is still more difficult. The President took his stand upon the law, and what layman durst question that?

We imagine Jonathan scratching a dubious head over these puzzling, technical subjects, and then with a sigh of relief coming back to solid ground: "Well, anyhow, Bill is a good, plain, honest man; he shakes hands just like anybody and his trousers bag at the knee."

From Queen Elizabeth to Uncle Joe

BY A STATUTE of Elizabeth, whoever exported sheep from England was, for the first offense, to forfeit all his goods, suffer a year's imprisonment, and have his left hand cut off upon a market day and nailed up for the public edification; for the second offense he was to be adjudged a felon and put to death. In Charles II's time the exportation of wool was made a felony. And as late as the American Revolution, whoever exported wool forfeited the goods, was fined three times their value and disabled from collecting a debt by legal process. To transport wool within five miles of the seacoast after sunset was forbidden, and any seacoast town through which it was transported was liable to a fine of three times its value, judgment to run against any two inhabitants. The object of these gentle measures was to "protect home industry" by giving English manufacturers a monopoly of the domestic supply of wool—practically at their own prices. Naturally, their prices were below those on the Continent, giving rise to considerable smuggling and imprisoning.

We are more humane now. Moreover, wool-growers have political power. So we achieve the same delightfully monopolistic object by a gentler measure which includes the wool-growers, to a limited extent, within its benefits. We levy an import duty of about a hundred per cent on woolens. This duty, for the great body of consumers, takes fully a third from the weight of the cloth, besides adding a third or more to its price.

Hand-chopping we would not tolerate. Sending wives and children of farmers and working-men by the million into winter with spring-weight, or half-cotton, clothing, for which they have paid more than the price of thick, warm wool, we not only tolerate but applaud. Uncle Joe solemnly informed his fellow-Illinoisians, the other day, that the new tariff was the best ever enacted—because business has expanded since it was passed. Some pneumonia here and there, perchance; but even that makes good business—for the undertakers.

At High Tide

WE ARE just about on top again. That traditional "barometer of trade," the iron and steel industry, stands at a new high-level output exceeding the best record of the pre-panic boom. The volume of business generally, as measured by bank clearings and railroad earnings, is fully as great as ever before. Stocks, taking the average of the leading issues, are close to the previous high-water mark; and the average price of over a hundred staple commodities is only a little below the highest level of 1907.

It was a similar situation in the fall of 1907 that brought on a reaction. There wasn't money enough to carry with comfort such a load of business. The panic might have been avoided; but the strain upon credit created a condition out of which panic easily developed.

Yet now, only two years later, we are carrying the same load with ease. Money is still quite abundant; credit freely obtainable. In the two years the stock of gold in the country has increased more than two hundred million dollars; of gold and banknotes, over three hundred millions.

In a word, we have a broader base.

This fall, within little more than a month, the Bank of Germany and the Bank of England advanced their discount rates, from three and a half and two and a half per cent, respectively, to five per cent. Credits were expanding too fast over there, and those powerful institutions took steps in time to preserve a proper proportion between the base and the superstructure. They proposed to reduce loans and increase their stocks of gold. Besides the direct effect, their action has a very important collateral, or sentimental, effect. As compared with them our headless banking system is at a disadvantage.

No Money Out of the Air

IN FIVE years New York City has spent some six hundred and fifty millions of her citizens' money, the annual expenditure having increased about fifty per cent in that time. One year, in the City Hall, an average employee cleaned a room and a half a day; and in a near-by private building one employee cleaned seventeen rooms a day. Cleaning-cost in the municipal structure was three hundred and seventy dollars a room; in the private structure it was twenty-four dollars. For a great many articles the city paid two or three times as much as did a private purchaser. To run the city costs nearly as much as to run all the states in the Union. Whether the waste is forty per cent or only twenty-five, it still amounts to a very large item.

Until lately New York has accepted this rather complacently. Over ninety per cent of the direct taxes come from real estate, and the value of real estate has been increasing nearly as fast as the city's expenditures. Until last year, therefore, the tax rate was not raised. The money seemed to come out of the air. A lot-owner paid more in taxes, but only because his lot was worth more; so why should he complain? But to make his lot bring an income commensurate with this higher valuation he must raise the rent, and the tenants' money did not come out of the air, but out of their own, or somebody else's, copious perspiration.

A great deal of money elsewhere than in New York's budget—that represented by watered stocks, for example—finds toleration on the pleasant theory that it grew by itself, without really costing anybody anything. But wherever a dollar is spent, somebody had to dig to create it. Those who have done the actual digging in New York seem, at last, to grow impatient.

Spilled Railroad Pennies

WE LOOK upon our railroads generally as models of economy. They have carried the science of getting a hundred cents out of a dollar as far, no doubt, as it has ever been carried. Yet they spill a good many pennies. This comes to mind in looking over some reports for the last fiscal year—in which memories of the post-panic pinch were still keen.

The Southern Railway, for example, handled more freight and passengers than last year and had larger gross receipts; but its operating expenses decreased nearly four million dollars, consuming only sixty-eight per cent of gross receipts against seventy-five per cent the year before. While the trains earned over eleven cents more per mile run, because they were more heavily loaded, it cost two cents less to run them a mile. Railroad trains in this country run over a billion miles a year, so, if every other road could do what the Southern did last year, dividends could be increased fifty per cent with no increase in freight or passenger rates. We do not mean that any such result, universally and at once, is possible. We do mean that it is to the spilled pennies, not to higher charges, that the railroads must look in the future. By greater care in handling freight, says the Southern report, expenses for loss and damage claims were reduced eight hundred thousand dollars, "which means as much to the security-holder as the establishment on the line of new traffic-producing industries of the largest capacity."

Wit or Wisdom in the Court?

"NEITHER do the spirits damned lose all their virtue," was Puritan Milton's opinion. Of the several thousand public prosecutors in the United States how many would feel justified in professionally adopting so tolerant and lax a view? To describe a gaping, flange-eared blockhead in the dock as a pleasing compound of the Miltonic figures of Sin and Death is more consonant with their traditions—while the cocoanut-headed one's own lawyer paints him as a model of virtuous intelligence.

"Gentlemen of the jury, in all my professional career I have never before been engaged in a case which so powerfully roused my"—indignation or resentment, according to which side one is speaking on. So runs the patter.

No better method of trying criminal cases than our contentious Anglo-Saxon one has yet been discovered, although that method does often hang the issue upon a duel of wits that is no more pertinent to justice than the old trial by battle was. The trouble arises from a low sense of social responsibility all around. The object of the trial should be, not to have one side or the other win, but to discover truth. Matching one gross exaggeration against another is a poor way to discover truth. The National Bar Association recognized this in the new code of ethics which it promulgated a year or so ago; but in actual practice its recognition is not very extensive.

The Land of Law

THIS seems an opportune moment to mention, once more, the unparalleled lawlessness of the United States. Our lynching and homicidal statistics, compared with those of European countries, are at hand, but need not be repeated. All readers are familiar with them.

We will point, instead, to the outbreak in New York. A Socialist orator, with the incorrigible hopefulness of his class, went down to Wall Street to describe the crimes and errors of Capital. Soon, as many as a score—some accounts say thirty or forty—messenger boys collected with loud, derisive noises. The disorder continued at a great height until a patrolman, happening by, growled: "Aw, g'wan, now, yez kids! Cheese it!" This, so far as we are able to learn, was the only breach of the peace of a political nature which occurred in the United States during the autumn.

What occurred in Spain is well known. In Rome and Paris there were riots so extensive as to require the intervention of troops and the use of arms. Even London had a riotous demonstration of sizable proportions. A little earlier Sweden was convulsed by a general strike, following something of the same nature in France.

In what other country is there so little disturbance arising from political discontent, so universal a reliance upon purely lawful political means?

Getting Sick as the Romans Did

THIS is increasingly the day of the doctor. As a notable illustration take the theory—which has lately gained sanction in scientific quarters—that what ailed Greece and Rome was just plain malaria. From this cause in the second century B. C. the Greeks had become sickly, while the Romans were still healthy. Naturally, the latter triumphed. About six hundred years later the Romans themselves had become malarious. There was nothing much the matter with their institutions or habits; but their temperature had gone up to a hundred in the shade and they had no appetite. Thus Alaric's frosty Goths made hash of them.

For several hundred years Greece and Rome have been part of the statesman's and publicist's stocks in trade. "You know what happened to Rome," they have said. "Well, unless you do as we advise, the same thing will happen to you." The habit is not so prevalent as it was a century ago; yet only recently Mr. Roosevelt dragged in Rome to enforce a race-suicide argument. Still more recently we were assured that free trade would ruin us because it had ruined Rome. To the modern world the ancient one has been the grand scarecrow which those who have assumed to guide the modern world have worked.

Now there is a new hand at the levers, because we have a new guide. Comes now the doctor, and says: "Oh, shucks! Those people were simply ill. To avoid their fate what you need is better drainage and a pill." This puts a tremendous crimp in the statesmen, with their awful examples drawn from antiquity. On the whole, we prefer the doctor. His message is simpler. And probably he is as near right as any other single diagnostician.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Man Who Built the Fair

The Noiseless Exposition-Maker Who Built the Alaska-Yukon Fair

ONCE when they were trying to jam an appropriation for some fair or other through the Senate, Senator Lodge grew quite excited, for him—vigorous excitement, for him, being betrayed by three successive tugs at his whiskers—and declaimed in tones of withering scorn—not withering enough to prevent the appropriation, by the way, but some withering at that: "I have noticed, Mr. President, that a new profession has grown up in this country, the profession of exposition-making, and year after year these professional exposition-makers come to the Congress for appropriations for their various enterprises in celebration of this, that or the other historical event. There seems to be no end to it, and the Congress, by encouraging these expositions and their makers, is establishing a precedent that will be very expensive as the years go on."

There was much truth in the Senator's statement. Every time any ambitious community decided to glorify itself with a show, Congress was asked to furnish a large chunk of the wherewithal for the glorification, as well as to make an appropriation for a big Government exhibit. The professional exposition-makers certainly got in their deadly work time and time again, and, coincident with the profession of exposition-makers, there grew up a crop of exposition-publicity experts whose first thought was to get publicity for the fair, but whose second, third, fourth and on up to twenty-seventh thought was to get publicity for the professional exposition-makers.

Wherefore, it seems meet at this time to call attention to one exposition-maker who took a position on the other side of the fence, the same being Charles J. Smith, of Seattle, who built the Alaska-Yukon exposition.

When Charles J. Smith was made chairman of the Committee on Buildings and Grounds he accepted at once. He wanted to build the fair. After he had accepted he inquired where the publicity bureau was. They told him, and he left to visit it.

The other exposition-makers snickered. "Smith is in a good deal of a hurry," they said, nudging one another. He was. In fact, he was in a tearing hurry. He walked into the publicity department, called all the men together and said: "I am Charles J. Smith. I have been elected chairman of the Committee on Buildings and Grounds. I have just one thing to say to you men who are to do the advertising and get the publicity for this fair. If my name is mentioned in any of your dispatches, write-ups or advertising matter, or if my picture is used in any way in connection with this enterprise, from start to finish, I will see to it that the man who is responsible is fired, and fired right off the bat. Good-day, gentlemen. I trust we shall work in harmony."

Thus Charles J. Smith did not figure in the news of the fair, nor in its puffing. He chose the plans, built the buildings, directed the work of beautifying the grounds and kept in the background so far as the public was concerned. He disbursed over his own signature more than a million and a half of dollars. He had the exposition ready—finished—for the opening day, which is an achievement those familiar with other fairs will appreciate.

The Fair That Was Ready

THE Alaska-Yukon exposition, now ended, was not a big exposition, compared to others. It was compact, architecturally beautiful, exquisite in its landscape effects—a sort of a jewel-box affair. At night there never was a lovelier scene on this continent than the exposition lighted. The natural beauty of the shores of Lake Washington was utilized to its utmost and the exposition stood like a gem in a perfect setting. When they began on the plans the architects and landscape gardeners had sweeping ideas. They wanted to scatter the exposition over all the area between Lake Washington and Lake Union. "That is too ambitious for us," said Smith. "Try again."

They submitted a second set of plans, reducing the area one-third, and proposing to work a miracle among the fir trees with forest and flower and vista effects never before attempted. "Too big," said Smith. "We must keep within our means. Cut it down."

They made a third attempt, reducing the area of the grounds to the dimensions they held when the fair was opened, and Smith ordered the work to begin. Once he had his plans made he submitted to no interference. When the executive committee met and some enthusiast proposed to enlarge the scope or do something bigger, Smith was there, quiet, with few words, but standing like a rock between his ideas and any change. He had his way. There was no deviation from the general scheme. The fair was complete and ready when the gates were opened, and it was all paid for, with a surplus remaining for division among the shareholders when the gates were closed on the night of October sixteenth. Smith is a business man. He cut his fair according to his financial cloth, created a wonderful and beautiful physical plant, and stepped aside.

Being a business man he knew it would be advantageous to have something to show the people before the fair actually opened, and he finished the Agricultural, the Manufactures, the Oriental and the European buildings more than six months before the fair was to begin. The publicity men carried a line in their advertising, "The fair that will be ready," on Smith's promise that it would be ready; and on the first of June last he delivered the buildings, grounds, landscaping, everything, complete to the smallest detail. "Here is your fair," he said.

Smith is a Kentuckian. He was born in Jessamine County in 1854, and is of Scotch-Irish descent. His parents moved to Kansas City and Smith went to school at the Blackburn University, of Carlinville, Illinois. When he had finished school he went into the motive department of the Kansas City, Missouri River, Fort Scott and Gulf road. He shifted to the auditing department later and became assistant auditor. In 1880 Smith went to Oregon and became assistant comptroller of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company. Not long after he went to New York as secretary and treasurer of the same company, and, finally, became land commissioner of the Union Pacific road. He went to Seattle in 1890 as general manager of the Oregon Improvement Company, was its receiver, and then became general manager of the Pacific Coast Improvement Company, which position he held until 1899, when he left to look after his private business. He is now vice-president of the Washington Trust Company, of Seattle, president of the Washington Securities Company and president of the Central Coal Company.

Smith has made a million or more since he began. He is accounted one of the shrewdest real-estate dealers in Seattle, where all real-estate dealers are shrewd enough to suit the most fastidious. It was in Seattle they sold eleven million dollars' worth of real estate to the late E. H. Harriman for his railroad yards. Harriman came out to see it. They took him down when the tide was in, and showed him the tide flats he had bought. Harriman peered at the water and shrugged his shoulders. "Looks to me," he said, "as if that real estate we have bought is a little damp."

Well, Smith can deal in damp real estate as well as any, and better than a good many. Trading in land with him is no charitable enterprise. He is a Presbyterian, a Republican, the father of five children and a business man from the toes up. When Smith makes a deal in land the probabilities are in favor of Smith's acquiring a profit.

Now that the fair is over, Smith has gone back to his banks and his coal business. He made the "no-publicity-for-Smith" order stick until the bugler blew taps and the crowd in the natural amphitheater sang Auld Lang Syne at midnight on October sixteenth and the lights were turned out for the last time. All of which is so remarkable in these days of press agents and the press-agented—to say nothing of the publicity boys who swarm—that it is herewith set down with the comforting thought that Smith hasn't a word to say about it, and with the fervent hope that future expositions will develop other noiseless Smiths.

A Shine for the Suitcase

GEORGE ADE, who has been on a tour around the world, sent back from London a story about a friend of his, from Chicago, who blew into one of the hotels carrying a suitcase and wearing a pair of tan shoes.

Next morning he discovered that, in his absence, the willing boots had shined one shoe and the suitcase.

Double-Track Difficulties

"WE'VE got a great road now," said an enthusiastic Grand Trunk man to a Canadian Pacific man. "We've got it double-tracked clear through to Chicago."

"Huh," said the Canadian Pacific man to the Grand Trunk man, "I don't see what you want with two tracks. You can't keep your trains on one."

Out of the Frying-Pan

THE Right Honorable George H. Reid the Australian statesman, was declaiming against a proposed measure at a public meeting. Mr. Reid is an enormously fat man, weighing in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds.

"In ten years," he said, "we shall see the futility of this thing. In ten years we shall know how vicious it is. In ten years all men will understand what I am saying, and I shall be proved right. In ten years——"

"How about thirty years?" asked a man in the audience.

"Oh," snorted Reid, "never mind about thirty years. We shall all be dead in that time."

"Then the fat will be in the fire, won't it, Mr. Reid?" shouted the same man.

The Hall of Fame

¶ Judge Magoon, former provisional Governor of Cuba, wears a seven and five-eighths hat.

¶ Charles B. Dillingham, who is now a big theatrical manager, used to "do hotels" for Chicago newspapers.

¶ Major Richard Sylvester, at the head of the Washington police force, is the best fisherman in the District of Columbia.

¶ Senator Joseph F. Johnston, of Alabama, and Senator Bob Taylor, of Tennessee, are the best story-tellers on the Democratic side.

¶ George Ade, who has been traveling around the world, says he remembers Vienna as the place where he got the good ham and eggs.

¶ Adjutant-General Ainsworth, of the Army, gets up at four o'clock in the morning and walks a few miles before he goes to the office.

¶ James A. Hemenway, who was defeated for reëlection as Senator from Indiana, thinks of running for Governor of that State in two years.

¶ John Callan O'Loughlin, Assistant Secretary of State in the last days of the Roosevelt Administration, began as an office boy in a Washington newspaper office.

¶ Joseph E. G. Ryan, the Chicago automobile expert, tells Irish stories better than anybody in Illinois, which is not to be wondered at, for he was born on the Ould Sod.

¶ Senator George S. Nixon, of Nevada, is building himself a palace on the Truckee River at Reno. He is many times a millionaire, and he began as a telegraph operator.

¶ Julius Kahn, representative from California, is the only professional actor in Congress, although there are plenty of others there who act. Kahn supported Booth, Barrett and John McCullough.

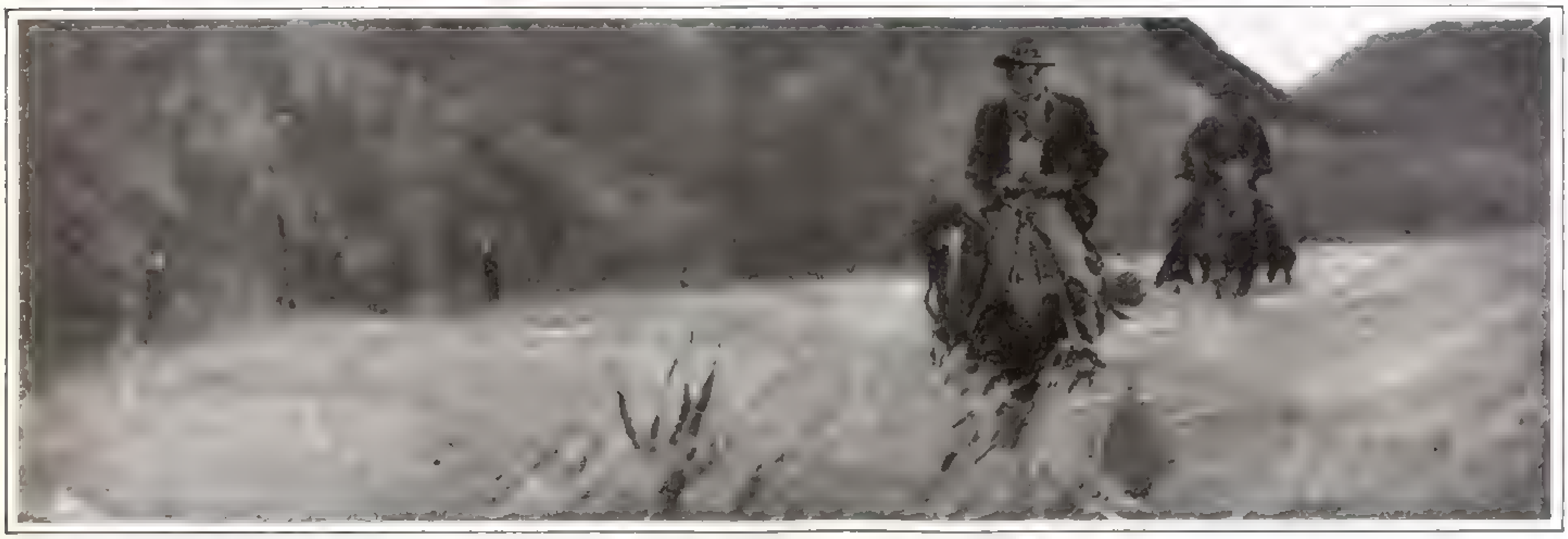
¶ Cuba, New York, has for years furnished the head doorkeeper of the House of Representatives, a very important office. The late William Glenn was from that town, and so is the present doorkeeper, Frank B. Lyon.

UNCLE HARVE

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

A Song From the Waste Places



"Think of the Rascal Sleepin' on Feathers an' Eatin' Pies an' Things"

I jumped in my saddle
An' give a littul yell,
An' the swing cattle broke
An' the leaders went to hell
Tum-a-ti yi, yipi, yipi, yea, yea, yea,
Tum-a-ti, yi, yipi, yipi, yea, yea, yea.

UNCLE HARVE sang cheerily, fussing between the stove and the chuckbox in the corner of the dugout. He gave scant heed to his unexpected guests, and they, in turn, eyed him in contemplative quiet. To the freighter he appeared a doddering old man on the verge of dotage. The cattle buyer studied the large head with its disproportionate bump at the back; studied, too, the childlike expression of the eyes and mouth, and wondered. He had seen men in many walks of life in many climes, and it irritated him that he could not place this one. Uncle Harve's overalls were very dirty and were sustained by a strand of hobble rope; a Choctaw section-hand would have balked at his shirt. Moreover, no razor had chafed Uncle Harve's face in two months. Why should he bother with the niceties? He holed in the cañon beneath the cap rock and saw no one in a stretch of six weeks; his home was a dugout with gaping fissures between the logs, and more than once he had disputed this abode with rattlers or a polecat.

Yet these surface indications did not determine Uncle Harve's status in the mind of the Kansas City man. He continued to stare at the turn of the head and the sharply-cut profile and the manner in which his host's hands hung, and gave himself over to conjecture. As for the freighter, he was morose with a heavy moroseness, for this starched interloper from an effete civilization jarred on him, and he omitted the cattle buyer from his conversation with studied care.

The talk dealt with the frailties of humankind in general and man's proneness to folly. It was noticeable that the freighter was especially bitter in his arraignment of dwellers in the marts of trade. Uncle Harve took no active part in the uneven discussion except for a non-committal "Yes?" and "Well, well," but hummed to himself as he cooked dinner. Occasionally he quavered a bar of the cowboy night-guard song

"What's your name?" The freighter fired the question at him.

"Harvey Thatcher."

"I used to know a Harvey Thatcher," broke in the cattle buyer. "He was sure a high roller."

Uncle Harve had no comment to offer on this coincidence, and the freighter was gazing fixedly at the rim of sky.

"Thatcher was a riproarer twenty years ago where I was raised"—the subject seemed to interest the buyer immensely—"but he took to drinking and went broke."

"Liquor's shore ruined many a good man," observed the freighter, sadly shaking his head. It was the first time he had deigned to notice his fellow-guest directly.

"This Harvey Thatcher I'm telling you about had a daughter. Prettiest girl you ever saw, that Kitty Bell Thatcher. Well, she was engaged to a young fellow with lots of money, and when Harvey Thatcher went broke everybody thought, of course ——"

"You boys like some aiggs?" interjected Uncle Harve.

"I wouldn't care for any. Put my name in the pot for them *frijoles*," responded the freighter.

"Well, sir, I laugh when I think of some of the things old Harve did. Once—well, anyway, he kept going from bad to worse and all his friends just up and dropped him. You know how it is. Kitty Bell, she stuck to him like a sandbur. But, all the same, the old man got it through his muddled brains that he was dragging her down and that Foster—that was his name—would be ashamed to marry her with him around. So, guess what he did."

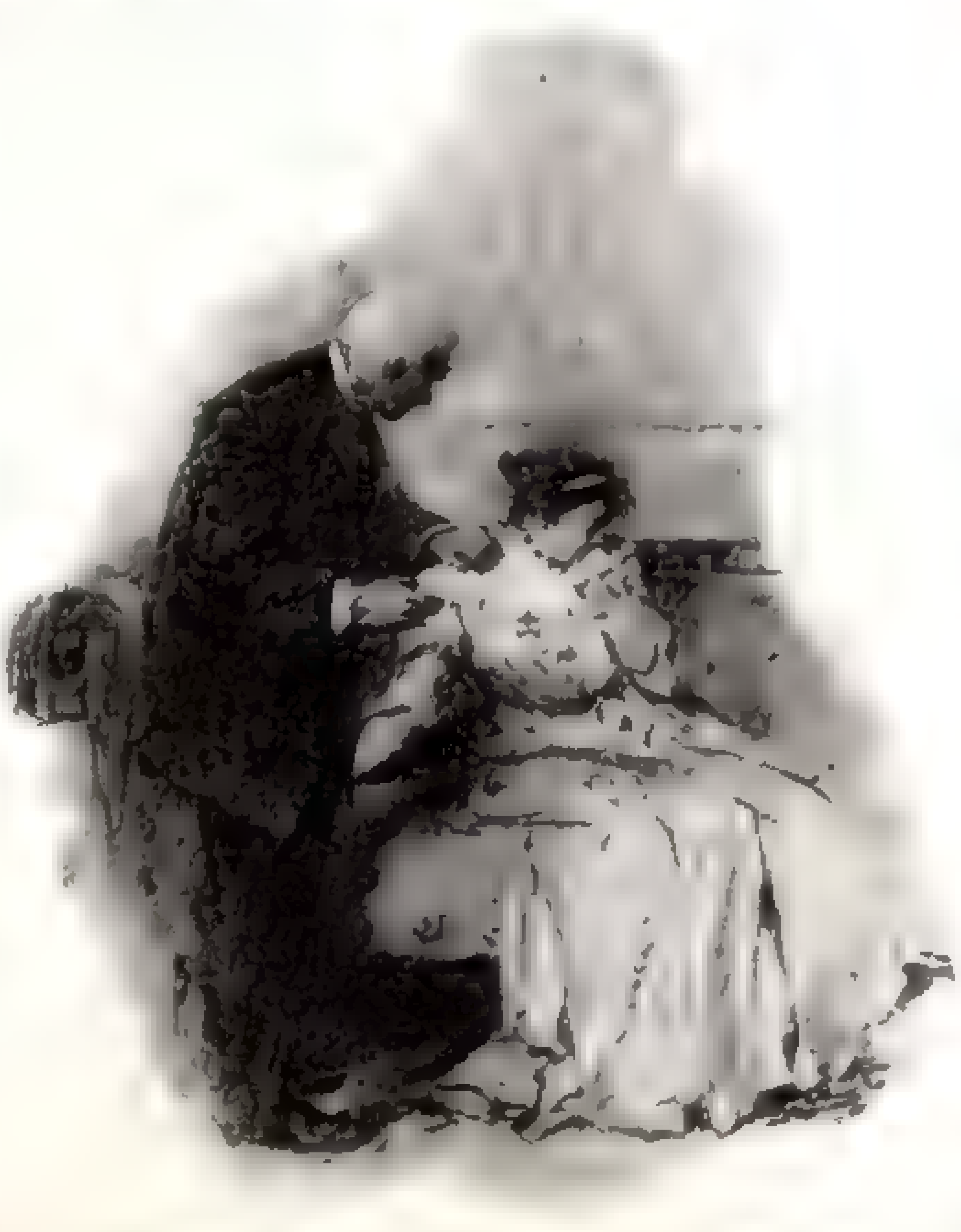
"Walked ol' Foster up to the parson's with a sawed-off shotgun?" ventured the freighter, a man of action.

"No-oo. That wouldn't have done any good. He made over to her his house and what was left, and then lit out."

"What become of him?"

"Nobody knows. He hasn't been seen in those parts since, as far as I know."

"Did—this consarned pan'll blind me some day—did Kitty—did the girl marry?" asked Uncle Harve.



"I Wouldn't Hurt You, Kitty Bell—Not for All My Years to Live Over Again"

"She did. Foster was a right nice young fellow. He's made a heap of money, too. But they aren't as happy as they ought to be."

"Why aren't they happy?" It was Uncle Harve again.

"Well, you see, Kitty Bell worries some at times about her father, him drinking that way and off all alone. Then they haven't got any children, and Foster ——"

"Come and get it!" said Uncle Harve, swinging a pot from the stove.

They ate dumbly, Uncle Harve ministering to their wants with more ceremony than one finds at all times three days' ride from a railroad. With the freighter a meal was a serious business in which talk held no place; and he had still thirty miles to take his six-mule team and wagon. Their host ate sparingly, and once he seemed uneasy under the buyer's scrutiny.

"Is there anything the matter?" he demanded at last.

"No, thanks. I've got plenty. How far is it now to the Gourd ranch?"

"Only eighteen miles. Straight up over that point where those eagles are sitting."

After the buyer had departed a torrent of impassioned abuse was borne to Uncle Harve from the horse pen, indicating that the freighter was engaged in hitching the mules against the journey. At that moment Bud Reid dropped down from the cap rock on a jaded blue-gray Circle horse. While yet a great way off he waved a slip of paper at Uncle Harve, tensely expectant in the doorway. It was a telegram, and Bud had received it from the hands of Jake Slaughter, of the Gourds, who, in turn, had been intrusted with the message by a rider from Hualuha, and had carried it wrapped round his cigarette tobacco only two days. As Bud was faring to the cañon he had readily consented to be the bearer. All this he explained in a dozen laconic words

As he held the telegram extended, Uncle Harve fixed his eyes on the scrawled "Harvey Thatcher," and began to tremble.

"I—maybe something's happened," he said in a low voice.

"Would it be somebody's done died, do you reckon?" queried Bud, watching the old man turn the paper over and over in bewildered helplessness.

"Let's open it." The freighter had drawn near, attracted by the dramatic nature of the situation. Bud agreed that this was the course of action to pursue, and the recipient finally yielded to pressure. Uncle Harve's sight was so blurred by a sense of impending disaster that for a long minute he was unable to grasp the gist of the telegram. Not so Bud, peering keenly over his shoulder; it was clear to him, and he read it aloud, articulating each syllable painstakingly:

> Have just learned your whereabouts. You must come to me at once. We have home for you. Frank sends love, too, and joins me in this. KITTY BELL.

The yellow paper fluttered in Uncle Harve's hand so that he could just decipher the characters as he perused it after Bud, while the import of the message sank into his soul. "You must come to me at once," he repeated in a tone of gentle wonder. "Frank sends love, too. . . . Home for you." He paused and passed a hand over his eyes as though brushing away a mist, then flung out his arms toward the cañon, the line of the cap rock, the wide horizon. "A home!" he exclaimed, his voice husky. "Not this, but a home—a home."

The strain was becoming too severe for Mr. Reid. These incoherent utterances of an agitated septuagenarian were well and good, but who was Kitty Bell? He put the question with naïve simplicity.

"Kitty Bell, sir," returned Uncle Harve, folding the telegram elaborately, "is my daughter. She is also the finest woman in the world."

"I reckon so," said the sympathetic freighter.

Uncle Harve came suddenly to life. He dragged Bud from his horse that he might eat. Usually so reticent, he seemed possessed by a spirit of unbounded mirth and poured forth a stream of disconnected anecdote. He laughed so uproariously at Mr. Reid's sallies that the latter never quite recovered from a conviction thereby forced upon him that he was a wit, and, consequently, became a source of grave worry to the Gourd outfit. The old man heaped Bud's plate until the puncher was fain to protest.

"I'm a regular eatin' fool, but I cain't hold any more," he said.

"Sure. Try some of these *frijoles.*" Uncle Harve chuckled as he set the pot back on the stove. "I remember when I was mighty glad to get 'em—these *frijoles.* No more for me; no, sir. Chicken and beef, Bud. No sow-belly and lick, either. And I'll have a cold bird and a bottle ——" He checked himself in his exuberant imaginings and became serious. "No, I'll take the bird alone. I've got to do what's right by Kitty Bell."

As He Held the Telegram Extended, Uncle Harve Fixed His Eyes on the Scrawled "Harvey Thatcher," and Began to Tremble

Mr. Reid vouchsafed the information that he would remain a while, as the Gourd ranch would keep while he was absent. He would wait to accompany Uncle Harve on his way. "There's nothin' there will spoil while I'm here a day or two," was his vehicle of thought; and Uncle Harve welcomed his companionship delightedly. They burrowed into dusty sacks and a moldy valise, of which the leather cracked to their heave, and Uncle Harve extracted a truly wonderful gray worsted suit. Its cut was beyond Mr. Reid's conception of the possible, and he circled Uncle Harve in such genuine admiration that the old man beamed at himself in the splinter of mirror nailed beside the bed. He revolved slowly, that every item of his attire might be exposed to the cowboy's survey.

"Pretty good, Bud, is it? It ought to be," he chortled, vastly pleased. "Paid thirty dollars for it, and that was money in my day. How does the back sit?"

"Snugger'n a flea in a rug," cried Mr. Reid. Then, in an effort to do it justice: "Jist like the hide of a fat yearlin'."

It developed that he entertained serious doubts about the advisability of Uncle Harve's donning a collar and tie. One at a time in everything was Mr. Reid's motto, and this looked like rushing matters—he had much better save them until he reached the city. But Uncle Harve insisted on wearing both tie and collar, and the puncher consented reluctantly to this extravagant whim. Together they made all things ready, and the Gourd man volunteered to keep a watchful eye on the shack and its scant furnishings until such time as Uncle Harve could dispose of it and the quarter section he had fenced.

Then they saddled the knee-sprung calico mare and rode away. At a point in the trail where it lifted to the plains, and view of the dugout would thereafter be shut off, Uncle Harve stopped and cast a glance backward.

"It's good-by to all that, Bud, my boy," he cried gayly. "A brass bed and clean sheets now. No cooking or washing the pots. And I'll be able to sleep as long as I like."

"I never done got all the sleep I wanted yet," remarked the cowboy enviously.

A matronly woman was waiting at the gate of track 17 when Uncle Harve, shuffling under the weight of the valise banging against his legs, came up the long platform of concrete beside which the train had stopped. The dimness of the arched steel roof, with its myriad girders, and the clanking roar and bustle of the big station depressed him; he looked, unseeing, at the hurrying throngs and the absorbed individuals who jostled him. To him they appeared a confused jumble of color and faces, appearing and disappearing kaleidoscopically. A boy wearing a red peaked cap offered to carry his valise, but Uncle Harve repulsed him gruffly, being entirely too old a hand to be caught by a device so brazen. He paused to rest outside the gate, setting down the valise, and a guard bade him roughly to be gone, for the crowds congested and surged past him like a torrent about a stranded bit of driftwood. Uncle Harve shifted the sagging bag and wiped his face. Where was Kitty Bell?

The woman at the gate was staring in all directions. She searched eagerly for an erect, alert figure with the buoyancy of step she knew so well and loved in him. As man after man passed her and the line shredded out to a few stragglers and a conductor carrying a satchel she put a hand to her breast to still the fluttering of her heart. He would be coming soon now—he must. She feared she would faint with happiness, for a lump rose in her throat, choking her. Uncle Harve discerned her for the first time standing isolated from the diminishing group at the gate and turned his eyes away in disappointment. Among all the intent hundreds that passed him he had descried no slim, girlish form to strike a chord in his yearning memory, no oval face smiling the welcome he knew would be his. Perhaps Kitty Bell had been unable to come to the station. He picked up the valise.

The woman at the gate whirled reluctantly to leave, but halted at sight of Uncle Harve straining at his burden. What she saw was a worn old man, gray of hair and with face of copper hue, in ill-fitting clothes of a past generation. About him was the unmistakable air of the dweller in lone places. There was something familiar in the curve of the back—or was it in the lines of the head? She started forward, her breath catching in her eagerness. Uncle Harve heard the swish of silken skirts and faced about.

"Father! Father!" At that cry a score turned to look.

"Kitty Bell!" Slight as he was he swept her into his arms hungrily. "My little daughter."

After a moment: "Why, how you've grown, child!" he said, holding her from him at arms' length; and they both laughed joyously.

"Dear, your face is wet," she said.

"Pshaw! it's nothing," answered Uncle Harve.

A passer-by smiled at the pair in understanding. He jogged his neighbor's elbow and pointed. They stared with kindly interest.

"Everybody is looking at us," whispered Kitty Bell. "Let a boy take your bag. The car is outside."

"All right, if you say so, Kitty Bell. I thought the young scoundrel was trying to steal it off me." Uncle Harve was ready to enjoy his own lapse from sophistication. "My, my, but you're almost a woman, daughter."

Kitty Bell threw back her head, her eyes sparkling. "That's the nicest thing I've ever had said to me," she exclaimed. Then, seriously: "Dear, I am forty years old."

"Why, you were only ——"

"You old goose." Her eyes were moist and she squeezed his hand, nor did he withdraw it as they sped through the streets. It was the first time Uncle Harve had ridden in a motor car, and he clung desperately with his free arm to the door of the machine. The tall buildings on both sides merged into mere streaks before his eyes, and of the crowds treading the sidewalks he saw nothing. Once he leaned forward and tapped the chauffeur on the shoulder.

"We'll run over that old gentleman on the next crossing, don't you reckon?" he asked politely.

"We'll miss him a foot, sir."

"Two feet. Crackee! Kitty Bell, but that was close," said Uncle Harve. "If we'd hit him it would have jarred his kin in Arkansas."

The burden of a score of years and of a superfluous thirty pounds seemed to have dropped from Mrs. Foster. She sang about the house like a girl, forever running into the sitting-room, where Uncle Harve rocked in a cane chair, smoking one of Frank's cigars, to slip an arm about his neck and murmur some foolish endearment into his ear or hair, at which time he would cough a vast deal; and his talk was intermittent and all of a young girl who had been his stay in days of temptation and misery, who had been the apple of his eye, the pride of his heart. And once he reached up as she leaned over the back of his chair and drew her down to its arm, and then they two rocked as in the days of long ago. They whispered together of the woman who had been a dear saint to both, and the twilight shadows found them sitting in a harmony of silence—the one gazing at the hand he fondled and the gold band upon it, the other seeing visions pass and repass down the broad shaft of light cast by the setting sun.

His daughter's husband was thoroughly earnest in the warmth of his welcome. He was a broad, upstanding man, given to long silences, and Uncle Harve's heart went out to him at once. They had dinner at seven o'clock—Uncle Harve called it "supper," and was somewhat doleful of what this new order might lead a family into. He drew up his chair to the brilliantly-lighted table, loaded with flowers, and candles in crimson shades, and with silver, until it was a blaze of color. Behind his chair stood a stoical man in a dark-blue uniform, with knee breeches and peculiar facings to the coat. Uncle Harve wondered at first why this individual did not sit down, and would fain have proffered his seat had not the leaden solemnity of the stranger's visage frozen the words on his lips. It spoiled his appetite completely when this personage moved without noise, as though operated by a hidden mechanism, and passed him food and drink, so that he barely nibbled at the wonderful viands set out. Toward the end of dinner Uncle Harve became plainly ill at ease and glanced about surreptitiously, as if something were lacking.

"What is it, dear? Anything you want?" Mrs. Foster was radiant, and throughout the meal hardly removed her eyes from her father's face.

"No—no, Kitty Bell," said Uncle Harve. "I was just wondering ——"

"Wondering what?" asked Foster with a smile.

"I didn't see any *frijoles,*" was the reply.

"*Freeholies!* Gracious, what are those?"

"They're beans, Kitty Bell. I sort of got used to 'em. They're very nourishing."

A Revelation
to Many

Scientific dietetics and practical experience prove:

That beans—when properly cooked—contain more nourishment than any other vegetable—

More than Meat.

That beans contain a large amount of "protein"—the body-building, tissue-forming element in food—

A large amount of "carbohydrates" and "fat"—the heat- and energy-making elements.

But, beans—as ordinarily cooked—also contain an irritating, annoying element which causes gas and discomfort.

Snider Pork & Beans

are free from all irritating elements.

The scientific "**Snider-Process**" of cooking, removes these irritating elements—

Keeps them whole, yet mellow and porous, and makes every single bean delicious and perfectly digestible, with all the rich food elements retained.

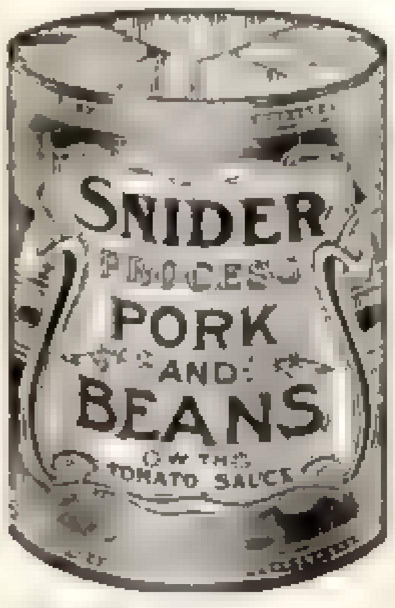
"It's the Process"

Only the choicest of materials are used, and in all the process they are not touched by human hands.

The appetizing **Tomato Sauce** which is blended through and through every bean in the can is made from the famous **Snider Tomato Catsup**, and imparts a mild, sweet, spicy zest—delightful beyond description.

If you like good things try **Snider Chili Sauce, Snider Oyster Cocktail Sauce,** and **Snider Salad Dressing.** They create appetite—an aid to good digestion.

Snider Pork & Beans and all Snider products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the World.



"The Mark of
Guaranteed Quality"

Upon receipt of 9 Snider Pork & Beans labels, we will send you one of our beautiful 50-piece jig-saw Picture Puzzles.

Address Dept. 18

The T. A. Snider Preserve Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

"I'll get you a bushel in the morning, you old darling," cried Kitty Bell, and got up from her chair to imprint a caress.

Upon this scene the flunky gazed impassively. To any one familiar with the stiff formality of his bearing, however, would have been conveyed a suspicion that he was thawing toward Uncle Harve; and this in spite of the fact that he had been trained in eminently respectable families where beans found themselves but seldom on the menu, and certainly never as the *pièce de résistance*.

They took a long ride in the motor car next morning and Uncle Harve visited the teeming hives of trade and watched the toilers there giving their life blood to the struggle. At lunch he was dazed and tired.

"They all seem to worry so," was all he would say. "There must be a heap of trouble."

"They're busy. That's all, sir," laughed Foster.

He returned to the topic of his own accord later. "Nothing's worth worrying over like that. Don't you ever forget what I say, Kitty Bell. Nothing's worth it. They look so unhappy. And nobody can do much real good in all that rush and noise. It isn't natural. They must waste lots of time and strength."

"You've about hit it off, Mr. Thatcher," agreed his son-in-law.

For two days more Uncle Harve witnessed spectacles that appalled and sometimes troubled him. Not that these happenings and things were entirely new, but progress had been limitless in twenty years. That period of absence had rendered his early environment strange to his sight, so that he saw everything with the eyes of a wondering child. On the third night, after an exhausting three hours in a packed theater where the performance worked up the old man to a frenzy of anxiety, he and Kitty Bell sat in the dining-room whilst Uncle Harve partook of a bowl of crackers and milk she had prepared with her own hands.

"You must never leave us again. Just think, I'll have you always now." She locked her fingers about his arm, then added in swift reproach: "Oh, why did you ever leave me?"

"You're too good to me, Kitty Bell. Don't, don't, child," said Uncle Harve, his voice shaking.

Yet, in spite of the many amusements his daughter invented for his entertainment, in spite of the delicious hours they spent together in a sweet communion that consisted often of unconscious silences, in spite, too, of the frequent naps in which he permitted himself to indulge, like a tired man relaxing, Uncle Harve found time hang heavily on his hands. For slow minutes he would stand gazing across the wide, tree-lined avenue, with its broad sidewalks, its velvety-green boulevard and trim paths, to the rows of stately, gloomy houses of brownstone and compressed brick. He would stir his feet restlessly and his eyes would flicker and wander in wistful seeking. At these moments he brought himself up with a start; he had been searching for the bald line of the cap rock out there in that garden street, and for the towering banks of wind-tossed clouds, white against the blue. Again, he would fall to wandering about the huge house, staring at statues and pictures and somberly-magnificent woodwork. A servant came upon him, planted with feet wide apart in front of a painting of some cowboys roping a grizzly. He was lost in abstraction. Many times they discovered him thus, and scurried by with murmured apology for the intrusion, and wondered and tittered among themselves. There came to him, also, a persistent, burning curiosity to learn of the welfare of the pied steer that haunted Mudcat Creek, and he mentioned this apologetically to his daughter.

In the afternoon of the eighth day he was doubly preoccupied and uneasy, prowling from room to room. Kitty Bell hovered near, sorely troubled, trying to decide just which one of a dozen sure remedies she would administer for this form of fever. He halted in front of the sofa on which she lay.

"It seems as if there ought to be children here, Kitty Bell," he blurted out. "The place'll never be a home without."

"Father, don't! Please! Please!" Kitty Bell sat up, her face gone white. The handkerchief she whipped from her bosom trembled.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I wouldn't hurt you, Kitty Bell—not for all my years to live over again," he said.

Sleep came tardily to his daughter that night, and twice she started from bed, persuaded that she heard a noise in his room. His door was shut, and though she listened intently she could detect no movement within. The third time she wakened the shuffling of slippered feet in the hallway was unmistakable. Donning a kimono she stole out, taking care not to rouse her husband.

There was Uncle Harve, walking up and down in the moonlight, a bathrobe of Frank's over his nightgear. He was muttering to himself and tossing his arms, and at sound of the softly-closed door he whirled about and came to meet her.

"Do you hear it, Kitty Bell? Do you hear the ol' rascal?"

"Hear what, dear? Father, you'll catch your death of cold! Do go to bed. Have you been dreaming?"

"Don't you hear him now? Hark! There he goes. Jim-in-ee, I'll bet that's a big ol' coyote. Listen!"

His daughter took him tenderly by the arm and led him to the door of his bedchamber. "There, dear; it's only Rowdy. He often howls that way," she said.

"What? Only a big ol' dog?" exclaimed Uncle Harve, and in his tone was deep chagrin. "Pshaw! I'm getting foolish."

Unresisting, he permitted her to tuck him in as she would a child. At breakfast he was shamefaced and silent, trifling with his food instead of attacking it manfully as was his wont. Neither Kitty Bell nor her husband referred to the incident, but they held an earnest consultation. She was filled with forebodings. To her these alternating fits of feverish restlessness and brooding bespoke a decline into senility. It was, of course, to be expected in a man of her father's years, yet she wept at the mental picture of his pathetic maunderings. Frank had another theory, but this he kept to himself, awaiting developments. And he had not long to wait.

In the dead of night a timid knock sounded on their door. "It's your father. Shall I answer it, Kate?" he inquired.

"No, let me." She was out of bed in a twinkling and into a silk kimono with immense Japanese dragons coiled in threads of gold. Uncle Harve was on the threshold, in his bare feet, shivering from the intensity of his eagerness. His pale-blue eyes were alight with joy.

"Hark to him, Kitty Bell! Just the same as he does in the hackberry beside the spring. Sh! Listen!"

"Father, what is it?"

"Doggone his eyes! He's sure a daisy. It's that ol' owl. Don't you hear him too-whoo? Just listen to him too-whoo."

She put him to bed again, the old man vowing that the noises of a city were assuredly confusing, and then she crept back to her own room, silent and miserable. Frank feigned to be asleep, but a convulsive movement of her shoulders brought his head up. She was crying upon her pillow.

"Kate, old girl, I knew it all along. You can't hold him."

"But we must, we must. I can't bear to lose him now."

"He can come back to see you. But this gets into the blood, they tell me. The waste places are calling, and we'll have to let him go."

. . . .

Bud Reid and a companion puncher, riding fence on a September day, plowed through the saccato grass swishing breast-high around Mudcat Creek in the cañon. Bursting out of it they sighted the dugout, and Bud shook his head.

"I shore wish ol' Uncle Harve was there to cook dinner for us. He was a wolf on *frijoles*, Bux."

"He won't never come back. They tell me his kinfolks is millionaires, Bud. Think of the rascal sleepin' on feathers an' eatin' pies an' things. Hell, some fellers have all the luck," said Bux gloomily.

Of a sudden Bud held up his hand for silence. "Hark to him. Come on!" he shouted, jabbing with the spurs.

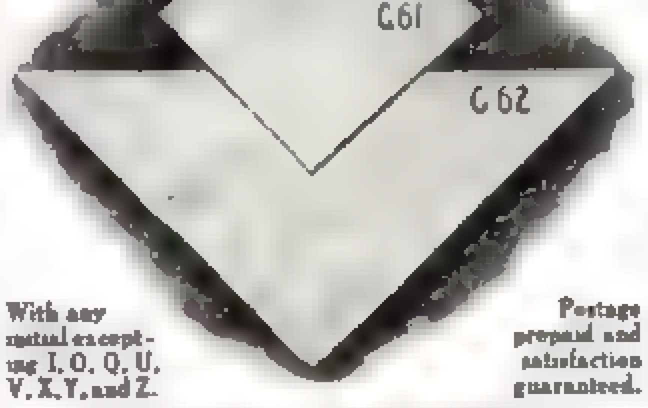
Oh, play your fife slowly,
An' beat your drum lowly,
An' play the death march
As you bear me along.
Take me to some valley
An' throw the sod o'er me,
For I'm a poor cowboy
An' know I've done wrong,

sang Uncle Harve.

$1.00—$1.00
"NATIONAL"
XMAS OFFERS

C61 - Ladies' Pure Linen Handkerchief Each 19c, 6 for $1.00

C62 - Men's Pure Linen Handkerchief Each 19c, 6 for $1.00



With any initial excepting I, O, Q, U, V, X, Y, and Z.

Postage prepaid and satisfaction guaranteed.

In ordering be sure to state initial desired.
Your money cheerfully refunded if you are not pleased.

$1.00 for two of the most stylish and dainty pieces of the new neckwear. Two splendid Xmas gifts.

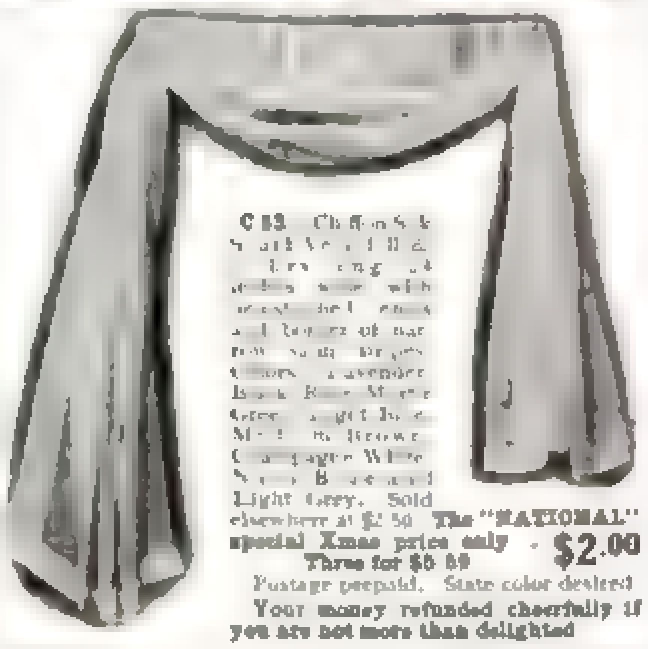
C 61—Coat Collar and Cuff Set of Point de Venise lace, in [illegible] pattern [illegible]. Price 59 cents.

C 62—Collar and [illegible] Set with hand-made French knots and [illegible] colors white, light blue, pink, or heliotrope. Price 59 cents

Special Xmas Price for Both of above pieces, No. C 61 and C 62, if ordered together, $1.00. Postage Prepaid.
Your money back if you are dissatisfied.

A "NATIONAL" Special, $2.00

This is the new Scarf Veil, worn for almost every occasion, over the hat or the [illegible] protect the neck and shoulders [illegible] ful or beautiful present than this "NATIONAL" Scarf Veil



C 63—Chiffon Silk Scarf Veil [illegible] Lavender, Black, Rose, Myrtle Green, Light Blue, Mid. Brown, Champagne, White, Navy Blue and Light Grey. Sold elsewhere at $2.50. The "NATIONAL" special Xmas price only - $2.00
Three for $5.50
Postage prepaid. State color desired.
Your money refunded cheerfully if you are not more than delighted

FREE Catalogue of Useful Xmas Gifts

Upon request we will send you FREE the "NATIONAL" Catalogue of Useful Christmas Gifts, containing hundreds of stylish new Gifts, all at "NATIONAL" prices. We want you to write for this book, but ESPECIALLY DO WE WANT YOU TO ORDER ONE OF THE SPECIAL XMAS OFFERS SHOWN ABOVE. You can secure no more [illegible] and graceful garments and the values are unusual. Always satisfaction guaranteed.

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.,
214 West 24th St., New York City
Largest Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the World
Mail Orders Only. No Agents or Branches.

THE name "Clark" on cut glass is like the mark "Sterling" on silver. For 25 years it has meant "best."

Clark
CUT GLASS

is renowned for beauty of pattern, depth of cutting, high polish and color. A new and distinctive design—
[illegible] is of unusual merit.
When purchasing cut glass look for the trade mark "Clark." An arrow points it out.
If your dealer does not sell "Clark" Cut Glass, send for illustrated booklet G.

T. B. CLARK & CO., Inc., Honesdale, Pa.

Stamp Album with 538 Genuine Stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls) etc., 10c. 100 diff. Jap., N. Zld. etc., 5c. Big list, coupons, etc., Free! We Buy Stamps. HUSSMAN STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Try It On

LOBSTER

All varieties of Fish, are deliciously seasoned and made more appetizing with

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Steaks, Roast Meats, Chops, Game, Gravies, Chafing Dish Cooking, Welsh Rarebit and Salad Dressings are greatly improved by its use.

For four generations it has stood unrivaled as a seasoning.

See that **Lea & Perrins'** signature is on wrapper and label.

Return Substitutes.

John Duncan's Sons, Agts
New York

TEA

There is a multitude of uses for Keiller's Marmalade. It is delicious in a sweet omelet, tarts and sandwiches, and on crackers and cakes. It is a wholesome and appetizing relish.

KEILLER'S

DUNDEE

Orange Marmalade

has been used for more than a century. It has that bitterness that has made Scotch marmalade famous. For sale at grocers.

Insist on Keiller's Marmalade.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, N. Y.

Automobile Jackets, Blizzard Proof

[illegible] Snap fasteners, [illegible] pockets.

PARKER'S

Arctic Jacket

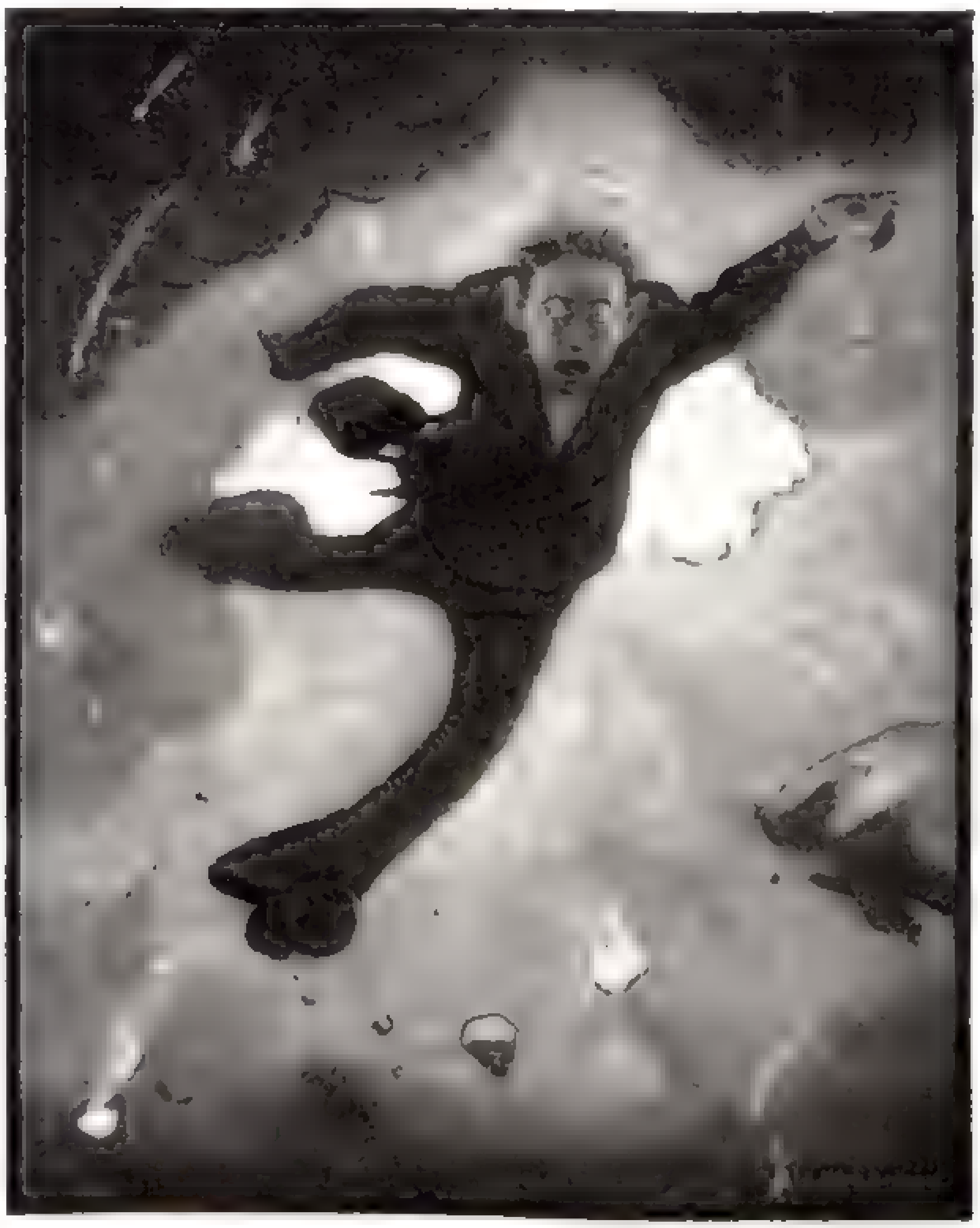
Registered in U. S. Pat. Office.

[illegible] for [illegible] Ask your dealer, or send [illegible]

JOHN H PARKER CO. Dept. 87
25 James St. Malden Mass

A GREAT THAW

By PETER NEWELL



The dogondest thaw that a man ever saw
I seen on Vesuvius' side,
Where I clambered one day in the middle of May
In tow of a Dago, me guide.
I've seen the snow melt in the north blizzard belt,
An' set a hull county afloat,
An' me in a tree with me grip on me knee
Awaitin' me turn fer a boat.
But never before had I heard sech a roar,
Er seen sech a wonderful sight,
As greeted me eyes to me frantic surprise
Way up on that mountainous height.
The hard, stony ground with a sizzlin' sound
Begun all at once fer to melt,
An' pour down the hill in a sulphurous rill
Which frizzled me shoes till they smelt.
Then down the steep slope with a kangaroo lope
I fairly kerflopped through the air,
Jest techin' me feet on account of the heat
At intervals painful an' rare.
Me guide in the rush I forsook in the slush—
He may be abidin' there still—
Thus missin' the chance as I seen at a glance,
To wrangle concernin' his bill.
An' so in the main I arrived on the plain,
When a bloke at me sleeve made a snatch,
An' sez he: "You smoke"—intendin' a joke—
An' he axed fer the loan of a match
Oh, me hair it was singed and me jints were unhinged,
But sech little things didn't count,
Fer the dogondest thaw that a man ever saw
I seen on the side of that mount

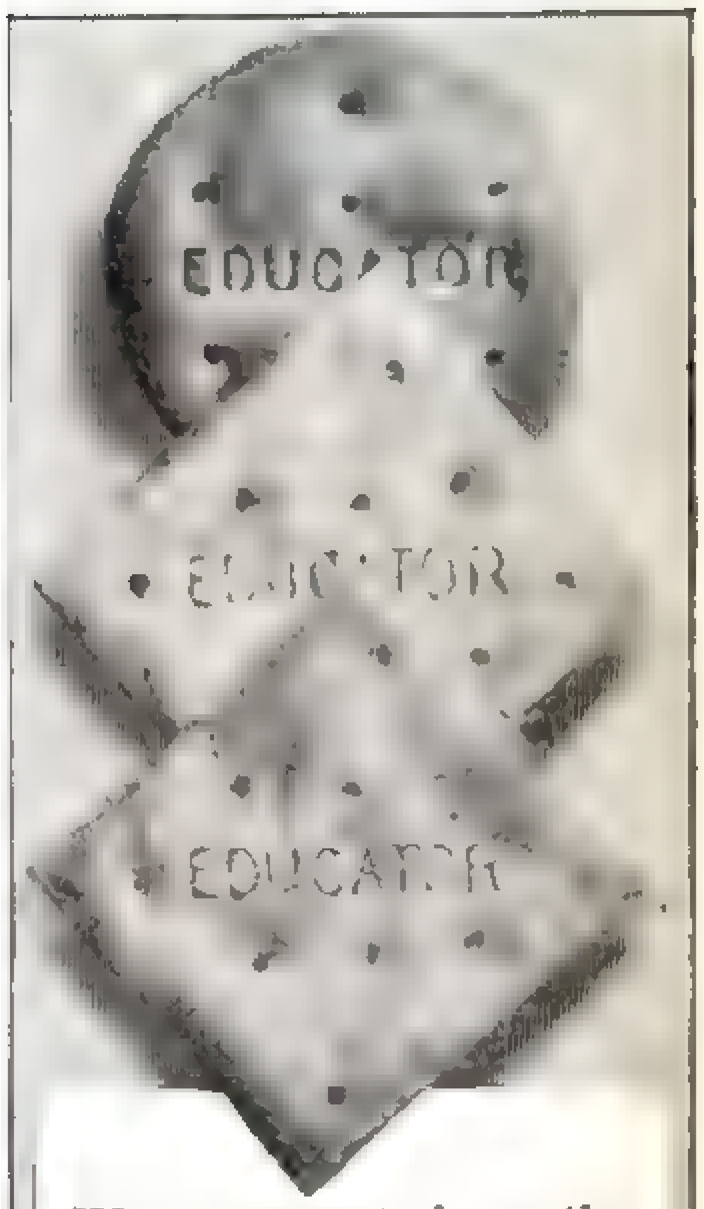
Scientific Proof—By J. W. Foley

If we square a lump of pemmican
And cube a pot of tea,
Divide a musk ox by the span
From noon to half-past three;
If we calculate the Eskimo
By solar parallax,
Divide the sextant by a floe
And multiply the cracks
By nth-powered igloos, we may prove
All correlated facts.

If we prolongate the parallel
Indefinitely forth,
And cube a sledge till we can tell
The real square root of North;
Bisect a seal and bifurcate
The tangent with a pack
Of Polar ice, we get the rate
Along the Polar track,
And proof of corollary things
Which otherwise we lack

If we multiply the Arctic night
By X times ox times moose,
And build an igloo on the site
Of its hypotenuse;
If we circumscribe an arc about
An Arctic dog and weigh
A segment of it, every doubt
Is made as clear as day.
We also get the price of ice
F. O. B. Baffin's Bay.

If we amplify the Arctic breeze
By logarithmic signs,
And run through the wireless
Imaginary lines,
We find that twice the half of one
Is equal to the whole,
Which, when the calculus is done,
Quite demonstrates the Pole.
It also gives its length and breadth
And what's the price of coal.



We want you to know the difference between

EDUCATOR CRACKERS

and the other kinds you usually get. So, if you will forward your name and address (and if you please, the name of your dealer), we will send you an assorted box of these delightful crackers. We want you to

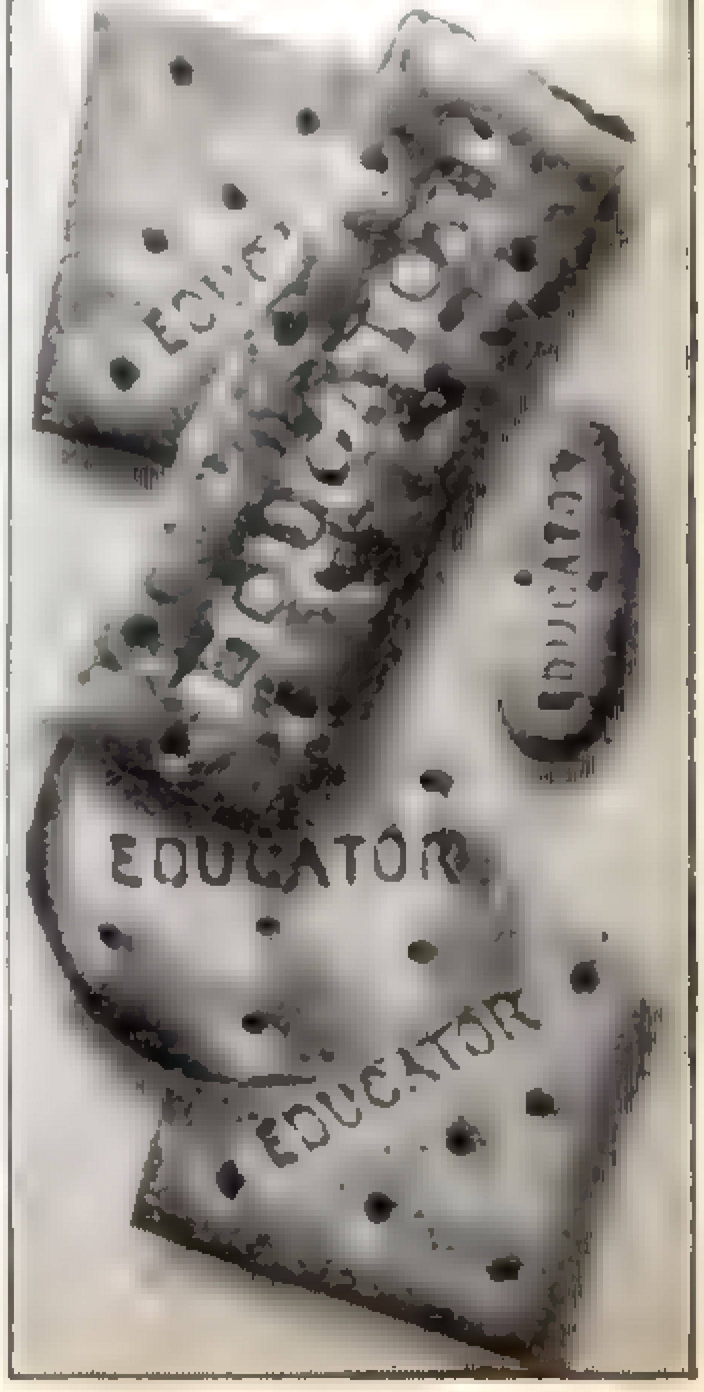
Send for a Trial BOX FREE

because it will contain some of the best liked kinds. The Educator Graham Wafer, a "real" old fashioned unsweetened Graham Cracker delightful when served with tea or luncheon. The Educator Butter Cracker, a shortened entire wheat cracker, the tastiest cracker you ever tasted, and the Fruited Educator, entire wheat flour, Carabuna raisins and best creamery butter.

Won't you try these delicious crackers? Then order the kind you like best from your grocer. If he hasn't them and won't get them for you, we'll supply you direct.

JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD CO.
209 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

The name EDUCATOR is on every Educator Cracker



The Passing of Pink

By HARRIS DICKSON

All is Lost Save the Tombstone

IN THE passing of Pink Redeemer the Knights and Ladies of Calacanthus found no joy. They grieved at the awkward circumstances which prevented them from burying their youngest member with fitting ceremony.

The society had recently been organized at Panther Bayou and its members yearned for their first parade.

"Jes' wait till we turn out," they said to the scoffing Children of David. Now and then some brother, sick unto death, would give their hearts a flutter of hope. But all had got well and that gorgeous regalia still lay untouched beneath the altar in their lodge room.

Then Pink Redeemer passed. Their spirits bubbled upward and sank again, for, by the heedless manner of his cashing in, Pink had violated every rule of etiquette and put a personal affront upon the society.

Aunt Jinsy Moore stopped Sister Mag in the big road. "Dat nigger warn't no credit to de s'ciety, nohow."

Sister Mag set down her bundle of clothes and considered the glittering collar of red and gold which she wouldn't have a chance to wear "Dat's jes' like Pink, to git mixed up in some sech scrape as dat. Warn't no settin' up, an' no sick benefit, an' nobody could turn out to de funeral"

Aunt Jinsy stuck her arms akimbo: "Whut you reckon we gwine ter do when dat tombstone comes? Dey ain't no place to put it, dat stone jes' won't fit nowhar. Don't you remember I war 'posed to 'lectin' Pink in de s'ciety?"

The two women hushed, for they saw a string of negroes coming down the dusty road toward them.

"Huh!" remarked Sister Mag; "here comes de Ven'able Gardeen. But who's dat yaller nigger wid de plug hat on?"

Aunt Jinsy shook her head and watched the strange negro with the plug hat.

"I 'spec' dat's one o' de head leaders o' de s'ciety comin' to see Sis Redeemer. Dey keeps trailin' back and forth like ants—but dat ain't doin' us no good."

Lem Rasberry, the Venerable Guardian, came hobbling along on his bent leg. The man beside him walked erect, conscious of the attention that his shiny hat attracted. After them followed three negro men with the solemn step suited to the occasion.

"Jes' look at dat," grumbled Aunt Jinsy. "Dat ain't no kind of a peerade fer de Callies. Huh!"

Before the mournful procession reached them the two women had stepped to one side of the road to avoid three white men on horseback who came from the opposite direction.

Brother Rasberry then introduced the stranger: "Sis Moore and Sis Wilkins, dis is Brudder Tap Hawkins, Supreme Treasurer of de Knights. We's goin' to pay Sister Redeemer's policy."

"Dat sho wuz a shame about Pink," burst out Aunt Jinsy.

Rasberry clutched her by the arm and whispered: "Hush! Hush! Dem white folks might hear you. 'Twon't do to be talkin' 'bout Pink."

He glanced meaningly at the Treasurer. The white men rode by, nodded pleasantly, and got well out of hearing before Lem dared to speak again. Then he gathered the negroes in a huddled group and whispered: "When dese white folks takes a notion to hang a nigger dey don't talk about it deirselves; an' you know dey ain't gwine ter let niggers be oratin' it around. Ef a strange nigger was to come down here axin' questions about Pink dey'd jes' hang him widout sayin' Boo" The Treasurer shut his lips very tight and moved on.

"Come along, sisters, it's gittin' late," suggested the Venerable Guardian. "We wants you to witness dat Sis Redeemer's policy is paid"

Sister Mag picked up her bundle and the two women fell into line behind the men.

Ever since the night when Lem Rasberry crept from cabin to cabin, telling how the white folks hanged Pink in the Panther Bayou Swamp, old Aunt Polly, clad in deepest black, had received visits of condolence. Her veil flowed upon the floor and she scarcely lifted her head from the table. They filed into her front room and solemnly took their seats.

"Dis is de Supreme Treasurer," explained Brother Rasberry. "He is come to pay yo' policy."

"Yes, yes," said the old woman; then remembered to drop her head becomingly upon the table.

The Treasurer cleared his throat, wiped his specs and took some papers out of his pocket. Then he began his speech about the Noble Order of Calacanthus that watched over its members in sickness wiped away the tears of widows, and erected a beautiful tombstone to the memory of each departed brother.

Aunt Polly tried to listen patiently; Rasberry's furtive eyes watched that packet of papers to see where the money was coming from.

While the Treasurer eulogized the late lamented, Pink Redeemer himself sneaked out of the woods behind the little cabin and crouched at his mother's back fence. It was not quite dark enough for him to climb the fence, so he crawled under it and crept on hands and knees down the cotton row toward the stable. Without lifting his head he disappeared into the stable door. Then he listened and heard a strange voice in the house. "Dem niggers sho do meddle wid ma's bizness; 'tain't no keepin' de house clear of 'em."

But Pink had a way to let his mother know. At the stable door an old plowshare was hanging on a wire. For years this had been the bell that Aunt Polly used to summon her husband from the field at dinnertime. She did not need it for Pink, as Pink rarely went to the field and was never late at dinner.

Pink took up a piece of iron and tapped the plowshare, then stepped back into the stable. He waited, and his mother did not appear; so he gave the signal again.

Pink Redeemer's call startled his bereaved mother at a critical moment. The Treasurer was just remarking: "I calls your 'tention to de fact that it is just eleven days since dis unfortunate young man was called to his reward. Dere ain't no doctor's certificate like de policy calls for, an' dere ain't no undertaker's certificate. De coroner ain't held no inques', cause dere warn't no remains. Some o' de lodges—I ain't callin' no names—would make a heap o' trouble, but we ain't sayin' nuthin'. We knows de reason. Our bizness is to pay, an' dat's whut I come here fer." With that he reached into his breast pocket and drew out a fat envelope. Then it was that Pink struck his jarring note upon the plowshare. But Pink never did have any tact.

The clear reverberation jangled through the room; Lem Rasberry wriggled around in his seat, then got up and edged closer to the Treasurer.

At the first call Sis Redeemer sprang to her feet, took one step toward the money and looked backward out of the window to the stable. The Treasurer proceeded calmly as if no calamity were impending: "It now becomes my pleasant duty to pay into the hands of the Ven'able Gardeen of dis lodge de sum of three hundred dollars fer Sister Redeemer——"

Then the plowshare rang out again. Sis Redeemer gasped. If she didn't go to Pink, Pink might come to her. If she did go to Pink, old Lem would put the money in his pocket. It was no situation for an honest woman.

For one crucial instant she hesitated in agony, then blurted out: "Hole on, Brudder Treasurer! Cows in de cornfield. I'll come right back." She waited long enough to see the Treasurer hold tight to the money while Rasberry backed into his chair and sat down. Out of the back door she went and shut it tight behind her.

"Huh!" grunted Aunt Jinsy. "Ain't dat jes' like Sis Redeemer, spilin' a nice speech same as Pink spiled de funeral?"

Sis Redeemer rushed to the stable and hurled two hundred and fifty pounds of wrath against Pink, who stood in the door.

"Git in dar an' hush dis fuss——"

Real nourishment

You cannot realize until you try them what rich body-building nourishment there is in Campbell's Soups.

They are condensed and meaty and full-flavored. We use whole quarters of prime beef and mutton for our meat-stock. This broth is so strong and concentrated that if we allow it to cool and "jell" it will hold up a 150-pound weight. Our poultry is choice and plump and fresh. And there's plenty of it in Campbell's Chicken Soup. Our vegetables are brought right in just as they are picked—fresh and tender—from the famous New Jersey market-gardens all about us; and made into soup the same day.

You couldn't give your family a more wholesome and satisfying food than

Campbell's SOUPS

Prove for yourself how good they are. That is the only way to know. You cannot judge them by the price. Order a few cans of your grocer today.

If not satisfied he returns your money.

What could be a fairer test than that?

21 kinds 10c a can

Tomato
Vegetable
Ox Tail
Mock Turtle
Chicken
Mulligatawny
Tomato-Okra
Clam Chowder
Clam Bouillon
Celery
Beef
Julienne
Asparagus
Consommé
Pea
Bouillon
Printanier
Pepper Pot
Mutton Broth
Vermicelli-Tomato
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Campbell's
SOUP

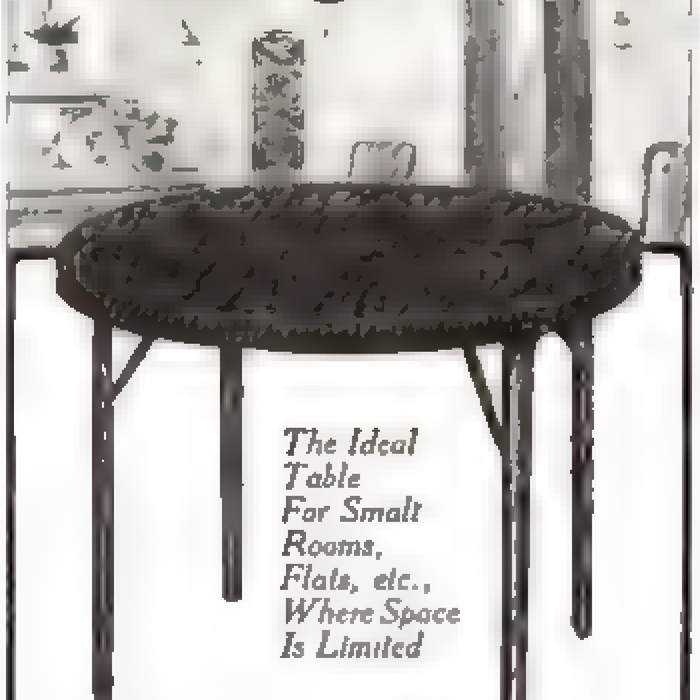
Look for the red-and-white label

We would like to send you a copy of Campbell's Menu Book, free, if you'll write for it. Beside its 90 sensible menus it contains many practical suggestions that even an experienced house-wife will find helpful.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

Gracious me! what can it be
That shadow round and fat?
This soup I know,
Makes youngsters grow,
But do I look like that?

Lightweight
PEERLESS
Folding
Dining Table



The Ideal Table For Small Rooms, Flats, etc., Where Space Is Limited

THE beauty, utility and remarkable strength of the Peerless Folding Table is a revelation.

A table of unusual convenience that can be taken anywhere and instantly folded or unfolded; a table with a beautiful natural wood top; elegant enough for any function—strong enough for any service—such is the Lightweight Peerless Folding Dining Table. Weighs 22 pounds, size 48 inches in diameter, seats eight. Harmonizes with any furnishings.

Many other styles from 24 to 48 inches in diameter, for sewing tables, cards, porch tables, for parties, etc. Tops of leatherette, felt or three-ply natural wood.

Examine them at your dealer's. If he doesn't handle our tables, write for catalogue, and we will tell you one who does or supply you direct.

Carrom-Archarena Company,
Ludington, Mich.

12 lb Peerless supporting 1002 lbs.
An Actual Photograph

Peerless Table Folded

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS
The Useful and Beautiful Holiday Gift

At Regular Price 50 cts.

In holiday boxes unequalled for their striking beauty. Greatly lower your Christmas expense, yet maintain the high standard of your gifts.

Excelling by far all our previous beautiful holiday boxes. Three designs, The Lady in Yellow, Fair Rosamond and The Bachelor Girl.

President Suspenders always please. Their durability, comfort and exclusive styles are unequalled. Light or medium weights. Extra lengths for tall men. Also youths' size. *Every pair guaranteed.*

Order today. At all dealers. *Or write us direct.* We mail to any address, enclosing presentation card if you wish.

Send 25c for our beautiful 1910 calendar having all these superb box designs.

THE C. A. EDGARTON
MFG. COMPANY
717 Main St., Shirley, Mass.

Famous Anglo Export MANTLE

can be tied in a knot without injury. High class [illegible] wanted in every locality. Excellent chance to secure a permanent business. Sample 25c each or $2.10 per dozen prepaid.

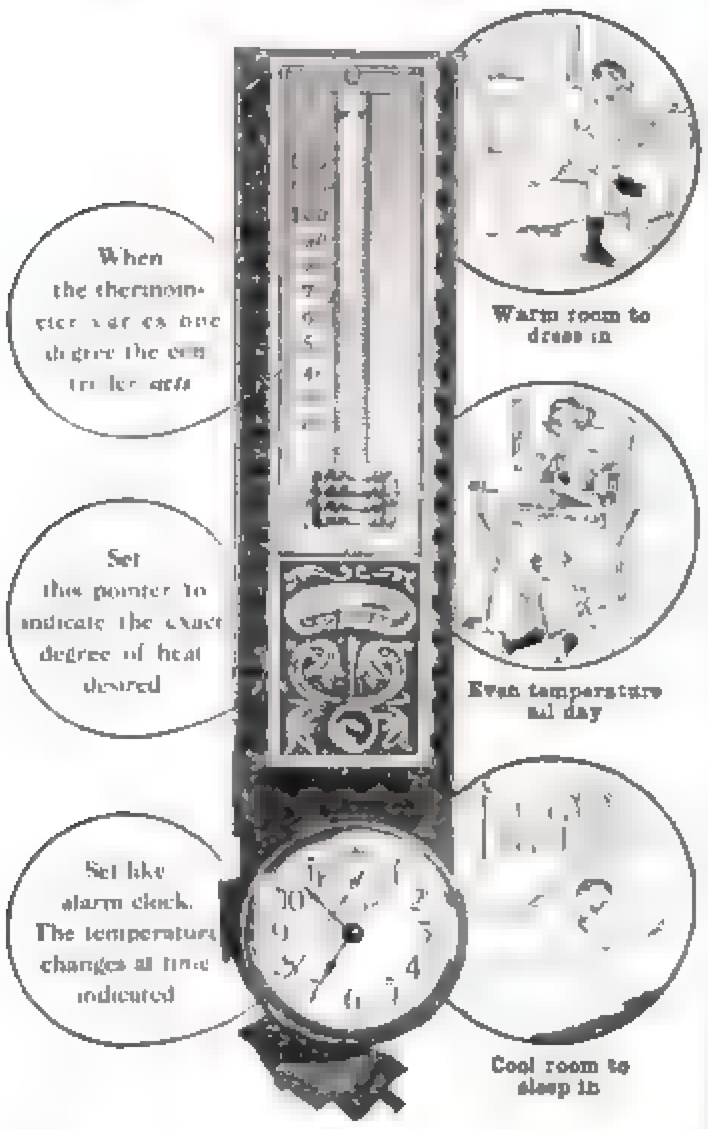
Different from all other mantles. Exclusive territory. Our references Any Bank in the U. S. or Canada.

Catalogue free upon request.

Anglo American Inc. Light Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

WARM when you want it — JUST the heat you want,
COOL when you want it — WHEN ever you want it.

The JEWELL Heat Controller


When the thermometer varies one degree the controller acts
Warm room to dress in
Set this pointer to indicate the exact degree of heat desired
Even temperature all day
Set like alarm clock. The temperature changes at time indicated
Cool room to sleep in

Saves you all the troubles and worry of regulating drafts of your heater by constantly maintaining any temperature you desire. Saves all thought of having to get up to open the drafts on cold mornings. By means of the automatic time clock attachment. To cool off the house at night, simply set the pointer for 60° or 65° or whatever you wish. Then set the clock attachment to the *morning* temperature desired. When you arise in the morning your house will be warm and comfortable.

The **Jewell** saves from 20 to 30 per cent. on coal—it prevents fires [illegible] making accidental fire from overheated furnaces impossible.

It doesn't matter whether you heat with steam, warm air, hot water, city steam or natural gas. Have a Jewell Heat Controller in your house on

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Write today for booklet "The House Comfortable," prices and full information regarding this free trial offer. Make the Jewell Heat [illegible] before [illegible]

The Jewell is recommended [illegible] heating apparatus.

THE JEWELL MFG. CO., 18 Greene Street, Auburn, N. Y.

TORREY RAZORS

HOLD THE KEENEST EDGE

This is our No. "136" — a perfect razor for any beard or face. Price $2.50 postpaid, if not at dealers. Other styles from $1.50 up — all fully guaranteed.

Ask for Torrey Razors and strops and insist on getting them.

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE

Tells how to shave and how to care for a razor. Contains many good points that every shaver should know.

THE J. R. TORREY RAZOR CO.,
Dept. A. Worcester, Mass.

Established 1858 and [illegible]

Handkerchiefs 10c Fine [illegible] hems [illegible] each. Buy one and you will buy more. Any quantity mailed on receipt of price. Baker Trading Co., Dept. 5, 263 Manhattan Ave., N. Y.

PLAYS and Entertainments PLAYS
Catalog of thousands sent
FREE! FREE! FREE!
Address SAM'L FRENCH, 34 W. 22d Street, New York

"Look here, Ma, how much longer is I got to stay hid out in dese woods? I'm plum wore out."

His mother slammed him down on a pile of hay: "Shut up, fool! Dat man's in dere right now payin' me de money. Keep yo' mouf shut an' don't bust up de trade."

She revolved majestically and waddled back toward the house. Pink poked his head out of the door and called: "Ma! Oh, Ma!"

He spoke with such loud indiscretion that Sis Redeemer snatched up a billet of wood and started toward him, saying "I lay I'll make you hush."

Pink threw up his elbow and whispered: "Ma, don't let ole Lem put his claws on dat money. We won't git a cent atter all dis trouble."

"I'll 'tend to dat." Sister Redeemer shook the ground as she strode back to the house.

Darkness had almost come. Anxiety gnawed at Pink's vitals, so he took a chance. He slipped out of the stable and crept to his mother's window. The country was safe, for Sis Redeemer controlled the currency. Pink's mouth watered as he gazed at the fat roll of bills gripped in the fat woman's hand. Then he glared at the other negroes. "Why don't dey go on away? Dey done 'tended to deir bizness," he muttered. "Keep a-settin' roun' lak a lot o' buzzards—think maybe dey gwine ter git some pickins off o' Ma."

The Treasurer talked on—like the rumble of a drum. Old Lem fixed his cat's eyes on the roll of bills and licked his chops.

"Brudders," he suggested, "won't you please 'scort de Supreme Treasurer to de lodge? I's got to go a roundabout way past my house."

By a little coaxing and pushing Rasberry got the Treasurer to put on his plug hat and backed him successfully out of the front door. At the same instant Pink burst in from the kitchen and demanded: "Gimme my half."

"Gimme my half," spoke the Venerable Guardian in the same breath.

Sis Redeemer stuffed both halves into her bosom and folded her powerful arms across it. "Huh! Dat wouldn't leave none fer me."

"I got to go. Gimme my half," old Lem doggedly repeated.

"Go 'long; nobody ain't hinderin' you," sneered Pink.

"I'm gwine to keep dis money," and Sis Redeemer sat down with her arms folded. "Ain't my name on de policy?"

"Dat don't signify nuthin'," argued Lem. "Ain't I de one what showed you how to work it?"

Then Pink put in his claim, and it was a clincher. "Ain't I de one whut's dead? Couldn't neither one of you got a cent widout me."

The dog failed to assert his rights, but if he had not barked all would have been lost save honor. Lem ran to the door and glanced out. "Hurry up! Treasurer is comin' back and won't none of us git no money."

"Git out o' here, Pink," ordered his mother.

Pink sat down permanently and showed his teeth.

Then both of the men sprang up and each of them grabbed a fat arm. Aunt Polly lay back with all her weight. "Bofe you spindlin' niggers can't take nary a nickel away from me."

"All right," said Rasberry, stepping to the door; "I'll holler to de Treasurer dat I cotch Pink in de house and didn't know nuthin' 'bout him bein' alive. De lodge members will git dat money and turn you out besides."

The gate clicked and hurried a quick division. Rasberry stepped on the gallery with a hundred in his pocket; Sis Redeemer smiled over his shoulder, and Pink went hotfoot through the cotton patch on his way to the woods.

Rasberry caught the Treasurer by the arm and led him gently away. As they passed out of the gate the Treasurer turned. "Sister Redeemer," he said, "I hopes you'll buy a little home for yo' ole age. You ain't got no son to suppote you."

Rasberry grinned, and Sister Redeemer spoke her mind: "No, suh; I's tired livin' in a little home, and I ain't never had enough o' ridin'. I'm gwine to trabble—fust on de railroad cars an' den on de steamboat."

. . . .

There was a blare of revelry by day. Vicksburg crowded to the edge of its sidewalks and watched the Knights of Calacanthus go marching by. Banners fluttered, drums boomed, fifes screamed and bassoons muttered their deep content. Long-legged negroes in short breeches marched opposite to short-legged negroes in long breeches in solemn double line, with white gloves across their breasts.

"Git out de way. I's a member o' dis s'ciety. Lemme see de peerade. Dis band sets me plum crazy!"

Sis Redeemer, in a violent pink dress and a green hat, burst through the fringe of spectators and shoved herself into the front rank nearest the drum. The neat yellow woman who had been pushed aside turned angrily, for the martial music had stirred her fighting blood. But the face that she saw was so fat, so black, so good-humored, that she smiled instead of scowling.

"My name's Sis Redeemer. Dis music sho do make me feel good. What's yo' name, lady?" But she rattled on, too full of joy to care about the other woman's name.

"Lordy, chile, I ain't never been to town befo'. See here." She showed a ribbon as wide as a plank, with the word "Member" painted on it. "I's a member o' dis s'ciety. Does you belong? No? You sho ought to jine. Dey paid me three hundred dollars and I come to see de peerade. Lordy, ain't it gran'?"

Nodding plumes of green she bore—like Guinevere's. But she did not seem a part of gentle spring. Sis Redeemer was summer—panting, generous summer—odorous summer—the very middle of midsummer.

The band went by. Three men struggled along with a glittering banner: "Grand Lodge, Knights and Ladies of Calacanthus of Europe, Asia, Africa and America." She could not read a line, but the gold-and-red letters looked mighty good. Behind the band came a carriage drawn by four horses. Within sat an Oriental potentate whose tall red hat was mitered like a bishop's. His velvet gown was draped in graceful folds across the seat in front. On either side rode fierce-looking horsemen with battleaxes. Sis Redeemer stared. "In de name o' Gawd, what's dat?"

The little woman answered: "Dat's de Universe Dictator."

"How come? I ain't never heerd o' him."

"He's de main boss."

"Boss of all dese?" Sis Redeemer glanced at the long parade and lapsed into silence. Suddenly she remembered. "I got a friend in dere—mighty good friend. Knows him well. He's de delegate from New Hope lodge."

Negroes, negroes, negroes went trailing by, stately, decorous and dignified.

Without warning Sis Redeemer flopped into the street. "Howdy, Brudder Rasberry, howdy." A policeman trundled her back to the sidewalk, but she kept talking. "Yon he; dat'n' wid de bent leg an' de beaver hat. He c'lected three hundred dollars for me."

"Did you git all dat money?" asked the little woman.

"Sho did, chile. Got it right here." She struck her pocket with a resounding whack as if some brawny hostler had slapped a horse in the flank.

Lem Rasberry heard the shout and saw that a bunch of trouble was going on under the green hat.

He had been strutting grandly with his beaver, holding one hand upon his breast and the other at his back. "Got dat three hundred"—the words rose clearly above the din and his bent leg froze at a right angle. He ducked and dodged across to his partner in the opposite line: "Git over dere, Jim; lemme walk on dis side."

Sis Redeemer turned and glanced along the line. Rasberry had vanished. She searched the procession anxiously, particularly the legs thereof, that being Rasberry's prominent feature. Then she spied him, trying to sneak past her by keeping behind a carriage.

"Dar he is!"

She broke the line like a center-rush and grabbed her delegate around the neck.

"I sho is glad to meet up wid you. Jes' as soon as we got dat money I started trabbeling. Ain't it gran', dis peerade?"

Rasberry struggled, but she had a hundred pounds advantage besides the stranglehold. His beaver hat fell to the ground and the parade congested behind him.

"Sho do feel good—trabbeling on de steam cars wid plenty o' ice water. Pink he gone plum to N'Yawleens ——"

Karpenbed. A handsome, luxurious davenport by day, [illegible] hygienic, sanitary and economical.

Karpen Pieces for Christmas Presents

You can not think of a more acceptable Christmas present than Karpen Trademarked and Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture —

A chair either in leather or fabric, a library table, a davenport, a lounge, one of the new Karpen davenport beds, or a Karpen suite.

This is the only trademarked and guaranteed upholstered furniture in the world — the only upholstered furniture that bears the maker's name.

2983

It is pre-eminently the furniture with the heirloom quality — holding its form, and beauty, and fitness for service through generations of use.

Surely an ideal Christmas gift! One to remind the recipient of the giver year after year, and to afford pleasure and satisfaction through a lifetime.

Look for the Karpen Trademark. You will find it on every piece of genuine Karpen furniture. It stands for everything the furniture is represented to be, inside as well as out. It means the finest materials, perfect construction and finish — Karpen oil tempered steel springs, the kind specified by the United States Government — hair filling instead of excelsior — Karpen Sterling Leather, the tough natural grain outside of the hide instead of split leather so commonly used.

Yet Karpen Furniture Costs You No More Than the Commonplace

For the same money that is asked for the nameless unguaranteed kind, you can have genuine Karpen furniture. You need have no fear for your Christmas gift if it is a Karpen piece or a Karpen suite.

Behind the trademark stands the great house of Karpen. Your dealer is authorized by us to replace the piece absolutely free, should any defect of material or workmanship develop, even after years of use.

Why then take chances on the unknown and commonplace?

In the wide range of Karpen Style you will find the only authoritative reproductions of the work of the masters — Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite — and of the famous periods Flemish, Early English, Colonial, Mission, etc. Or the many new and exclusive Karpen designs of grace and harmony that are entitled to place in this company.

5791

Send for the Karpen Free Style Book S. N.

It tells you facts that every furniture buyer should know: how to judge furniture, and to protect yourself from fraud.

72 pages — a foot and four inches deep and nearly a foot wide — show over 500 illustrations of Karpen pieces, all made from actual photographs. The book contains many full page interiors drawn for us by leading decorators, giving you ideas for furnishing your own home.

With the free book we will give you the name of a dealer authorized to make you a special introductory price. Write today.

S. Karpen & Bros.
Karpen Building, CHICAGO
Karpen Building, NEW YORK

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture
TRADE MARK

1829 Karpen pieces have been used in furnishing the new U. S. Senate office building throughout. Karpen Furniture was specified in competition with manufacturers everywhere. (17)

3311 - Modern English Rocker, solid mahogany, leather.

3371 — Colonial Rocker, solid mahogany or oak, leather.

An Idea Followed Out

The founder of the house of Stein-Bloch, who was a tailor of advanced ideas, originated the idea of high-grade, ready-to-wear clothes fifty-five years ago.

It is said that he made an epoch.

His ideas, followed out scrupulously by the house he established, have done for the appearance of men what the telephone, thirty years later, did for their convenience.

Stein-Bloch clothes enable business men, professional men, and younger men in salaried positions, in all the cities and towns of the country, to wear clothes whose fashion is fully authenticated in America and England—to be well dressed, at a price that saves your bank account and your self-respect.

No exaggeration of cut or weave—nothing to remove the feeling of close fellowship between Stein-Bloch ready-to-wear clothes and the sixty to eighty dollar suit made by the most exclusive of city tailors.

This can be *confidently* said of Stein-Bloch clothes alone. The Fall and Winter sack suits, frock suits, evening suits, overcoats and storm coats are ready for your immediate service at your best clothiers. Examine their character; try them on.

"Smartness," the photographically illustrated book of world-wide styles, mailed free.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL. It means 55 years of Knowing How

The Stein-Bloch Co
Wholesale Tailors

THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.
Tailors for Men

Offices and Shops: Rochester, N. Y.
New York: Fifth Ave. Bldg

LONDON
SELFRIDGE & CO., Ltd.
Oxford St., West

"Hush!" Rasberry whispered. "You oughtn't to be talkin' 'bout dat. Dese 'spicious niggers might git me in trouble."

"Trouble! trouble!" Sister Redeemer laughed loud and heartily. "I'll pay you out. I got money."

"Shut up! Dey'll send us to jail."

"Send us nowhar!" snorted the old woman, looking round her for an enemy. Rasberry dived through the crowd and left the parade to untangle itself

Sis Redeemer brushed aside the disordered lines and found the yellow woman again. She straightened her hat with an angry toss -then laughed derisively. "Dese country niggers ain't got a bit o' sense. Dere's ole Lem Rasberry, comes to town an' gits his foot in de big road what's got a sidewalk all de way 'cross—makes 'im so proud he can't stop an' talk wid his friends."

The procession passed in a whirl Sis Redeemer dragged the yellow woman into the human eddy behind it

"Whar you gwine?" the little woman asked.

"Gwine to de meetin' Come 'long."

"I can't go. Dey won't let me in."

"Huh! Reckon dey'll hatter let you in ef you goes wid me—I's a member. See dis badge?"

Canaan Church was bulging full of delegates, filling the seats, crowding the aisles, blocking the doors. Palmetto fans racketed the heavy air from one sweaty face to another. By sheer weight Sister Redeemer burst through the congestion around the ice-water barrel and got a seat near the rostrum. She squeezed in and saw Lem Rasberry immediately in front. "Ain't dis luck?" she remarked jovially, but Lem restrained his enthusiasm.

Sister Redeemer squirmed and twisted, and her tall green plumes bobbed up and down as she confided to every neighbor her financial and fraternal status

"Dis is my delegate right here"; and she tapped Lem on the shoulder. "Ef you wants to c'lect any money jes' git him." The Venerable Guardian cowered in his corner.

The gavel rapped and a slender black man called the Grand Lodge to order. During the address of welcome and response Sister Redeemer limited her comments to a running whisper. But when the chairman introduced the Grand Supreme Dictator of the Universe of the Knights and Ladies of Calacanthus of Europe, Asia, Africa and America, Sister Redeemer's voice broke out in glory. This modestly-described personage wore a flaring collar of blue and red and green, with golden stars and dangling lace. His velvet robe tumbled in bloody billows across the floor. Sis Redeemer caught her breath and gasped: "Lawd Gawd, jes' look at dat!"

"Hush," whispered the yellow woman.

Every fan stopped in the stillness, then moved lightly back and forth again. Delegates mopped their glistening faces.

Sis Redeemer listened in silence until the Dictator mentioned the promptness with which his noble order paid their death claims. Then she rose: "Dat's what Gawd loves, dat's de troof. Paid me three hundred dollars in 'leven days."

The delegates cheered wildly; even the Dictator smiled. He whispered to a slim boy, who left the rostrum and made his way to Sis Redeemer. The boy asked questions in a low tone, but Sis Redeemer's voice was not made for whispers. "Dey sho did—paid me three hundred dollars cash in 'leven days."

"What is your name?"

"Sister Polly Redeemer, New Hope Lodge 263. Hole on here, boy; lemme tell you all about it——" The slim boy wriggled away and hurried back to the Dictator.

The Dictator waited for the psychological moment. Then he lifted his hand "We have in our midst a bereaved mother whose tears have been wiped away. I call upon Sister Redeemer of New Hope Lodge. Was your policy promptly paid?"

Like a pink hippopotamus she rose and shook her plumes. "Brudders and sisters," she said, "my boy was a member o' dis s'ciety and dey paid me three hundred dollars. He passed away like on a Monday night, and on a Thursday of de next week here comes my money. I got it in my pocket now——" The Dictator waved his hand for her to sit down, but she kept standing and fumbling in her pocket. The Dictator conferred with the Treasurer, read from a small book, and proceeded: "Our departed brother, Pink Redeemer, joined this order on the twenty-fourth day of April. Died August 14. He paid two dollars and thirty-five cents and got three hundred dollars that's a pretty good profit. The doctor's certificate shows ——" The Treasurer touched the Dictator's sleeve: "Better quit talking about that policy we're investigating it."

. . . .

Late that night the committee on claims was still investigating and the chairman was still unsatisfied.

"Brudder Treasurer," he demanded, "how come you to pay dis claim so quick? Dere ain't no doctor's stifikit, an' no undertaker's stifikit, an' no member ain't seen him atter he was dead."

"You see," explained the Treasurer, "it was a new lodge, an' we hadn't never paid a benefit. Bein's as dat war de fust one I went down myself. We wanted to show 'em how quick we could pay, 'specially as de Chillun o' David war so slow 'bout givin' out money." He glanced around cautiously and lowered his tone: "De white folks lynched Brother Redeemer, dat's how come dere warn't no doctor an' no undertaker."

"Dat's all right," insisted the chairman. "It's all right to pay fer dead niggers, but you oughter know good an' well dat dey is dead befo' you pay fer 'em. Here's Lem Rasberry's name signed to dis paper; and here's dese letters sayin' dat Pink got lynched and 'twouldn't be good fer niggers to come up dere an' inquire. I don't believe no sech foolishness. Send fer Lem Rasberry."

Rasberry was easy to send for and hard to get. But they got him, and the chairman shot straight at the mark: "Look here, Brudder Rasberry, what about Pink Redeemer? How come him to die?"

Rasberry looked around at the windows and the door, then spoke mysteriously "You see it was jes' dis way. Pink warn't actin' right and de white folks took him out in de woods. You know how 'tis wid 'em. Dey don't 'low nobody to come aroun' stirrin' up talk about sech as dat."

The chairman shook his head. "Don't make no diffunce; dere's yer dead nigger, ain't it?"

Rasberry promptly explained: "But suppose dey throws him in de river, den dere he ain't. An' how is you gwine to git him. He don't need no doctor, no coroner an' no undertaker."

"Did anybody see 'im when he got kilt?"

"White folks seen him."

"No niggers?"

"Didn't no niggers want to see 'im. Dey ain't gwine to meddle wid white folks' bizness. Dem white folks jes' racks 'long 'tending to bizness an' let's it go at dat."

The Dictator nodded to the chairman and they let Rasberry go. "We'll investigate that case," he said

. . . .

Nobody would have suspected Jim Monroe, who came to Panther Bayou with the first batch of cotton-pickers. Jim worked swiftly, and the other pickers tried to keep their rows even with his, so as to hear his stories.

When night came he festooned his gangling length along some negro's steps, twanged his guitar and the crowd gathered. In spite of every inquiry he could get no information about the hanging of Pink Redeemer, except through Lem Rasberry Surely the children would know it, and they would not have sense enough to keep it quiet. The only tangible evidence he had was Pink Redeemer's tombstone which stood on his mother's front gallery.

Then Jim tried the white folks, and one night at the store he heard the bookkeeper mention Pink

"Ain't dat de feller what got hung?" Jim asked innocently.

"No, not yet; but he will some day."

Jim understood white men and he knew that this one was not joking. The same night, hanging around Sis Redeemer's cabin, he saw something. By noon next day the Dictator and Treasurer were on the ground.

Jim Monroe had treed Pink Redeemer in his mother's house. With two society members he approached from the rear, while the Dictator, Treasurer and volunteers surrounded the front. Skittish as Rasberry was about joining the raid he dared not stay away.

Jim's skirmishers had deployed behind the stable when a hubbub arose in the house. "Look out, men! He's breakin' fer de woods." Jim hustled to the front and stopped, transfixed with amazement.

Cigars and Bird Dogs

Men who travel to the far West on shooting trips and take a brace of well broken setters with them are men who can afford to and generally do smoke what they please.

An eastern customer of mine informs me that when he went into the baggage car in the evening to feed and water his dogs for the night while his train was passing through Western Nebraska, he was surprised to see a number of my packages of cigars in charge of the express messenger.

He says they looked like a friend from home, and he inquired of the messenger if they carried many of them, and was informed that "we never make a trip without a lot of them."

I mention this incident to indicate the kind of men who are my customers and the wide ramification of my business.

There is no State in the Union to which I do not ship thousands of cigars practically on trial. I always say: "Send back the remainder if they don't suit, and no charge for those smoked."

It is also significant of the quality of my customers that nearly all my bills are paid by check or bank draft.

My Panatela has a filler of clear, clean, long Havana leaf, *grown in Cuba*—and nothing else. The wrapper is genuine Sumatra, and the cigars are hand-made throughout by expert men cigar-makers.

Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

If you are at all skeptical, it costs nothing to either prove or dispel your doubts.

MY OFFER IS:—I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatela Cigars on approval to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

In ordering please inclose business card or give personal references and state whether mild, medium or strong cigars are desired.

Will you try fifty at my risk? They will be sent to you free on trial.

Address HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Inc.
913 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Brighton
Garters

in Christmas Boxes

From now until the holiday period you can get the famous Brighton Flat Clasp Garters in handsome Christmas boxes, specially designed and decorated for the gift season No extra charge. At your dealers 25 cents—or we will mail them direct to you

Pioneer Suspender Company
718 Market Street Philadelphia

CATALOGUE
Beautifully FREE Illustrated
CHRISTMAS GIFTS
For all the Family
Everything for Christmas except the Tree
Thousands of articles conveniently indexed

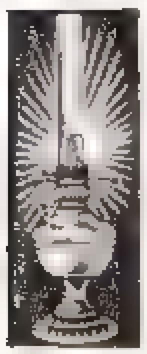
You can do your Xmas shopping this year without extravagance [illegible] postal card [illegible] gifts [illegible] Your friends will be delighted [illegible] If they are not perfectly pleased [illegible] entirely satisfied, your selection [illegible] exchanged or your money refunded [illegible]

READ ABOUT

Xmas Tree Novelties	Page 352
Xmas Leather Goods	Page 288
Xmas Books	Page 327
Men's Neckwear and Suspenders	Page 180
Watches and Jewelry	Page 262
Cut Glass	Page 426
Xmas Toys	Page 374
Men's and Women's Handkerchiefs	Page 181
Complete index of 2000 articles	Pages 6-11

WRITE A POSTAL NOW
Make your Christmas buying a real pleasure to yourself and friends.
R. H. Macy & Co.'s Attractions Are Their Low Prices
Macys
Dept. 333, R. H. MACY & CO., N. Y., Broadway, 34th and 35th Sts.

Our Newest and Best
Women's Only
$1.75
Delivered
The Antoinette
Made of fine "Comfy felt," noiseless belting leather soles and low heels. Trimmed with ribbon in colors to match. This is perfection in a slipper to cover the whole foot.
Colors
Black, Red, Brown and Gray
Send for CATALOGUE No. 26 showing many new styles.
DANIEL GREEN FELT SHOE CO.
114-116 East 13th Street, New York



Dazzling New Light
If you use oil lamps we have a Special Offer to get you [illegible]
WONDER COAL OIL LAMP
Burns common Kerosene [illegible] 20,000 people now using the "Wonder." Write us today for Special Offer and we will tell you how to get a Lamp Free
United Factories Co., 1290 Factory Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.
Largest Lamp House in U. S. Exclusive Territory Free

Sister Redeemer had burst out of her door and flopped down on Pink's tombstone. "Bress Gawd! Bress Gawd!" she shouted. "My boy's come home! He ain't dad! Everybody come in and see Pink."

This manœuver took the wind out of Jim Monroe's sails. The Dictator and Treasurer gaped at Sis Redeemer.

"Glory! Glory! All you people walk in and shake han's wid Pink."

Rasberry revived with sudden hope and gazed upon Sister Redeemer like a drowning man at a life-preserver. The Grand Lodge officers stood undecided, but inspiration fired Lem. "Hush, Sis Redeemer hush! Pink ain't safe yit. Gittin' away dis time ain't no sign dey'll let him alone. Us gotter hide 'im."

Pink kept his scared eyes upon the floor, willing enough to hide. They slipped into the room where Pink sat, and stood around in silence until the Treasurer blurted out the three hundred dollars which cankered on his mind.

"Done spent it," the old woman announced.

"What did you do with all that money?"

There was a clammy pause for Pink and Rasberry, but Sis Redeemer rose to the occasion. "Trabbeled it up; bought a new dress, an' a hat, an' dat orgin in de corner. Dem thievin' niggers on de steamboat stole de balance, an' Mr. Murdock sent me seben dollars an' six bits to come home."

"That's the truth," said Jim Monroe, for the bookkeeper had told him so.

Rasberry had dodged another snag; but Pink worried through a bad ten minutes stubbornly declaring that he had rather go to jail than tell on the white folks that tried to lynch him.

The Grand Lodge officers drew near the end of their rope and adjourned for a private conference in the kitchen. Rasberry invited himself to preside. They soon abandoned all hopes of recovering the money from Sis Redeemer: "Can't git blood outen a turnip," Rasberry maintained. Then they considered a criminal prosecution, and Rasberry skillfully eliminated himself therefrom: "'Twon't do us no good to put dat po' ole lady in jail. We'll start all dese niggers to thinkin' dey kin git rich outen de Callies. Heaps of 'em might try de same thing."

This suggestion was full of meat. Such advertising would hurt their order. The Dictator wiped his brow and the Treasurer nodded

When the three returned from conference Lem Rasberry promulgated the official decree: "Dis here orgin what Sis Redeemer is got throo a mistake, she's gwine to donate dat to de local lodge. Pink is 'spected to stay lost till dis 'spute wid de white folks blows over. We's done paid fer him once and 'twon't be nuthin' comin' to him next time. Us members ain't to call Pink's name fer nuthin' bekase it's a lodge secret."

Pink Redeemer did not wait for a lithographed invitation to leave, and the back door was good enough for him.

Sister Redeemer, bleeding inwardly on that organ proposition, followed her visitors to the door. As they shuffled down her rickety steps she kicked the "Sacred to" inscription on Pink's monument: "You niggers ain't lef' me nuthin' 'cept dis here chunk o' rock. Come back an' git it. What you reckon I's gwine ter do wid a second-han' tombstone?"

Progress in Pictures

IT IS such a big subject, such an important subject, that of the gathering of pictures, the proper placing of pictures, and the choice of the fitting frames.

It is not only that all this is important to the proper appearance of the home. It is important in its influence on the home-dwellers. For pictures in their influence make unmistakably for mental strengthening and advancement, or else for the reverse.

And, in addition to all that, they are capable of giving a high degree of pleasure, which alone would be reason sufficient for care in their choice.

With most people the greatest obstacle to the proper enjoyment of pictures, to gaining the best advantages from pictures, is the curious and absurd disinclination to get rid of poor ones already in their possession. For, with them, it is once a picture, always a picture. They will change their furniture and their wall-paper, their window-curtains, their table-china, their gowns, their hats. But the picture that hangs on the wall is sacred! As soon as their walls are full it is a case of thus far and no farther. Henceforth they stagnate along what ought to be a line of steady advance. Their pictures jumble time and space—give them space and they remain for all time.

And yet, to continue the acquisition of pictures, to raise the standard, and to do this with the least possible expense—for there are few to whom expense is not a consideration—is not such a difficult matter, after all

The other day a man stood in a picture shop, holding in his hand a print of Holbein's Erasmus, one of those charming brownish ones, with the soft gleam of the tapestried background. It was a picture he had long wished for. Yet he hesitated.

"I haven't a place to put it!" he said. "I have stopped getting pictures. My entire wall space is covered."

But even as he said this the enormity of it came to him. Had he really stopped getting pictures—stopped giving himself one of the keenest and most cultivated of pleasures! It was wrong. It was worse than wrong—it was foolish! "I'll take the picture," he said.

Returning home, he looked carefully over all of his walls. For his idea—his simple and sensible idea—was to take some picture out of its frame and let Erasmus take its place.

None of his pictures was really bad, though some of them expressed enthusiasms that were now tepid. But he had suddenly come to the realization that a picture need not be really bad to be a candidate for the discards. It was enough that he had something that was better

He came to a framed photograph of Carlyle—a relic of twenty years ago, when everybody read Carlyle. It was not a very good photograph, and, anyhow, he was a little tired of having that ill-tempered look facing him forever from the wall. Twice had innocent modern callers asked him, with hushed voice, "Your father?" Well, he would still keep it, but not framed.

The photograph, a smallish one, was within a white mat, with a frame of hand-carved oak. Really, it was not just right The frame was too heavy for the picture, the mat was not of the right tint for it. Why had he not realized this long ago! Out came Carlyle; in went Erasmus. The new picture was of precisely the right size without a mat—and all at once the frame, with its new inclosure, had become a thing of fineness and dignity.

By changing the frame from one picture to the other he had made for economy and at the same time for convenience. With just a single picture it would not be important, but when one begins the practice of looking at all his pictures with the thought of exchange—when one continues to buy new pictures and to put away the old ones—then to store each picture with its frame would soon tax the capacity of even the largest house. Store away, compact and frameless, pictures you are not displaying.

But if a picture or a frame is too bad to keep, why should you keep it? Get rid of it. Give it away—throw it away—sell it—do anything with it. Even if it was a present it is not incumbent on you to keep it; at least not to keep it in sight. No one, whether relative or friend, has the right to give any article of house or personal adornment except with the distinct risk that, if the taste does not meet approval, the gift shall not be kept in sight. To permit otherwise were tyranny indeed. Who was it that drolly and happily suggested that impossible presents of any sort be taken out at night, one by one, and buried? And so, be firm! Get rid of an impossible picture or frame as swiftly as you would of an impossible gown or hat. Don't let it make a strata-like journey: first floor, second floor, third floor, attic.

There are no definite rules or standards. What is one man's meat may be another man's æsthetic poison. What is one man's Carlyle may be another man's Erasmus. Individual taste, individual standards, must determine in each case what to put to the fore and what to banish.

ATLAS
PORTLAND
CEMENT

WE WANT to send you free a book giving complete instructions for building everything about your home, from the simplest doorstep or curb to a stable, or even the home itself. The book

"Concrete Construction About the Home and on the Farm"

has 168 pages of information and illustrations. It tells how to mix the concrete, construct the forms, how to superintend and even do much of the work yourself. It shows how concrete is not only the most attractive and durable but also, in most cases, the least expensive construction for you to use.

But the success of your concrete construction depends on the quality of cement. Atlas Portland Cement is the one brand of cement whose high binding power and uniform quality, whether you buy one barrel or a thousand, is a guarantee of the stability and permanence of whatever you build. It is made in one grade only — the best, and the same for everybody. Atlas is the brand of which the U. S. Government bought 4,500,000 barrels for use on the Panama Canal. Get this book today.

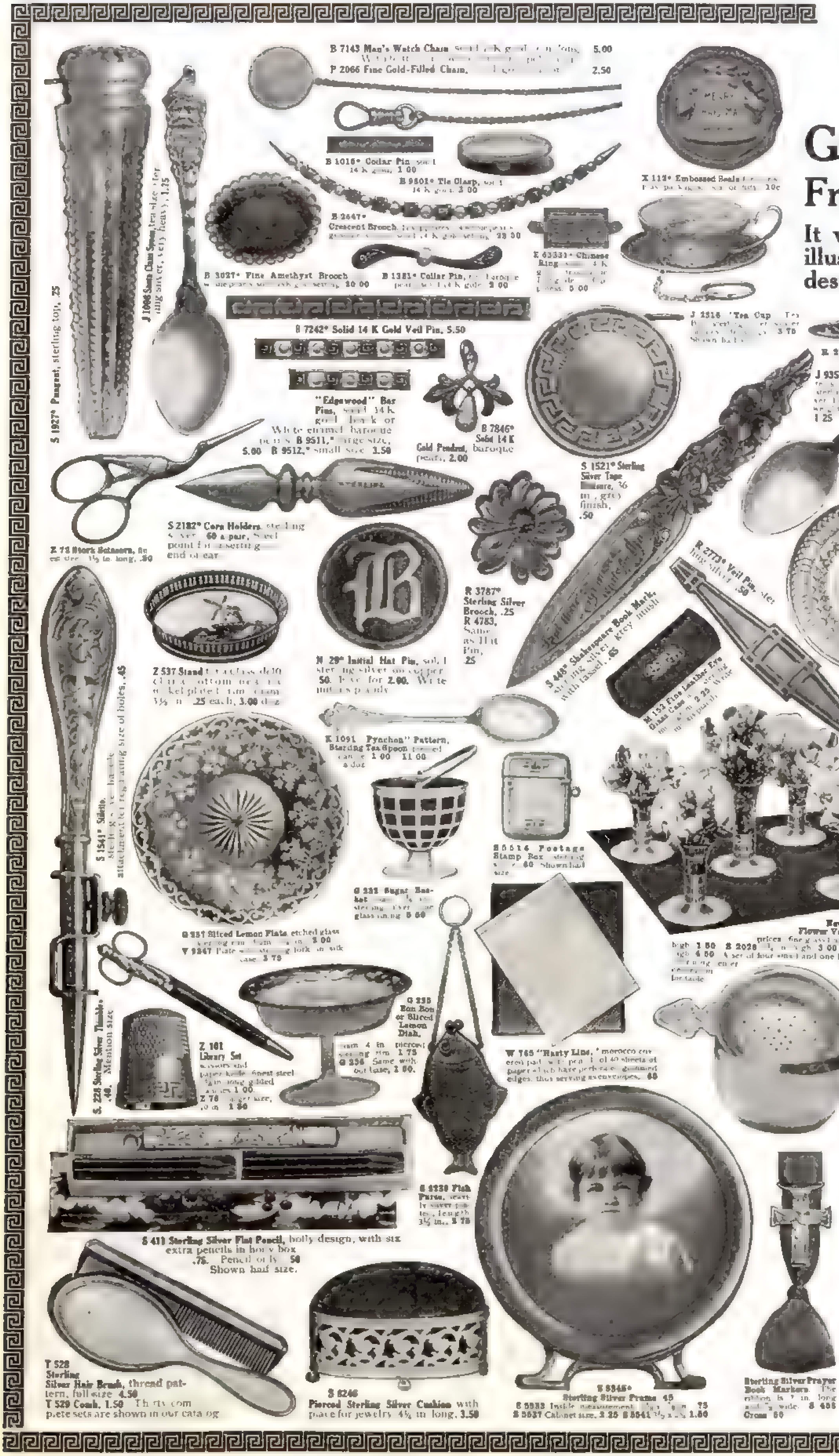
Write also for these books:

Reinforced Concrete in Factory Construction	(delivery charge)	$ .10
Concrete Houses and Cottages	Vol. I. Large Houses	1.00
	Vol. II Small Houses	1.00
Concrete in Highway Construction		1.00
Concrete in Railroad Construction		1.00
Concrete Cottages		Free
Concrete Country Residences	(out of print)	2.00

If your dealer cannot supply you with Atlas, write to

THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT CO.
Dept. 62, 30 Broad Street, New York
Largest Output of any Cement Company in the World—over 50,000 barrels per day.

ATLAS
NONE JUST AS GOOD



S 1927* Pungent, sterling top, .25

J 1066 Santa Claus Spoon, teaspoon size, sterling silver, very heavy, 1.75

B 7143 Man's Watch Chain, [illegible] 5.00
P 2066 Fine Gold-Filled Chain, [illegible] 2.50

B 1016* Collar Pin, solid 14 k gold, 1.00

B 9801* Tie Clasp, solid 14 k gold, 3.00

B 2647* Crescent Brooch, [illegible] 14 k gold setting, 23.00

B 3027* Fine Amethyst Brooch [illegible] setting, 10.00

B 1381* Collar Pin, [illegible] baroque pearl [illegible] 14 k gold, 2.00

X 112* Embossed Seals [illegible] 10c

E 63331* Chinese Ring [illegible] 5.00

J 2318 "Tea Cup" Tea [illegible] 3.75 Shown half [illegible]

B 7242* Solid 14 K Gold Veil Pin, 5.50

"Edgewood" Bar Pins, solid 14 k gold, [illegible] White enamel, baroque pearls. B 9511,* large size, 5.00 B 9512,* small size, 3.50

B 7846* Solid 14 K Gold Pendant, baroque pearls, 2.00

S 1521* Sterling Silver Tape Measure, 36 in., grey finish, .50

R 2768* Veil Pin, sterling silver, .60

J 935 Baby Spoon, [illegible] sterling silver, heavy weight, 1.25

R 3152* Washington's Sleeve Buttons, sterling silver, enameled, 2.00. Exact copies of the beautiful enameled gold sleeve buttons worn by Washington.

X 1099 Pierced Sterling Silver Tongs, [illegible] long, 1.50

Z 72 Stork Scissors, [illegible] 3½ in. long, .50

S 2182* Corn Holders, sterling silver, .60 a pair. Steel point for inserting [illegible] end of ear.

R 3787* Sterling Silver Brooch, .25 R 4783, Same as Hat Pin, .25

N 29* Initial Hat Pin, solid sterling silver on copper, .50. Five for 2.00. Write initials plainly.

Z 537 Stand [illegible] bottom [illegible] nickel plated rim [illegible] 3½ in. .25 each, 3.00 doz.

S 448* Shakespeare Book Mark, sterling silver, grey finish, with tassel, .65

R 2773* Veil Pin, sterling silver, .50

M 153 Fine Leather Eye Glass Case, [illegible] 2.25 [illegible]

G 238 Sandwich Plate, [illegible] sterling rim, 7.50 G 239 [illegible] for [illegible] cheese plate, 3.75

J 2303 Queen of Hearts Bon Bon Spoon, sterling silver, 4½ in. long, 2.00

S 1541* Stiletto, sterling silver handle, attachment for regulating size of holes, .45

K 1091 "Pynchon" Pattern, Sterling Tea Spoon [illegible] 1.00 11.00 a doz.

G 231 Sugar Basket [illegible] sterling silver [illegible] glass lining, 5.00

S 6516 Postage Stamp Box, sterling silver, .60. Shown half size.

New Sterling Silver Flower Vases at special low prices, fine glass linings. S 2027 [illegible] high, 1.50 S 2028 [illegible] high, 3.00 S 2029 [illegible] high, 4.50. A set of four small and one larger vase makes [illegible] center [illegible] for table.

G 253 Tea Pot Tile, diam. 5¾ inch, pierced sterling mounting, 2.75

G 237 Sliced Lemon Plate, etched glass, sterling rim, [illegible] 3.00
V 9247 Plate with sterling fork, in silk case, 3.75

S. 228 Sterling Silver Thimble, .40. Mention size.

Z 101 Library Set, scissors and paper knife, finest steel, [illegible] long, gilded [illegible] 1.00. Z 78 [illegible] size, [illegible] 1.50

G 235 Bon Bon or Sliced Lemon Dish, [illegible] 4 in. pierced sterling rim, 1.75 G 236 Same with [illegible] base, 2.50.

W 765 "Hasty Line," morocco covered pad with pencil, of 40 sheets of paper which have perforated gummed edges, thus serving as envelopes. .65

J 2423 Sterling Silver Tea Strainer [illegible] sterling [illegible] glass [illegible] 3.00

M 227 Buckle, [illegible] 4.00. Send [illegible] We make a specialty of monograms of all kinds.

S 2230 Fish Purse, sterling silver [illegible] length 3½ in., 3.75

S 411 Sterling Silver Flat Pencil, holly design, with six extra pencils in holly box .75. Pencil only .50. Shown half size.

T 528 Sterling Silver Hair Brush, thread pattern, full size 4.50
T 529 Comb, 1.50. Thirty complete sets are shown in our catalog.

S 8246 Pierced Sterling Silver Cushion with place for jewelry, 4½ in. long, 3.50

S 8345* Sterling Silver Frame .65
S 5533 Inside measurement [illegible] .75
S 5537 Cabinet size, 2.25 S 5541 [illegible] 1.50

Sterling Silver Prayer Book Markers. The ribbon is 7 in. long and ⅝ wide. S 455 Cross .60

Christm

GOLD, SILVER, LEA

From our "Year Book"

It will help you in your Christmas sele illustrating the newest and best useful designs. Our business, founded in 186

S 7180 Sterling Birthday Cake Se [illegible] Button, Thim [illegible] Wishbone [illegible] complete in case

Yea
fo
Da
and
Sal

Let us send
page catalo
articles and

X11
CHR
SEC
OF

Send for one or m

Articles with a

We send all Packages PREPA
Anything failing to please may

Daniel L

Gold and Silversmiths, 2

as Gifts

THER AND BRASS

Write today for a Copy

tions and save you money. 250 pages
nd ornamental articles. Many exclusive
is the largest of its kind in America.

a copy of this 250-
showing all these
ten thousand others

CHRISTMAS
ARDS TO SEND WITH
MAS GIFTS, EMBOS-
COLORS, PACKAGE
TY, 10 CTS.

re of these articles
hown actual size
D and Guarantee Safe Delivery
returned for exchange or refund

ow & Co.

01 Essex St., Salem, Mass.

X 120* Embossed Seals for Christmas packages, [illegible] city, 10c.

S 1452 Single Chain Key Ring, 1 00

S 1450* Double Chain Key Ring [illegible] 1 90

W 300 Ebony Cloth Brush [illegible] traveling [illegible] 2 00

S 5543 Sterling Silver Frame, [illegible] weight 3 00 [illegible] engraving. Shown half size.

L 436 Playing Cards [illegible] 50

L 720 Travelling Mirror [illegible] 1 25

L 721 Travelling Mirror [illegible] 1 50

Holly Christmas Spoon, [illegible] J 2198* [illegible] J 1126 [illegible] 1 00.

29025 Ebony Military Brush [illegible] 4 00

S 1545 Emery Board Holder [illegible] 2 35

S 6085 Match Box [illegible] size 1 00

J 2190 Tumbler Tile, sterling silver [illegible] 50

J 2254 Lily of the Valley [illegible] teaspoon, 75

S 2600 Tea Bell, [illegible] 40

S 4337 Flat Flexible File, [illegible] sterling handle 45

S 35* Holly Ribbon Needle, sterling silver, 40

T 20338 Nail Polisher, sterling silver, length [illegible] 65

Z 617 "Crater" Safety Match Box, [illegible] 50 [illegible]

S 677* Press Button Knife [illegible] 1 00

S 1547* Hem Gauge, sterling [illegible] 45

Z 99* Fish Knife [illegible] 25

J 2231 Martha Washington [illegible] teaspoon 80

L 719 Stationery Case [illegible] 1 50

U 2331 Beefsteak or Bird Set [illegible] 1 25

W 704 Handkerchief Case, [illegible] genuine [illegible] 1 50

W 703 Cuff Case, [illegible] genuine ooze calf [illegible] 2 00

W 702 Collar Bag [illegible] genuine ooze calf, to match, 2 25

S 463* Book Mark [illegible] 45

J 1153* Colonial Coffee Spoon, 75; [illegible] 1 20 [illegible] designs.

S 5334* Sterling Silver Frame, [illegible] 75

S 5033 Same, [illegible] 75

J 3015 Baby Spoon, sterling silver, 4 in long, 1 35 **J 1016 Fork**, 1 20 [illegible]

W 310 Collar Bag, fine leather, durable lining, well [illegible] 1 00

W 308 Cuff Case to match [illegible] 1 25 Two most convenient [illegible]

J 6687 Stand for a Glass [illegible] sterling silver [illegible] hard wood tables, 1.00—11.00 a doz.

F 94 Sheffield Plate Trivet [illegible] 7 50 [illegible] when closed [illegible] to take large [illegible] style of growing popularity in America.

S 460* Prayer Book Marker, sterling silver 50

S 7179 Fountain Pen Holder sterling silver shown [illegible] 1 00

F 49 Sheffield Plate Candlestick, [illegible] 3 00 [illegible] complete 4 75 [illegible] white, pink red, green or yellow

F 2 Silver plated pierced Shade, ea. 60 [illegible] 6 00

F 3 Linen lining, [illegible] ea. 60, [illegible] 6 00.

F 4 Linen lining, [illegible] ea. 15 [illegible] 1.50

F 5 Mica for No. 4 lining ea. 20, doz 1 70

F 6 Nickel Shade Holder each 10, doz 1.10

S 901 Sterling Silver Rattle, pearl handle length 5 in. 3 00

R 5095 Watch Fob with [illegible] 1 50

F 111 Sheffield Plate Butler Tray, real mahogany [illegible] pierced rail and ball feet, 20 in., 16.00
F 112 Tray same style, 18 in. 6 00 **F 113** [illegible] 6 50

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Earthworm, Mr. Darwin and the Woodcock

THE common red fishworm, angleworm or earthworm, as it severally is called, is one of the humblest yet one of the most useful creatures of the outdoor world. No less a scientist than Doctor Darwin himself has devoted a volume to the life and adventures of this pallid, gentle and somewhat wriggly creature. He points out how indispensable it is to mankind, since it keeps the earth perforated after the fashion of a porous plaster and thus lets in the gentle dew of heaven. Without the earthworm we should not have crops, and without crops we should not have any stock exchange, and without the stock exchange we should have neither any government nor any civilization. It would seem that we have been overlooking one of the most important of our infant industries, which, in spite of its importance, has never had any protection at all. The hand of every man and the beak of every bird are turned against the earthworm.

The learned scientist is credited with exhausting the subject of the earthworm in his treatise, yet he fails to point out one special point of its value. Without the earthworm we should lack the woodcock, which disputes with the terrapin and the canvasback the place of preëminence before the seats of the mighty. This beloved and mysterious bird would cease to exist but for the aid and comfort of the patient worm that is born to blush unseen beneath the soil, except on rainy mornings. Without this diet of worms the woodcock would not be able to make a living and would not be good to eat. In the last analysis, as the editorial page says, the earthworm is not to be sneezed at.

Perhaps the woodcock could die eating earthworms if it could get all it wanted, which is something no woodcock ever did. In turn we could die eating woodcock if we could get enough of them, which also we never do. They cost from two dollars to four dollars each at fashionable cafés, and some taxidermists will give you two dollars apiece for good specimens, so it may be seen that the species is becoming somewhat scarce. Even in years of plenty this bird has always been mysterious, irregular and impossible to classify. Perhaps Darwin could solve the earthworm, but certainly he could not have done the full biography of the woodcock. The latter is the freak of all game birds. When it disappears it simply vanishes. When it comes it does so without warning, silently, mysteriously. Native to all the eastern half of the United States, there is no place where it can regularly be found in numbers. Yet very often it lives, unsuspected, near great cities. One of the surest woodcock covers of the country is at the edge of a town of over two million people, and there are not a dozen shooters of that city who know it.

The Travels of the Woodcock

In many parts of the eastern and central states the woodcock finds the low, muddy covers that it prefers and it is better known as a sporting bird there than farther to the west, although the mud islands and willow flats of the upper Mississippi at one time held this species in extraordinary numbers. Today it is rarely seen in any great quantities unless a freezing spell in Mississippi and Arkansas drives it down out of its canebrake wintering grounds to the edge of the Gulf. At such towns as Biloxi, Mississippi, and points in lower Louisiana they have been slaughtered in hundreds in such flights. As soon as the weather moderates to the north this temporary migration turns back again and the visible supply of woodcock is once more lost in the brakes and forests of the warm southern land. In the spring it works back farther north, and its breeding grounds may be found almost anywhere north of the Ohio River, provided it has found a piece of country suitable to its own ideas. It must be closely-covered country offering warm, soft mud rather than wet marsh. In short, it must be country where worms can be found from the time the frost goes out of the ground until it appears again in the fall.

In appearance the woodcock is the wisest and weirdest of all game birds. The russets, reds and browns of its plumage are very beautiful, but its long bill and its big prominent eye, which is situated directly in the top of its head, give it an aspect in keeping with its mysterious nature. As it flies it can see around it and behind it, and as it passes you close, with its bill folded down well on the breast, not extended like that of a snipe, and its big eye taking in everything that goes on, it is an extraordinary sort of thing to witness, like some prehistoric holdover not belonging to this day and age. It is able to see at night and that is almost the only time it feeds, although it sometimes moves out in the early evening to the mud flats of the river.

How a woodcock finds the worms in the ground is something no man really knows, not even Darwin. Captive woodcock have been noticed to make a sort of patting sound on the ground with their feet, and some people in their haste have said that the bird always does this, imitating the sound of rain to decoy the worms to the surface. It would seem a worm of low intellect that could be fooled in that way, but the patting motion of the feet seems well established. It is now known, also, that the tip of the upper mandible can be moved upward and is under the muscular control of the bird. Some think the woodcock can hear the worm underground, but its methods seem to be more or less empirical, for it bores a great many holes. These round holes, with the stain, make what is known as the "sign" of woodcock, by which the presence of the bird is determined by the *cognoscenti*. If you examine these round holes you will hardly find one that shows the surface of the earth broken by the pulling out of the body of a worm. Does the wily bird pull the worm out endwise, shifting it in its flexible bill? This deponent saith not. There are a great many uncanny things and unanswered questions about this fowl.

The Bird's Curious Tricks

The mud that the woodcock likes must be clean and sweet, not sour ground, and it must be less watery than the marsh frequented by jacksnipe. Such cover is most often found under the alder thickets which grow along small streams. Sometimes you will find it also in willow flats, but the overflow grounds are not the best. Sometimes you will find woodcock in tall marsh grass, and again you may find them on dry hazel-brush ridges, apparently basking in the sun. There must, however, be feeding ground not far away, and when that ground becomes too cold or too dry the woodcock folds its bill on its bosom and steals away some moonlight night.

In its courting time the woodcock is very interesting, as a few lucky sportsmen can attest. It goes up into the air with something of the hurtling sound of the jacksnipe in similar gyrations, and when it alights it sometimes runs and struts for all the world like a little turkey gobbler. One has had them drop almost within reach in the thick cover and stand there with drooping wings and fanned out tail, wholly comical in appearance. This procedure, of course, is entirely different from the antics of the female woodcock, which will pretend to have a broken wing and will so decoy you away from her nest, just as a grouse would do. The hen woodcock is larger than the male bird, as is the female of many species of the hawk.

Another mysterious habit of the woodcock is the chattering noise that it makes, or sometimes makes, when it takes wing. Often this will make you aware of the presence of the bird where otherwise you would not have known of it. It sounds as though made by the vocal organs, but the sharps tell us that it is made by the stiff primaries of the wing beating against the air. At full speed, and in the open, it will nearly always make this noise. This habit is not, however, invariable even with full-grown specimens, and sometimes even in the open the woodcock will fly as silently as an owl, precisely like some wily old grouse which will go off like dynamite in front of you, but which will sneak away silently if it thinks you have passed by without seeing it.

There are no two opinions as to the toothsomeness of the woodcock on the

Copyright, 19[illegible]
ATHLETE

Go

into the best clothing store in your town and look at these clothes.

¶ You'll have but one regret—that you didn't know of them before.

¶ They are definitely different—faultlessly correct—the make of clothes that every Young Man wants.

¶ And there is only one way to prove these statements—that is for you to let your own eyes judge.

Send 2c stamp for *The L System Magazine*—or 24c for set of 4 original college posters in colors.

H. M.
LINDENTHAL
& SONS

Style Originators

Chicago
New York

THE L SYSTEM

Nothing else gives such life and staying quality to a roofing as Trinidad Lake asphalt.

Genasco Ready Roofing

is made of Trinidad Lake asphalt and gives lasting resistance to rain, cold, heat, sun, fire, and air. It is mighty important to know what your roofing is made of.

Be sure you see the Genasco trademark and get the roofing with a thirty-two-million-dollar guarantee. Mineral and smooth surface. Write for the Good Roof Guide Book and samples.

The Barber Asphalt Paving Company

Largest producers of asphalt and largest manufacturers of ready roofing in the world.

PHILADELPHIA
New York San Francisco Chicago

ARCADIA
MIXTURE

SURBRUG'S
ARCADIA
MIXTURE

Its aromatic delicacy will surprise you. It is the most perfect blend of tobacco you ever put in your pipe—the highest class—it stands all by itself, the KING of mixtures.

A tobacco that your women folks will like to have you smoke at home—you may never have known the luxury of a pipe smoke before.

Send 10 Cents and we will send a sample.

THE SURBRUG CO., 132 Reade St., New York

AAACLNTUSS

The above letters, when properly rearranged, spell the name of [illegible]

Post Card House, 77 Broadway, Springfield, Mass.

We Stand Back of EVERY PEN that bears this trade mark

Because We Have Confidence in the

"SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN

because we know that in its Gold Pen and Feed—those vital parts that are the real life of any Fountain Pen—the "Swan" is far superior to any Fountain Pen ever put on the market—and we are willing to make a public test to demonstrate this statement.

Get a "Swan" that just suits your hand and you have

A Pen that will Last a Lifetime

If your day is a busy one, you will appreciate the instant readiness of the "Swan"—that unfailing reliability that is such a saver of time and patience.

Don't judge a "Swan" by any other Fountain Pen you may have used. Try it and know how perfect a pen can be made—learn the difference between an every day time saving help and a leaking nuisance.

The "Swan" is made in many styles at prices from $2.50 up.

MABIE, TODD & CO., Dept. P
Established 1843
17 Maiden Lane, New York 149 Dearborn St., Chicago
London Paris Brussels Manchester

The "Long-short" Style is a handy, serviceable little Ink Pencil that will go in a purse. Costs but $1.50, red or black rubber—made in our English Factory. Our new Booklet is ready to mail. Send for it to-day

table, although there are many different recipes for its preparation. The true chef cooks your woodcock without opening it that is to say, trail and all. The average amateur will, perhaps, be content with the bird split and broiled, but it should not be overcooked, and, of course, it should never be fried. Personally, one is disposed to the belief that angleworms must be good to eat because the woodcock, which is 99.5 per cent pure angleworm, has a rare and gamelike flavor that has no parallel, unless once in a while one finds a Virginia rail eating in precisely the same cover. The latter bird, however, is not so delicate. Treat your woodcock like a trout, and when you clean it do not wash it, but merely wipe it out with a clean cloth

It is all very well to say that the woodcock lives on worms, but how does it know where worms are or are not? Twenty years ago in a certain rather sandy county in central Wisconsin the woodcock was unknown and so was the angleworm. There were, however, some good trout streams there, lined with alders, under which rested the warm, deep mud most beloved of worms and woodcock. After a time trout fishermen began to throw away old worm cans along that stream, and later still worm beds were planted deliberately by residents and others who knew that trout like worms. There was no intention to cater to the woodcock family, but in some way the fact that worms had been introduced here got out on the highways of the feathered ones, and soon some woodcock began to drop in. For many years they have been seen in considerable numbers along these different streams, and this today may be called one of their hatching and feeding grounds. It would be hard to establish a woodcock preserve, but two requisites certainly would be mud and worms

Woodcock shooting is so semi-occasional in its nature nowadays that it hardly ranks as a sport with a general following, but it is good sport, none the less, when possible As the bird is hunted in heavy cover, and as all birds when put up rise high enough to see their way, the woodcock's first flight is up at an angle of, say, forty-five degrees until it tops the bushes. After that you don't see it, and maybe you do not see it anyhow. If you do see it and shoot at it you are lucky if you hit it half the time, or a third of the time in heavy cover. It is the snappiest of all snap shooting, for when the bird reaches the top of the cover it either swerves or drops, sometimes alighting again only a few yards ahead of you. Of course, in this shooting one needs the scatteringest of all scatter guns. No. 10 will do the work, and so will No. 9 or No. 8—indeed, any quail load will serve. The load, however, need not be in the least heavy, and most shooters prefer an ounce of shot so that they can swing the gun on the bird promptly without the least jar.

"Shining" Louisiana Woodcock

In times gone by sportsmen of the Southern states sometimes fire-hunted woodcock at night, and the rule in those muzzle-loading days was a thimbleful of powder and a thimbleful of shot served from pockets on opposite sides of the shooting coat. A darky carried a big iron basket full of burning pine knots, and the light of their flame, shining from behind the shooter, enabled the latter to kill the bird as it flew close and low. Even today the darkies sometimes "shine" woodcock in Louisiana along the cotton rows at night, but they don't bother to put them up and simply pot them where they sit. These are only a few of the interesting things that you may get in the history of this erratic bird, which delights in the violation of all rules.

The best dog for woodcock shooting is not the pointer or the setter, although, of course, these are all right where the birds are found in any sort of open country so that the dog can be found when it is on point. The wise woodcock hunter keeps to the edge of the thickets, knowing that the bird will nearly always flit around into the open and then go back into cover again. He lets his dog do the hard work of putting them out, and that dog should be either a full-bred or half-bred spaniel which will bark either when it sees a woodcock or when it gets a hot trail. That is where the cocker spaniel got its name. The best woodcock dog one ever saw was a black dog which looked like a pointer, but which was half pointer and half spaniel.

There is something snipelike and zigzaggy in the flight of the woodcock when it is under full way in the open; but sometimes it seems rather stupid and does not fly far, perhaps because it is fat and full of grub. In any case its flight is full of angles, just as it is full of angleworms, and to some shooters it is a perpetual puzzle. A friend once asked a noted duck shot to join him in some of this cover work where there were woodcock and grouse. The duck hunter fired twenty-five shots and did not draw a feather, which so disgusted him that he left and has never been seen in that country since. On the other hand, the man accustomed to shooting grouse and quail should not find woodcock hard to bag if only he can get sight of them for half an instant. Of course, he will shoot many times when he does not really see the bird at all If he puts half his birds in his pockets he is doing mighty well. Hunting woodcock is hard work even in mid-autumn, and in late summer it is very warm work. The best way to dress for it is not to wear rubber boots, but old shoes and light clothing. One must not mind a bit of mud.

Vegetable Enemies

While hunting woodcock it is very advisable for the shooter to be on the lookout for poison ivy or poison sumac, which is quite likely to be found in precisely the best sort of woodcock cover. Many shooters do not know these plants when they see them. The poison ivy looks something like the Virginia creeper, but the latter plant always has its leaves set around the stem in whorls of five leaves The poison ivy leaves are always in sets of three, and this is a good thing to remember. In the fall the leaves of the ivy are brilliant and attractive, but let them alone; and don't garland your hat with them or use them for boutonnières. Indeed, it is a good thing to let alone all brilliant berries and leaves, because this brilliance seems so frequently to be a sign of Nature that the thing is poison.

In the autumn the red leaves of the poison sumac are very beautiful. You may know this plant from the regular sumac by the white color of its bark. The acrid poison of the ivy is much like that of the poison sumac or poison oak. Some people are more sensitive to it than others. It is dangerous to inhale the smoke of burning poison ivy. Sometimes one is poisoned in a haymow, or even at a woodpile where the stem of the plant has gotten in among cordwood

It is safest in any bad case of vegetable poisoning of this kind to see a doctor as soon as possible, but the trouble is that when hunting you usually are where there are no doctors and no drug-stores. In this case keep in mind the general omnipresence and efficiency of your uncle John D. Rockefeller. You can nearly always get to a kerosene can. Take this common coal oil and rub your hands or your face with it as soon as you find you have a case of ivy poisoning. If you do this at once it may prevent the spread of the eruption.

After you have paid one doctor's bill and had one case of oak, ivy or sumac poisoning you are apt to be on your guard against brilliant leaves in the fall or against things which have their leaves in sets of three in the summertime. You will not necessarily get poisoned every time you go woodcock shooting, but even were you sure of it you would have to go just the same, because, of all the game birds that the American sportsman ever takes home and spreads out on the table before the eyes of his admiring family, the weird, wise and wily woodcock, puzzle alike of scientist and sportsman, is the one he will value most of all.

YOUR CHANCE IN THE GREAT NORTHWEST

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

WE have published three new books on openings for you in the Great Northwest. They contain the latest word about actual conditions in the towns and cities, the farms and fruit lands along the Great Northern Railway in Montana, North Dakota, Idaho, Washington and British Columbia.

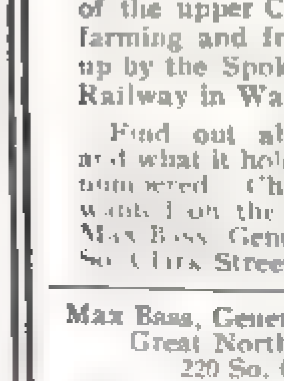
Change your location if you do not see independence and a competence ahead. Go to the Northwest where they need you. Your savings, large or small, your skill, your brains and your brawn will bring you greater returns there. These books are the index to your opportunity. Send for them today.

No. 1 BUSINESS OPENINGS

Latest information, compiled by G. J. Ryan, General Industrial Agent, regarding new towns and growing cities along our line. They need retail and wholesale merchandise stores of every description, manufacturing plants, doctors, lawyers, banks, real estate men, implement shops, carpenters, every kind of large and small industry—countless ways to independence Send for the book—it tells the needs of every town You'll find they need you

No. 2 MONTANA BULLETIN

There's over twenty million acres of rich 160 and 320 acre free homestead lands in Montana along the Great Northern Railway. Thousands of acres of Government irrigated farm lands in North Dakota and Montana which you can make your own. This book gives facts about Northeastern Montana, Milk River Valley, the Judith Basin, Great Falls and vicinity, the Flathead Valley, the Panhandle of Idaho and the dozen or more marvelously productive irrigation projects in these states. You who are land hungry, send for this book.



No. 3 WASHINGTON BULLETIN

Tells about the opportunities for the man who wishes to engage in fruit raising, truck gardening, farming, mining, manufacturing, fishing, dairying or stock raising. Describes the healthful climate, the countless chances for the easterner in the great Inland Empire, the Big Bend country, the Famous Wenatchee Valley, the fertile fruit valleys of the upper Columbia, and the rich new farming and fruit raising country opened up by the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railway in Washington.

Find out about the Great Northwest and what it holds for you. The books are numbered Check the number of book wanted on the coupon below and send to Max Bass, General Immigration Agent, 220 So. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill

Max Bass, General Immigration Agent,
Great Northern Railway,
220 So. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill
Please send me a copy of
No. 1 — Business Openings,
No. 2 — Montana Bulletin
No. 3 — Washington Bulletin

Name

Street Number

Town State
P

ADVENTURES OF A HYPOCHONDRIAC

(Continued from Page 25)

"Hey!" I shouted, rushing out, "where are you going? Hold on a minute! Come back here!"

The horsemen turned in their saddles and laughed insolently at me. Nobody stopped and the Professor led our horses. They soon disappeared around a turn in the road.

"How will we get back?" I asked my companion at the spring.

"Walk."

"How far is it?"

"Eight or nine miles."

"By George!" I shouted, "I see it all now. I know why those chumps laughed when I said I wouldn't walk today. It's a plot, that's what it is. Isn't it a plot?"

"Guess it is," replied my companion stolidly.

"I'll not walk a step," I protested. "I'll sit here until I die before I'll play into the hands of that scoundrel in this way. Have you fellows no minds of your own, to let him play with you like this?"

"Come on," he answered, "or we won't get home for dinner."

"Home!" I said bitterly. "If I had a home like that I'd burn it."

"Aw, forget it, and get under way."

Patently, it would have been foolish to stay there in the woods when by walking a few miles I could get back and tell the Professor what I thought of him. Besides, all my things were at the house.

"Isn't there a trolley near here?" I asked.

"Not for miles."

"Can't we hire a rig from a farmer?"

"Ain't any farmers; and besides, I haven't got any money with me—have you?"

I reflected bitterly that I had left all my money at the house.

"Come on," exhorted my companion. "I'll show you the way."

Two hours and a half later we arrived at the house. The stiffness caused by the ride on the horse hadn't made my pedestrian efforts any more pleasurable, and I was hot, angry, sore and wildly indignant when I reached the porch. The riders were there waiting for me, and they laughed when I burst through the gate.

"How's the walking?" they inquired.

I tottered in to assault the Professor. He was reading in his office.

"See here ——" I began.

"Go and get those wet clothes off," he said, barely looking up, "and rub yourself down with a rough towel. Hurry, now, for it is almost dinnertime."

That was a good idea, for I didn't want to stand around in my damp clothes, and I went. Right after dinner, I thought, I would have it out with him.

They had roast beef for dinner, great slices of it, and boiled potatoes and other vegetables; and the Professor filled my plate to the edge.

I was ravenous and ate all I had. He didn't have to tell me to clean it up.

"If you please," I said, "I should like another slice of roast beef."

"You have had enough," said the Professor, looking at me from beneath those shaggy eyebrows.

"Very good," I said. "I reckon I can stand it."

"You'll have to, or get out," he replied in the most matter-of-fact way.

Always that threat—do as he wants you to do, or quit.

I sat in sulky silence. I was tired, sore, aching in every joint. I saw another walking party go out, but received no invitation. In fact, the Professor left me to myself; but he was at the head of the supper-table, and I ate what he gave me, having decided to put over my conversation with him until the next day. I was too tired to do myself justice, I concluded.

It was a perfect summer night. Under the consoling influence of my cigar and the radiant beauties of my surroundings I forgot my tired muscles and began to think the Professor wasn't such an ogre, after all.

"I'll just sit here until about ten o'clock," I thought, "and smoke another cigar. Then I'll go to bed, and in the morning I'll be rested and have it out with him."

I dawdled with that first cigar. It seemed that tobacco never tasted so good. After a time I threw the butt of it into the bushes, and sat and drew in great breaths of the lilac-scented air, and looked out over the purple hills.

"Nine o'clock!" tolled the big voice of the Professor, almost like a curfew.

The others arose and moved off toward the house.

"Nine o'clock!"

I sat and gazed at the purple hills.

The Professor walked over and touched me on the shoulder. "It is nine o'clock," he said—with unreasonable emphasis.

"So you have announced," I replied; "and, while I am glad to know the time, the mere fact that it is nine o'clock doesn't interest me particularly."

"What did you intend doing?"

"Why, I thought I would stay here, smoke another cigar and turn in about ten o'clock. Beautiful night, isn't it?"

"Young man," said the Professor, laying a hand on my shoulder, "you will not smoke another cigar and you will not stay up until ten o'clock. Instead, you will go to bed right now. Come!"

That great grasp tightened on my shoulder and lifted me from my chair. Once again I had been humiliated.

"Look here, Professor," I exclaimed, "I am not a child, to be treated in this arbitrary manner. I do not want to go to bed now. I shall not."

"Yes, you will," answered the Professor. "You will if you sleep here at all. If you choose you can go down to the village and stay up all night, but not here. It is bedtime here and you must obey the rules."

"But," I began, "it is intolerable ——"

"My dear sir," broke in the Professor, "I have been here for years, making over men who, by their own follies and their own neglect of the commonest laws of Nature, have either wrecked the physical machines that God gave them, or let them run down. Unless I can have discipline, unless these men will do exactly as I tell them, I cannot have them here. You think I am arbitrary. I have to be arbitrary with men who need my treatment. If they had taken exercise regularly they would not need to be here. They must do as I tell them, not because it is necessary in many instances, but because I know the hardest thing in the world for a man is to work as I make him after years of ease. I may seem harsh, but I have to be. I want to build up all you people, to get your machines running smoothly. You won't do it yourself, but I will do it if you will let me. If you won't let me I don't want you here. Now, go to bed."

Well, I went to bed. Inasmuch as he had put it on those grounds I did not want to be too unkind with him.

I discovered when I reached my room that to go to bed wasn't so much of a hardship as I had thought. I had been asleep about ten minutes—it seemed—when I heard a big voice in the hall shouting: "Half-past six!"

I heard men scrambling out of bed all around me. Still, I was too comfortable, and a bit lame, and I turned over, deciding to take another nap of half an hour or so.

Two minutes later the Professor, majestic in a bathrobe, put his head in the door.

"Get up!" he ordered.

"I don't care to," I said. "I'll be down in about half an hour."

That big hand came over and took me by the shoulder.

"Get up!"

Well, of course, it was tough to be ordered about in that manner, but I got up and hurried to the exercise hall, where the squads were already at work.

The Professor was there doing the stunts, perfect physically, alert mentally, the embodiment of grace and power.

"One—two—three."

My toes were there, waiting for my fingers. I swooped down on them. Marvel of marvels—I touched them!

"By George, Professor!" I shouted, "I touched them."

"Go on with your work!" he said sternly. "One—two—three."

And I was so busy for the next three weeks I never did have time to have that talk with the Professor; but, say, how I did laugh a week later when the new man came trailing in from the spring.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of the Adventures of a Hypochondriac.

The Baldwin Piano

'Tone, Technique and Temperament—all three for me.'
MISCHA ELMAN.

To play great music beautifully flawless tone is as necessary as are pure colors to the painting of a Carnegie prize-winner.

People who love music and respect piano-culture take no chances, restricting very wisely their choice to the little group of great instruments dominated by the Baldwin Piano.

The tone-beauty of this instrument—famous in recital and symphony concert—exerts a new charm in the closely-drawn circle of the home. Warm, imaginative, full of color—like a Sembrich folk-song it seems in its power to touch the feeling.

The Baldwin Company presents a *permanent assurance* that the instrument bearing its name *must* maintain its beauty of tone and action *unalterable with time.*

Write nearest agent for catalogue and where you may hear the Baldwin Piano

The Baldwin Company
142 W. Fourth Street
CINCINNATI

Chicago
262 Wabash Ave.

New York
8 E. 34th Street

Indianapolis
18 N. Penn'a Street

Louisville
425 S. Fourth Ave

St. Louis
[illegible] Street

San Francisco
[illegible] Street

Boston
40 Huntington Ave.

Denver
1626 California St

The Black and White WHITBY Stripes in Cluett SHIRTS will appeal to men seeking conservative effects for business wear. $1.50—In Canada $2.25
Send for Booklet, "Proper Dress."

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Makers of Arrow Collars, 459 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

"Just Like Candy"
children say of

COLGATE'S
RIBBON
DENTAL CREAM

"Not Like Candy"
mothers say

because there is not a particle of sugar in it.

Your children will delight in its flavor and use it freely, while their teeth will soon prove its wonderful efficiency as a cleanser and preservative.

COMES OUT A RIBBON
LIES FLAT ON THE BRUSH

Delicious—Antiseptic

42 in. of cream in Trial Tube
Sent for 4 cents in stamps

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P 55 John Street, New York

ALLWON Manicure Outfit

Everything fits into the Buffer

Give Her this for Christmas

Any Girl or Woman You Know Will Welcome This Novel Manicure Set

[illegible] Allwon [illegible]

[illegible] at the picture. [illegible] Allwon [illegible]

[illegible] Allwon [illegible]

[illegible] Allwon [illegible]

U. S. SPECIALTY CO.
Suite 103 736 Broadway, New York City

BOOK ON CANARIES

FREE

Do you know [illegible] are trained [illegible]

Cugley & Mullen, 1227 Market St. Phila. [illegible]

THE LOSING GAME

(Continued from Page 23)

left. For many years her physical experience had been of a perfectly seemly, peaceable sort. Yet she hadn't been brought up on Desplaines Street for nothing.

"I'll wait for him," she repeated in her dogged humility, and bowed her head a little and stepped forward so that her skirt brushed Eileen's.

Quite in a rage at this impudence Eileen stamped her shapely foot, put out her dimpled hand and gave Emma's shoulder a smart little push, exclaiming: "Go away, I say!"

Instantly, like the turning on of an electric light, she saw a wicked smile flash upon Emma's face. That was all she really did see until she was wildly clutching at the desk to keep herself from falling, then half sinking, half rolling into Pound's vacant chair, her picture hat over one ear, while a spot on her left cheek stung and burned.

Emma stood looking down at her with the wicked smile. She had owed Eileen a great deal, and she had endeavored to pay it all in that one punch. She knew she was badly out of training; yet she felt an immense, a fairly blissful, satisfaction.

To this tableau Pound entered rapidly. Striding back into the office to rejoin Eileen he had seen Hamilton standing in the middle of the floor, staring aghast at the doorway to the private room. Also, he had seen three or four clerks behind the counter craning their necks to peer in the same direction. This scene of rapt attention had instantly dissolved. Hamilton had suddenly straightened up, thrown back his head and opened his mouth as though he were going to shout with laughter, but uttering no sound; then he had doubled over and slapped his lank leg gleefully. Pound was vaguely aware of a somewhat similar movement on the part of the peering clerks. His mind misgave. He rushed to his room.

Eileen was dazed. A trustful infant that had touched a button and set off a broadside of artillery could not have been more paralyzed. Her big, blue eyes, staring with amazement and terror, saw Pound's burly figure appear in the doorway. Much like the infant, she stretched her arms toward him and wailed: "Johnny, she struck me!"

It was not Eileen alone that occupied Pound's mind. The mirthful Hamilton and grinning clerks occupied it, also. Fury possessed him. He laid a big hand on Emma's shoulder, drew her violently toward him and hurled her from the room. Her right shoulder struck sharply against the doorjamb. She went staggering, almost falling, into the main office, Pound following her in speechless rage, his face contorted.

Hamilton really thought the man would kill her, and sprang forward, stretching out an expostulatory palm. "Oh, I say, Johnny! See here, now!" he protested.

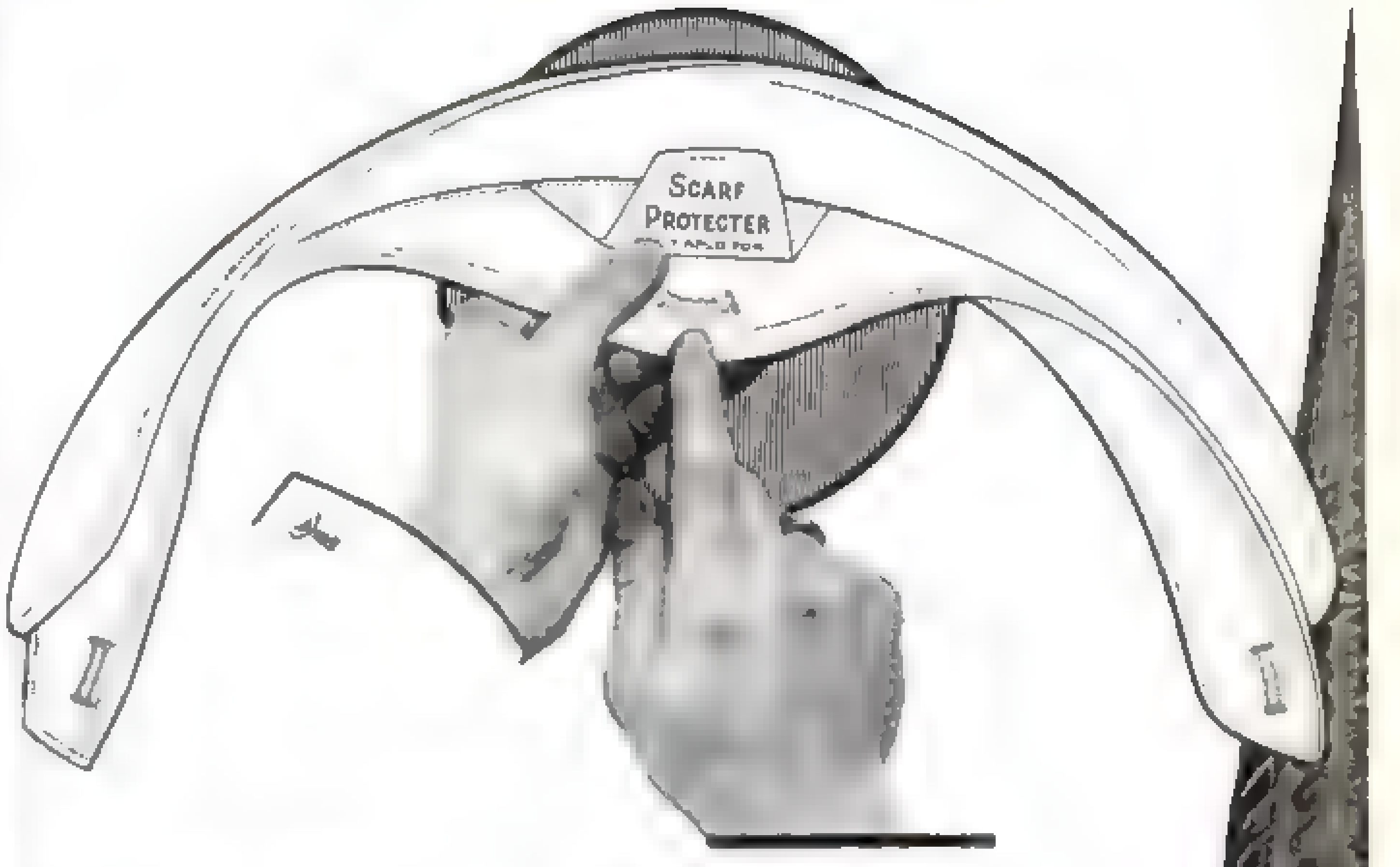
So Pound turned to Hamilton ferociously and flung himself upon him with the rush of a mad bull. Hamilton was far from a physical match for him at any time. Now, there was hardly a contest. Pound struck him savagely, caught him as he reeled, and flung him to the floor like a sack of grain. Standing over him he gasped: "Dog! Sot! Hog!" He showered epithets disjointedly—in thick accents, as though each were thrown from a gun—upon both Hamilton and Emma. He ran to the door, flung it wide, ran back, pushing them along with rough thrusts of his hands, driving them out, gasping insults. When they were across the threshold he slammed the door shut behind them.

Eileen was still somewhat dazed, yet she had hastily rearranged her hat and hair and put a handkerchief over the bruised spot on her cheek. Bending forward she stared out at the conflict with wide eyes. She was thinking: "What a mighty man he is, and I control him!"

Emma knew they were out in the corridor; that her right shoulder ached. She was going to tell Hamilton that his face was bloody, but someway the impulse could not communicate itself to her tongue. She was walking out blindly upon the flagging when Hamilton drew her back to the archway. He got out a handkerchief and wiped the blood from his face, she watching him blankly, vaguely wondering what he wanted.

"Wait here, Emma," he said in a moment, "until I can get a cab for you."

She waited obediently in the archway, looking dully out at the passing people,



Ten Million Minutes Wasted Every Day

Five million men each waste two minutes every morning—every day

Ten million minutes—166,666 hours—19 years, 9 days,—one third of an average lifetime wasted daily, in pulling and tugging scarfs to get them adjusted to the collar.

Look at the collar shown above. It's a

SLIDEWELL
COLLAR

Look at that shield at which the finger points. That's the *Slidewell Shield* which is sewn on every *Slidewell Collar.* Your scarf slides easily in a *Slidewell Collar*—not only easily, but quickly, evenly over the *Slidewell Shield.* You adjust it properly, without effort, just as you want it, and in an instant.

No pulling, tugging, straining—no wear and tear on temper, buttonholes or tie. Your scarf slides well in *Slidewell Collars.* ***The Slidewell Shield saves time. It saves ten million minutes for five million Slidewell Collar wearers every day.***

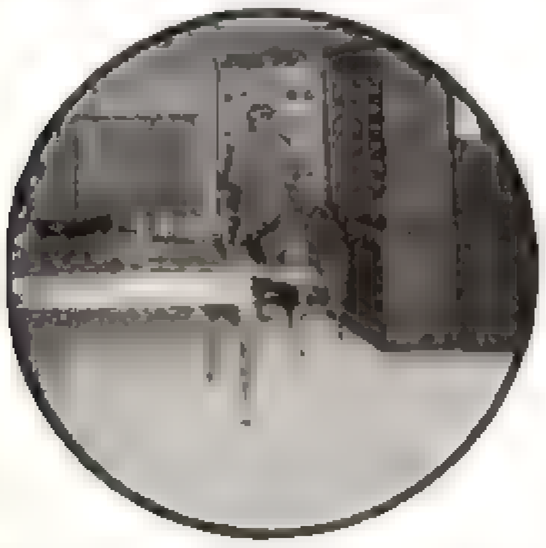
Get rid of collar-troubles. Wear the *Slidewell*—the collar with the time and temper saving shield. The *Slidewells* have all the good features of snap and style that other collars have. They wear much longer than most others. All styles, all shapes, all sizes. Two for 25c. (In Canada, 3 for 50c.) Most, but not all dealers sell the *Slidewell Collar.* If yours doesn't, send us 75c. for a box of six and we'll see that you are conveniently supplied thereafter. Canada, $1.00 for six.

TO DEALERS:—The *Slidewell Collar* is such a distinct improvement over all others that an enormous demand has been created for it. If you're not handling the *Slidewell* line, you ought to be. Write to us for the newest and most profitable collar-proposition.

HALL, HARTWELL & CO.
TROY - - - N.Y.

HOW "DUST" AFFECTS HEALTH

IT IS a well-known fact among medical and scientific men that "dust" is the greatest carrier and distributer of disease germs known. In many places of public assembly, stores, offices, libraries, and especially schools, where there are large surfaces of untreated wooden floors—the dust conditions are lamentable.



Those who do know of the menace of dust should do all in their power to minimize the danger. The best way to prevent disease is to eliminate circulating dust. Standard Floor Dressing is a preparation that will accomplish the purpose with entire satisfaction. It has been used in thousands of public buildings with remarkable success, and reports show that besides reducing dust nearly 100 per cent., it also *destroys* all germs of disease.

Then, again, Standard Floor Dressing is good for floors. It preserves the wood and prevents it from splintering and cracking. By reducing the labor of caretaking it saves money and so pays for itself many times over. Three or four applications a year produce the most desirable results.

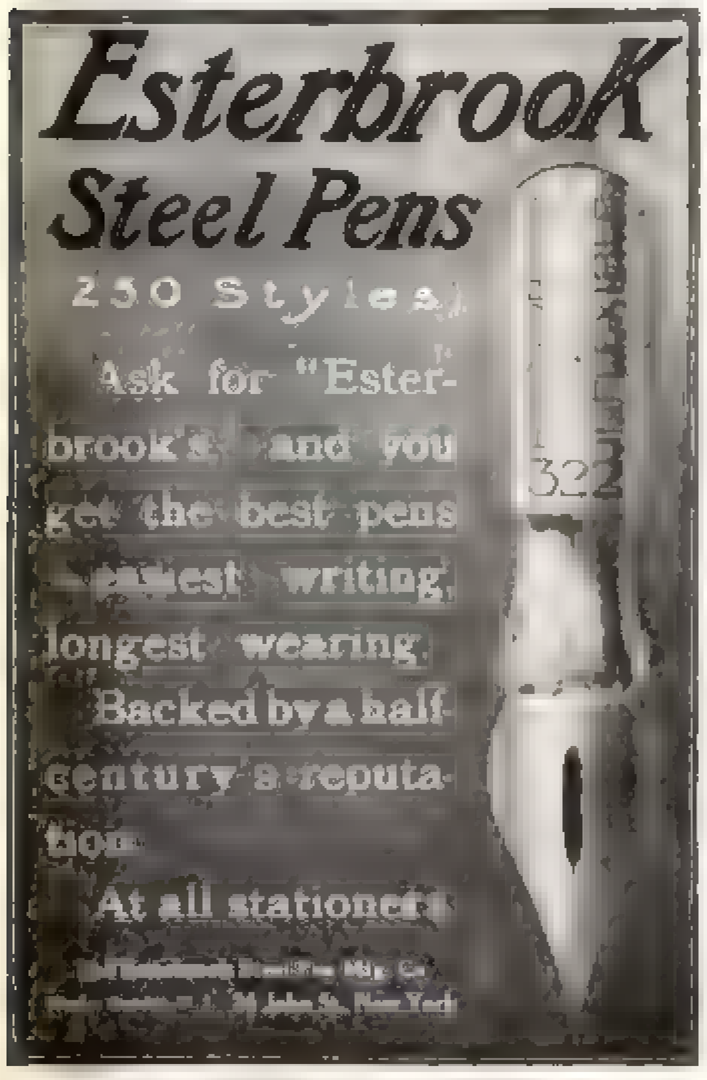
Standard Floor Dressing should not be used on any floor in the home.

Dealers sell it in barrels, half barrels, and in one and five gallon cans.

We will prove its efficiency and sanitary value AT OUR OWN EXPENSE. On request of the proper authorities we will apply Standard Floor Dressing to the floor of one room or corridor in any Public building.

To localities far removed from our agencies, we will send free sample with full directions for applying. Particulars, reports, testimonials, and our book, "Dust and Its Dangers," on request

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)



Esterbrook Steel Pens
250 Styles
Ask for "Esterbrook's" and you get the best pens—easiest writing, longest wearing. Backed by a half-century's reputation.
At all stationers
[illegible] 26 John St., New York

HOME STUDY

THE
University of Chicago
OFFERS
350 of its class-room courses by correspondence. One may take up High School or College studies at almost any point and do half the work for a Bachelor degree. Courses for Teachers, Writers, Bankers, Accountants, Business Men, Ministers, Parents and many in other vocations.
The U of C (Div U) Chicago Ill.

SAFETY RAZOR BLADES, 2½c EACH
Send dull Double or Single edge blades for *re-sharpening* by our wonderful process. We make them sharper than new. 30c per dozen.
CHEMICAL STEEL CO., 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago

without understanding why she was there. Beside the cab, when it drew up, she paused a moment, trying to drag up something that stirred dully in her mind; then motioned Hamilton to enter the vehicle with her.

As they drove along he put the handkerchief to his bleeding cheek. She was going to offer her handkerchief, but again the impulse could not reach her tongue. They drove to the Cleopatra, and he went to bathe his bruised face.

When he came back and sat down Emma began speaking abruptly. "I didn't go there to make any trouble, Ham," she said almost plaintively. "I just wanted to settle up with him and go away. I didn't go to make trouble. I meant to leave him alone—not bother any more." Almost mechanically she put her hand up to her aching right shoulder. "He oughtn't to have done that to me, Ham," she went on, with that odd, almost plaintive note in her voice. "Johnny Pound, Ham—my old partner—he oughtn't to have struck me."

Hamilton regarded his companion almost with awe, for in her dark eyes tears actually glistened.

She winked the drops out of her eyes and gave her head a slight shake. "I didn't mean to fight him," she went on; "I meant just to go away. I've always wanted to travel. But now, Ham, I'm going to break him. I'll throw him out of there without a dollar. I'll strip him to the bone." She spoke without vengeful exultation, as though it were a rôle which Fate had laid upon her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES

(Concluded from Page 19)

"What is it?" he questioned wildly. "Where is it? What hurt thee?" And then his heart, too, skipped a beat, for he found that though he had his daughter in his arms he had left her voice in the crib.

"It ain't me," she finally managed to assure him. "It's mine little brother what I gets out of the Central Park."

Lights, Mrs. Moriarty, explanations and expostulations followed.

"I tells that stork," Esther ended, "I tells him how I ain't got no families und no aunties und I needs a baby und I had a bed ready. It is mine baby. Storks is crazy fools!"

But the inexorable John Nolan set out upon his mission of restitution. Esther, puzzled, heart-broken, argumentative, sped on before and reached, not without some skirmishing, the side of the golden-haired lady while her father was still struggling with the darkness and his unaccustomed burden.

And then the miracles began. The lady heard a step upon the stairs and a great radiance fell upon her. Wonder, incredulity and joy shone in her lovely eyes. The doctor's hand was on her wrist. The nurse's admonitions were in her ears. But she raised herself among her pillows and watched the turn of the stairs, where a shaft of light streamed through the open door.

Esther's father came out of the darkness, and the lady wrenched her hand from the doctor and stretched both her arms toward the oncoming figure and——

"Jacob!" said she, and quite gently fainted.

"No excitement, no fuss," commanded the doctor. "She's all right, coming round in a minute. Here, stand there. Speak naturally to her. There, she's coming now."

"Why, Esther," said Jacob quietly in soft Hungarian, "I've been wondering where you were."

The lady mit the from-gold hair laid her other hand on his, smiled a little wearily and instantly dropped asleep.

"You ain't asked her whose is that baby," his daughter whispered to him. "You ain't asked her did she write letters on that stork?"

"I guess it's our baby, all right," her father answered. "You just carry it down and put it in the bed that's been waiting for it. Tell Mrs. Moriarty that your auntie was living here all the time."

"Mine auntie!" cried Esther. "Mine auntie! My, but storks is smart!" she gasped repentantly.

UTICA
TRADE MARK

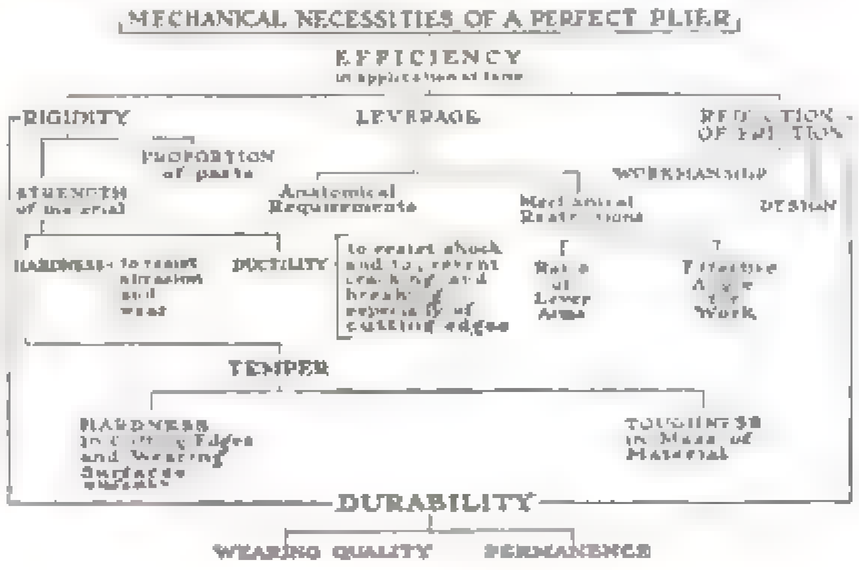
Life and Death

in tools depends upon the quality of the material and workmanship that goes into the making of them. A good tool has a long life—a life measured by the amount of work it does. A tool dies as it wears out from work, or breaks from being unable to bear some sudden shock or strain. You wouldn't buy tools that you knew were of limited working capacity, or were not made to stand the strain of emergency. It is difficult to tell, by looking at it, where a tool is weak—safety lies in buying such tools as you know are strong and made to do the work for which they are intended.

Utica Pliers and Nippers

are guaranteed perfect in all respects. Before it leaves the factory, each tool passes the severest inspection by practical, intelligent workmen who have instructions to break every plier they can in making the tests.

We know what a perfect plier is, and UTICA pliers and nippers are made to fill every requirement in material and workmanship and design. Drop forged, of high-grade steel, they will not bend [illegible] under work. Tempered to the right degree of hardness for wearing surfaces and cutting edges. They will cut cleanly a sheet of paper and snip with ease a steel wire nail. **Jaws and noses are hard and tough; can not bend, dent or squeeze out of shape.** The mass of the plier is tough and rigid. Handles are made with special curves to fit the anatomical construction of the hand, enabling the user to exert every ounce of force obtainable without cramping or bruising the muscles. **These features make UTICA pliers adaptable to unusual positions and conditions of work.** We make pliers and nippers of various shapes for use on special work.



UTICA pliers and nippers are made to last [illegible] wear. We have [illegible] UTICA [illegible] today, that were [illegible] seven years ago. [illegible] will do the work, one that will last, the very best you can buy, when you purchase UTICA pliers and nippers. Pliers for

Householders	**Electricians**	**Blacksmiths**	**Shoemakers**
Autoists	**Farmers**	**Jewelers**	**Plumbers**
Mechanics	**Milliners**	**Wire Workers**	**Linemen**

UTICA **pliers and nippers are manufactured by**

Utica Drop Forge & Tool Co., Utica, N.Y.

and are for sale at hardware and electrical supply stores. If your dealer does not keep them, let us know, and we will see that you are supplied.

If you are interested, we will be glad to send you, absolutely free, our handsomely illustrated booklet, "Plier Palmistry," which covers the entire subject of the plier and its uses. Send your name and address.

UTICA
TRADE MARK

SOUTHERN PACIFIC STEAMSHIPS

New York and New Orleans

Delightful trip the year round
LUXURIOUS ACCOMMODATIONS
$35.00 One Way **$60.00** Round Trip
INCLUDING BERTH AND MEALS

Connecting with
"SUNSET ROUTE"
For Points in
LOUISIANA, TEXAS, MEXICO, ARIZONA
CALIFORNIA

Inquire
L. H. Nutting, G. P. A., 1158-366-1 B'way, New York
or any Southern Pacific Agent

BANNATYNE
$1.50 WATCH

Noiseless winding, patent recoil ratchet (which prevents mainspring from setting after watch is wound), **patent lever double roller escapement, solid cut polished steel pinions**—

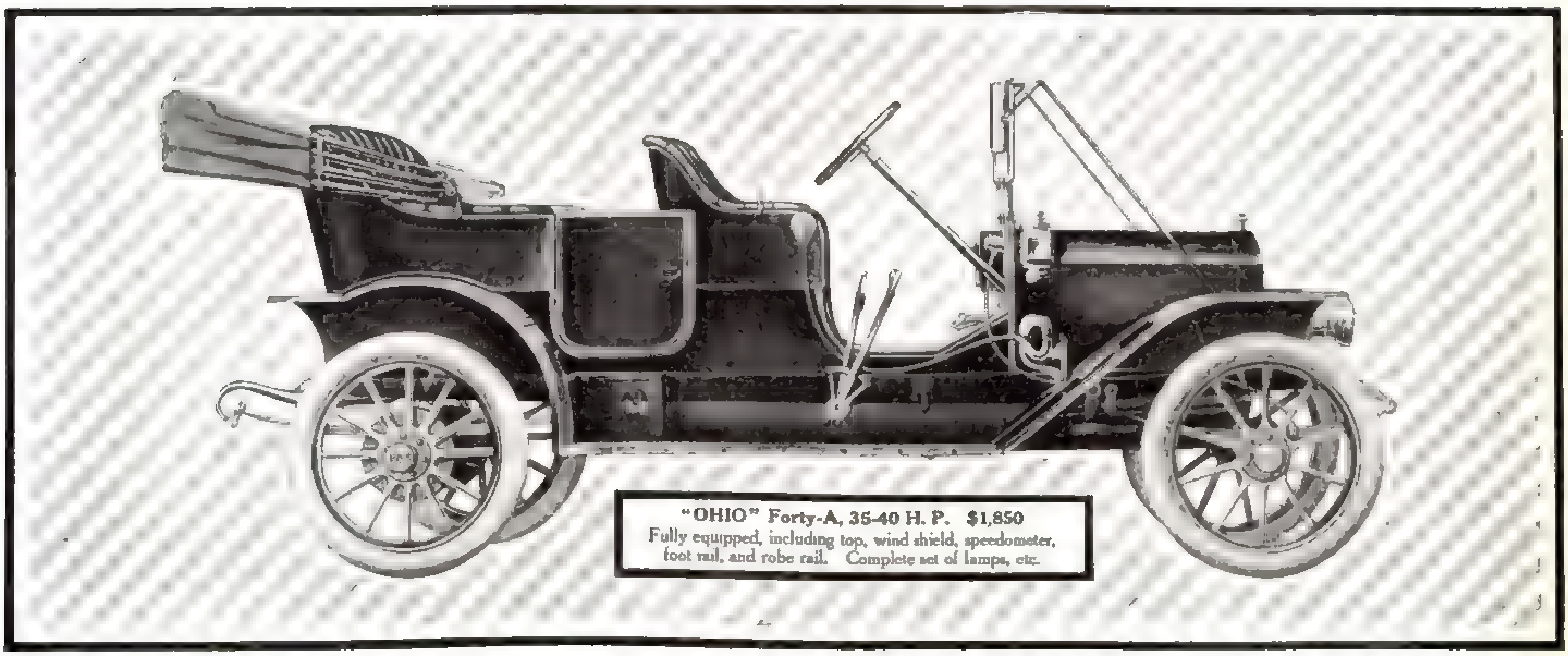
These, and many other special features heretofore found only in much higher priced timepieces, place the **BANNATYNE** in a class by itself, making it

A REAL WATCH at a Low Price

Built on strictly watch principles. The smallest, thinnest, easiest winding watch for the money. Most accurate and durable. **Guaranteed for one year.**

Ask your watch-maker or jeweller about the **BANNATYNE**. If he doesn't carry it, we will mail watch on receipt of price and dealer's name, postage prepaid. Nickel, $1.50; Gun Metal or Gilt, $1.60. Free booklet

THE BANNATYNE WATCH CO., 39 Canal Street, Waterbury, Conn.



"OHIO" Forty-A, 35-40 H. P. $1,850
Fully equipped, including top, wind shield, speedometer, foot rail, and robe rail. Complete set of lamps, etc.

Take these specifications with you no matter what priced car you figure on buying.

Ohio

Compare the "OHIO" in minute detail with either higher or lower priced cars and you cannot fail to be impressed with its splendid value.

Ohio

Don't simply compare the big things. Dig down into these smaller details:

The features listed here are the **ear marks of high grade construction.** You will find them on all high priced cars and on the "OHIO" at $1,850.00, fully equipped. Where you do not find them you can know the construction has been "skimped."

Cooling Fan, *six* blades, aluminum (not tin or sheet steel) made in *one piece.* **Ball-bearings,** *imported* F. & S. balls throughout. **Brakes,** all run to equalizers. **Brake Rods,** *Bessemer* steel, 7/16 inches in diameter. **Steering Reach and Rods,** *extra* heavy and strong, joints at both ends of spring end reach *protected with leather housings* or coverings. **Steering Gear,** irreversible. **Levers,** drop forged, or crucible steel. **Radiator,** genuine *Mercedes* type; ledge of radiator and hood *laced with rawhide* to prevent rattling. **Ignition Cables,** made oil and moisture proof by encasing in *extra conduit.* **Spring Bolts,** case hardened, with *grease cups* in ends. **Oilers and Grease Cups,** provided for axles, springs, brake equalizers, clutch, steering connections—*every* part needing lubrication. **Muffler,** extra *length* deadened with *asbestos packing.* **Gasoline Tank,** extra *large* and *heavy, tinned* inside and out. **Starting Crank,** drop forged, grip of *hard rubber.* **Mud Pan,** suspended by spring connections (not stove bolts). **Rubber Bumpers** on front springs, highest grade ("A") rubber. Heavy jump straps on rear springs. **Steering Wheel,** Circassian Walnut, 18 inches in diameter with *aluminum* spider attached to 1¼ inch mast jacket. **Fenders,** extra *width,* reinforced, with *continuous* guards and visors. **Crank and Transmission Cases,** made of aluminum. **Assembly,** all parts riveted or fastened with castle nuts and cotter pins.

Complete Specifications of "OHIO" Forty-A, $1,850

POWER.—Unit Power Plant, three point suspension; **Engine** of our own design, 35-40 H. P. four-cylinder, four-cycle, with 4¾ inch bore by 4½ inch stroke; **Speed,** 4 to 60 miles per hour; **Cylinders,** cast in pairs, "L" head design. **Valves,** intake and exhaust very simple and extra large resulting in increased power. **Cam Shafts,** one piece drop forging with cams integral. **Timing Gears,** helical, located outside of crank case, packed in grease and readily accessible. **Crank Case,** aluminum fitted with oil reservoir [illegible] oiling system. **Carburetor,** celebrated Schebler model L, float feed type giving perfect carburetion in all atmospheres and under all speeds. **Cooling,** thermo-syphon radiation in connection with copper tube cellular radiator, genuine Mercedes type; fan is one piece six blade aluminum with integral rim mounted on ball bearings—ledge of radiator and hood are laced with rawhide to deaden noise; **Ignition,** dual system consisting of Splitdorf low tension magneto, Columbia Multiple battery and single coil box on dash for both battery and magneto; ignition cables are oil and moisture proof, suspended from a bracket and protected against chafing and short circuiting. **Lubrication,** splash from oil in crank case, to all moving parts of motor, oil pump is gear driven off cam shaft and is positive in action—absolute oil level in crank case maintained by automatic gates and sight float oil gauge shows levels. **Control,** spark and throttle levers attached to steering wheel. **Clutch,** 3-plate type, with special friction brake facing to prevent "grabbing" and to assure gradual and easy starting.

TRANSMISSION.—Selective type, 3 speeds forward and reverse with direct drive on high speed. **Gears,** 3½ per cent nickel steel, mounted on F. & S. imported ball bearings (practically noiseless). **Gear Shafts,** are short giving very compact assembly and increased strength; **Transmission Gear Case,** (which forms part of the continuous power plant, consisting of crank case, clutch housing and transmission case) is aluminum with removable cover for ready examination and renewal of lubrication.

BRAKES.—Two sets of internal expanding brakes on each rear wheel, one operated by service foot lever, the other by emergency brake lever. **Brake Rods** are Bessemer Steel 7/16 inches in diameter, as heavy as on heaviest 6-cylinder cars. Brakes run to equalizers.

STEERING.—Screw and nut type, practically irreversible, preventing back lash of wheel when traveling rough roads. Spring and universal connections are provided between arms and steering reach. Steering rods are back of axle and joints at both ends are protected by leather housings.

WHEEL BASE.—115 inches.

FRAME.—Straight line pattern, cold rolled steel, channel section of extra gauge and size reinforced at front ends—hot riveted throughout. All holes jig drilled.

SPRINGS.—Specially graded steel, case hardened spring bolts, drilled and mounted with brass grease cups and spring clips forged from genuine Norway iron. **Front Springs,** semi-elliptic, 40" x 2¼", equipped with rubber bumpers; **Rear Springs,** semi-elliptic, 54" x 2¼", attached to frame by forged steel hangers, equipped with heavy jump straps.

AXLES. Front, double channel section, cold rolled steel, reinforced by spacer blocks to give maximum strength with minimum weight. **Rear,** full floating, clutch driven, with pressed steel housing and sleeves; **Differential,** is nickel steel of special alloy, differential housings fitted with dirt-proof, hand hole cover to allow inspection or renewal of lubricant in differential without dismounting axle; both front and rear axles run on imported F. & S. balls.

WHEELS.—Artillery pattern, 10 spoke front, 12 spoke rear.

TIRES.—34 x 4, quick detachable, of standard makes.

GASOLINE TANK.—18 gallon capacity, heavy gauge, tinned inside and out after making, with large hand hole and extra strainer, firmly attached to chassis by riveted steel bands; seated with spring connections to prevent break in fuel pipe connections.

HOOD.—Blind hinge pattern preventing entrance of rain or washing water to engine and ignition system, securely fastened at each end by brass fixtures.

FENDERS.—Extra width reinforced metal, supported by strong irons and provided with mud guards, both front and rear, front fenders provided with visors to protect radiator.

MUD PAN.—One piece pan protects entire unit power plant, closely shaped to fit frame, laced with rawhide to prevent rattle and supported to frame by four strong spring connections that hold securely and yet allow instant removal at any time.

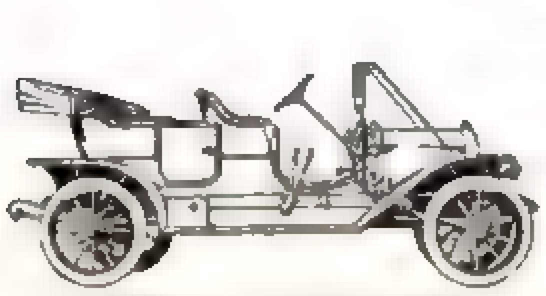
BODY.—Metal, straight line 5 passenger, extra large tonneau with 28 inches between front and rear seats; rear seat measures 50 inches across cushion line. **Upholstering,** fine No. 1 machine buffed automobile leather, all hair stuffing; floor of tonneau fitted with velvet carpet; **Dash** is Circassian Walnut to match all other natural wood used in finish and equipment.

COLOR.—Body, "OHIO" blue, a deep blue of handsome tone; gear, pale Primrose, suitably striped. The best finished motor car on the market.

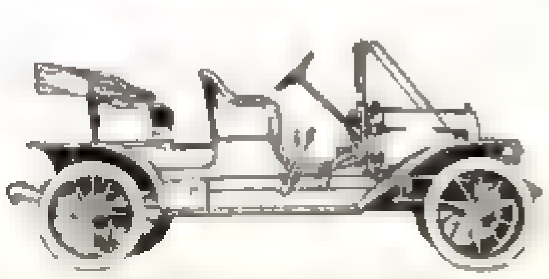
EQUIPMENT.—The "OHIO" as delivered to you is complete, ready to drive in any weather. Equipment consists of fine cape top, brass mounted automatic wind shield, speedometer, robe rail, foot rail, two extra large high grade search lights with large, heavy mirrors, two three-crown side oil lamps, rear oil lamp, gas generator, large horn complete with tube and bulb, tool kit, foot pump, jack, and rubber repair kit.

The OHIO Motor Car Company, Elmwood Station, Cincinnati, O., U. S. A.

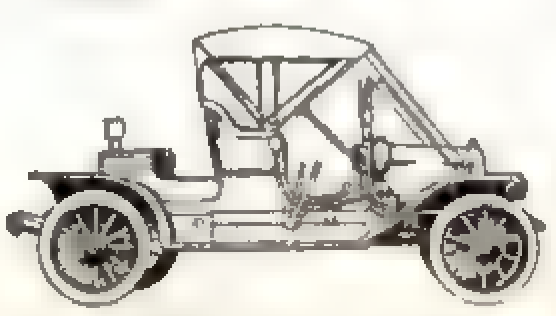
Members American Motor Car Manuf'rs Association **Send for Catalog "P" and List of Agencies**



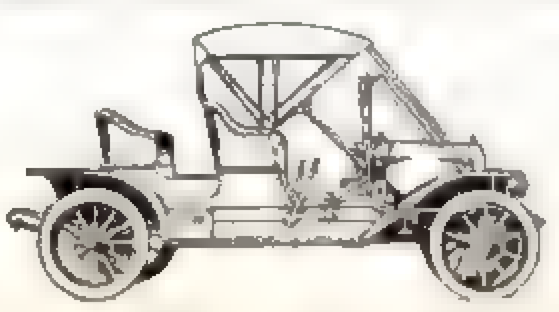
"OHIO" Forty-B, $1850
Close-coupled Detachable Tonneau.



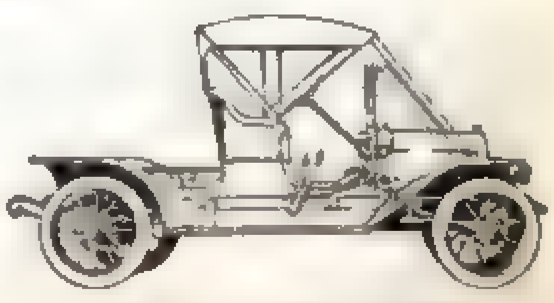
"OHIO" Forty-C, $1850
4 Passenger Suburban.



"OHIO" Forty-D, $1750
Roadster, with Double Artillery Seats.



"OHIO" Forty-F, $1750
Roadster, with Single Rumble Seat.



"OHIO" Forty-G, $1750
Roadster

Send Us Four Cents

And we'll send you a generous sample of Palmolive — the finest toilet soap on the market

Until you have used this superior soap, you don't know how good soap can be.

More women use Palmolive Soap than any other toilet soap selling for 10c a cake or more. When you know what they know, you'll get it, too.

Try it in any water — try it in every way — for shampoo, manicure, massage, for the bath. Bathe the baby with it. It is excellent for baby's skin, so you know it is good for yours.

We use only palm and olive oils from the Orient

Then we use a special process and get a perfect blend. We have had 36 years of experience in soap making.

The result is a soap so delightful that you'll wonder you never used it before. Price 15c at your dealer's.

Send the 4c today. We'll send you also our free book, "*The Easy Way to Beauty*."

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO.
352 Fowler Street Milwaukee, Wis.

Here's the most practical gift to give any Business Man—Artist—Schoolboy or College Man—

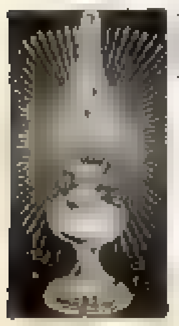
The U. S. AUTOMATIC PENCIL SHARPENER

Buy **one today** on **trial** — here's our offer — to get **you** to **try** this the first practical pencil sharpener — Send us $3.50 — we [illegible] a complete U. S. Automatic Pencil Sharpener with 2 extra knives prepaid [illegible] test it in every reasonable way [illegible] then if you're not satisfied ship it back [illegible] and get your $3.50 back [illegible] proves our confidence!

OUR CLAIMS. Costs only 1c a day. Saves 10c a day [illegible] every three pencil users [illegible] **Cuts off enough. No More.** [illegible] more than necessary. No parts to break or be put out of order. It does not **grind** — it cuts — the blades [illegible] the pencil **without** [illegible] the pencil [illegible] to break the lead. [illegible] "A Saving Pointer" tells you **how to stop** an important office leak [illegible] free [illegible] Trial of the U. S. Automatic Pencil Sharpener is **Proof** that it is Saving, Practical, Indispensable in every office. Get one on trial today. Now

AUTOMATIC PENCIL SHARPENER CO., Inc.
Dept. D, Spring and Crosby Sts., New York City

AUTOMATIC PENCIL SHARPENER



A FLOOD OF LIGHT FROM KEROSENE (Coal Oil)

Burning common kerosene the ALADDIN MANTLE LAMP generates gas that gives a light more brilliant than city gas, gasoline or [illegible] Simple, odorless, clean, safe and [illegible]

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY

Is revolutionizing lighting everywhere. Needed in every home. Every lamp guaranteed. Sells itself. Our Sunbeam Burners fit other lamps. Ask our nearest office how **you can get a lamp free** or apply for Agency Proposition. **THE MANTLE LAMP CO of America, Desk 196**, Chicago, Portland, Ore., Waterbury, Conn., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE MODERN TOWER OF BABEL

(Continued from Page 17)

The proper analysis of a piece of business property in the congested business center of a large city is in reality a delicate and complex question calling for a specialist and the most exact and careful computation, from the broad and general questions of location down to the smallest details. In fact, it demands finer and closer mathematical calculation and exerts a greater influence on income results than do the actual engineering and erection of the building itself, because it includes every factor of the construction cost and rental income, and has many features of its own.

Commencing with the ground, the important things to be considered are its dimensions, the length of frontage on streets and alleys—and frontage is to be subdivided into primary frontage and secondary frontage. The former must be taken to mean, for all buildings that stand on corners, the extension of the building on the busier street of the two; the secondary frontage is the extension on the less busy of the two streets. In deciding the primary and secondary frontage there comes in a long list of things that must be taken into consideration: the sidewalk traffic, whether there are street cars—and street cars are great business builders, worthy, as such, of an article to themselves. Then comes the traffic in wagons, carriages and automobiles. And, finally, the mental condition of the traffic – are the passers-by in a purchasing state of mind, or are they on a cross street, hurrying to the main thoroughfare?

The Streets Where People Buy

It is a peculiar trait of the human intellect that when bent upon general shopping the mind generally becomes centered upon one thoroughfare or a locality where shops are largest and most numerous. People will hasten along the side streets, giving comparatively little attention to such establishments as exist there; but when the shopping center is reached the pace is slackened and the mind turns to the question of buying. The people wander up and down the principal shopping streets, creating the human congestion which gives to property on a principal retail thoroughfare a value beyond that existing upon any street that intersects it.

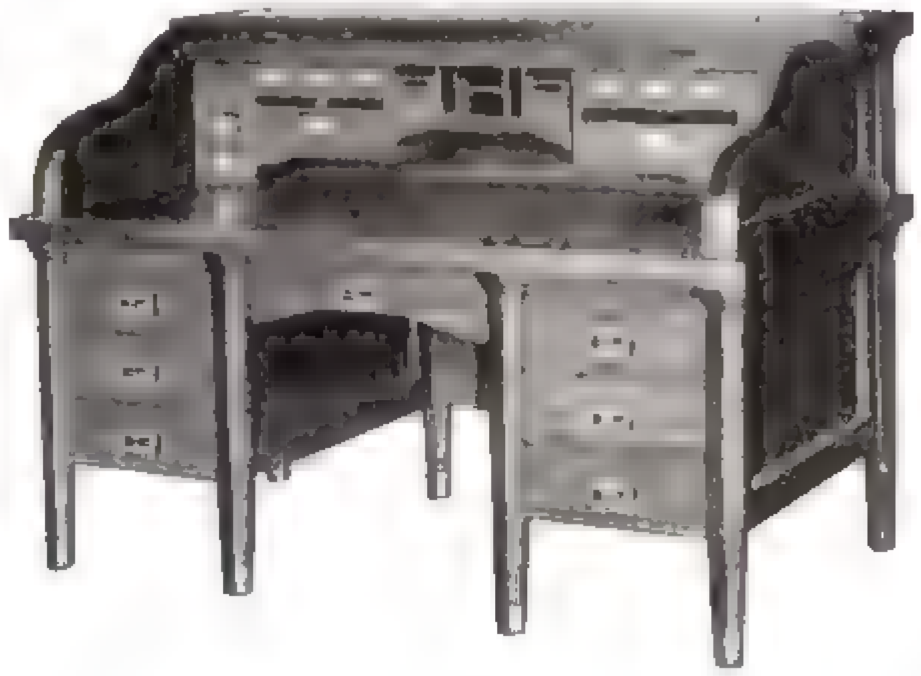
Other general questions concern the size of the building, the area of the floors, the number of stories, the height of these stories and of the building itself, the style of construction and its comparative extravagance and economy, the area of the court, the total of non-revenue-producing area—and it must always be remembered that it costs as much to create space that will be unrentable as to build area that will produce revenue. Then comes, finally, the net area that can be rented, and naturally this must be as great as possible.

Considering the building as a whole, the most desirable type in every way is a structure that will occupy the ground from street corner to street corner and extend back to the alley on both cross streets. This will give the building the earning power of two corners and three street frontages, will admit the maximum of natural light, and will minimize the loss of rentable area by light courts, elevator shafts and stairways.

The value of the rentable area of the ground floor of a building may be divided into six grades, and their proportional rentals per square foot would be about as follows in a city of 100,000 people:

1. The most prominent corner, which is the angle formed by the principal thoroughfare and the principal cross street . .	$4.00
2. The angle of the principal thoroughfare and the secondary cross street . . .	2.50
3. The area on the principal thoroughfare lying between the two corners . . .	2.00
4. The area fronting the principal cross street back of the most important corner	2.00
5. The area fronting the secondary cross street back of the secondary corner . .	1.50
6. The inside space back of the main thoroughfare frontage and opening on the alley	.75

On the floors above the first the proper gradings are eight in number. It must be remembered that this building occupies



Substantial Elegance

Suggested by the

Material
Style
Finish

of

Derby Office Furniture

secures for us the business of Captains of Industry. They appreciate that **Derby Office Furniture** indicates Standing and Responsibility and reflects Character behind the business. They *know* that an investment in **Derby Office Furniture** pays good dividends.

We Guarantee Derby Office Furniture

not to shrink, warp, crack or split, because the Quality of the Material, Construction and Workmanship justify our guarantee.

Five-ply cross-bound writing beds. Three-ply panels,
Drawer corners (front and back) dove-tailed,
Drawer bottoms three-ply paneled in,
Four and eight piece dove-tailed legs.

A perfect desk costs more to build, but a perfect desk *stays* perfect, and is a continual inspiration to the user.

Specialty, choice mahogany, but our full lines meet every taste and purse.

DERBY DESK COMPANY BOSTON, MASS

Agencies in principal cities. Catalog 2903 and name of nearest dealer on request.

Inner fabric of cotton, linen or silk
Air space between
Outer fabric of wool or silkoline
Duofold

Improved **Duofold** Health Underwear

LOOK at the air-space between these two fabrics. That is the secret of Duofold.

A finished surface of fine cotton, linen or silk next your skin.

Then a layer of air

Then an outer fabric of wool which carries away all moisture (or the outer fabric if you prefer it may be silkoline).

The air space keeps the garment fresh and sweet and makes it warm but not heavy.

A sensitive man can't stand "itchy" irritating wool against his skin. A cleanly man doesn't want a thick solid cotton garment that holds the perspiration and becomes damp and unsanitary.

How can you or any man, afford to go on wearing the old-fashioned unscientific underwear when you can get Duofold?

Ask your nearest dealer about it. If he hasn't it write us for the name of a dealer who has. Ask for the Duofold booklet of different weights, shades and styles for men, women and children. Single garments and union suits, $1.25 to $5 a garment.

Duofold fabrics are thoroughly shrunken before making up, and sizes and fit are guaranteed.

Duofold Health Underwear Co.
Mohawk, N. Y.

Robischon & Peckham Co.
Selling Agents 349 Broadway, New York
This label is on the genuine garments.

ONLY 5 CENTS

The Hygienic Soap For Toilet, Bath and Shampoo

Lifebuoy Soap is different from ordinary soaps. It gives sterilized cleanliness, the only scientific cleanliness, destroys germs and protects the health.

LIFEBUOY

purifies, deodorizes and beautifies the skin. It is the health soap of the home and meets every need of toilet, bath and shampoo.

5c. At Your Grocers

LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY
Cambridge, Mass.

Blest be the Tie that does *not* bind

Mitchell Slide Easy Tie combines elegance, comfort and satisfaction, and, no matter of what material made, is guaranteed to

Slide Easy Under Any Collar Made

It is the patented construction that compels this. Beware of infringements that disappoint

[illegible]

Mitchell "Slide-Easy" Tie Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

The American Boy will delight and develop your boy every month in the year. Full of good reading, fine illustrations, helpful ideas. Thirty-two pages.

The GIFT that LASTS all YEAR

[illegible]

SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO
55 Majestic Bldg Detroit, Mich

Ask For MASON'S PENS

25 For 25c

To convince you that our pens are of superior quality and [illegible] $1.00 prepaid. Order today. Satisfaction guaranteed.
W. L. MASON CO., Drawer B. KEENE, N H

CLASS PINS
WRITE FOR CATALOG
THE D. L. AULD CO.
COLUMBUS, OHIO, U.S.A.

three sides of a square, and that there is, above the first floor, no wall along the alley in rear of the court. The area gradings and proportionate rentals per square foot per annum are about as follows:

1.	The angle of the principal thoroughfare and the principal cross street . .	$1.75
2.	The angle of the principal thoroughfare and the secondary cross street . .	1.50
3.	The frontage on the principal thoroughfare between the two corners . . .	1.50
4.	The frontage on the principal cross street in rear of area No. 1	1.50
5.	The frontage on the secondary cross street in rear of area No. 2 . . .	1.40
6.	The area at the head of the court extending across from the side walls . .	1.25
7.	The area on the side of the court nearest to the principal cross street . .	1.25
8.	The area on the side of the court nearest to the secondary cross street . .	1.25

Returning once more to the specific details to be considered inside the building in estimating the value of the basement and its capacity to produce revenue, there must first be considered the cost of construction and the total floor area, the waste and service space and, finally, the cost per rental square foot.

On the ground floor the factors are the cost per square foot of floor area, the waste and service space, the rental frontage and the ratio of rental area to that frontage. By this last is meant the exact proportion of the frontage capable of producing revenue by rental.

It is highly desirable that all the first-floor frontage be made available for rental and, when this is not practicable, that as much of it be rented as possible.

The detail of ascertaining the exact amount of rentable and unrentable area in a building, and the exact charge upon the revenue of all waste area, is as fascinating as it is complex. For example, in a building twelve stories high the cost of elevator service is, per square foot, up to the tenth or twelfth floor, about twelve cents per annum, while it is not over seven cents to the fourth floor.

Rental rates naturally vary in different cities. The following illustrations show the comparative figures for different sections of different cities, the building in every case being an office structure with retail stores on the first floor.

Chicago. Corner of Michigan Avenue: steel and terra-cotta building; basement, $.72; ground floor, $6.27; second floor, $2.25; other floors, $1.70. Madison Street: steel and brick building in center of a square; basement, $.83; ground floor, $6.83; second floor, $1.34; other floors, $1.69.

St. Louis. Corner of Olive Street: steel and brick building; ground floor, $5.15; second floor, $1.77; other floors, $1.14.

Indianapolis. Corner of Market Street: steel and brick building; ground floor, $2.52; second floor, $1.50; other floors, $.34. Another corner of Market Street, stone and brick building; ground floor, $4.08; second floor, $.95; other floors, $.95.

New York. Corner of Wall Street: steel and concrete building; ground floor, $40; second floor, $8.56; other floors, $4.63. Inside a square on Wall Street: steel and brick building; ground floor, $15; second floor, $2.22; other floors, $2.22. Corner on lower Broadway: steel and brick building above Wall Street; ground floor, $14.80; second floor, $7.22; other floors, $6.23.

Seattle. Corner of Second Avenue: concrete building; ground floor, $2.95; second floor, $1.71; other floors, $1.71. Corner of First Avenue: steel and brick building; ground floor, $3.21; second floor, $1.22; other floors, $1.07.

In planning the erection of an office-building it must always be remembered that it should never be so extensively adorned as to permit the embellishment to constitute a heavy investment. Two buildings in New York City that stand close to Trinity Church are examples of this. One is of granite, the other of terra-cotta, and both are about twenty-five stories high. The ornamentation on the outer wall of the four upper stories on the granite building equaled in cost the entire front of the terra-cotta building from sidewalk to roof. Moreover, this adornment is hardly visible from the street.

It is needless to say that the lower cost of the terra-cotta building yields the larger return on the invested capital and constitutes, in every sense, a better proposition for the stockholders.

They Are Either Right Or Ridiculous

Some men think little about every-day clothes. The make doesn't matter much.

They are wrong, of course, especially if they are young. For, whether justly or unjustly, men are judged largely by clothes.

But a man who dons evening clothes, and attempts formal dress, marks himself a tyro if the clothes are wrong.

Evening clothes are either right or ridiculous. Better omit all attempt at formality rather than attempt and fall short.

No man can feel or appear at his best unless his evening clothes are perfection.

Copyrighted 1909 by L. Adler, Bros. & Co.

Here We Serve You Best

For forty years, Adler-Rochester Full Dress Clothes have stood first in America.

No doubt we have rivals in business clothes, but in evening clothes we have none. Even our ablest competitors, if they are fair, will acknowledge our supremacy here.

We are now selling Adler-Rochester Full Dress Clothes to the critical men of six nations.

Adler-Rochester Evening Clothes

Our Dinner and Dress clothes cost a little more than some makes. Prices run from $35 to $60.

Not because the clothes are famous—not because they bear our name. Our average profit on Adler-Rochester clothes runs but 97 cents per suit.

But we will not make evening clothes short of perfection, and perfection takes time and care and skill.

The materials are the costliest we can buy. The designs meet the highest ideals of refinement. Every little detail is perfected by hand.

But the main cost lies in parts you don't see. We spend on the making four times what some makers spend, so the clothes hold their fit and shape.

As a result, the man who wears Adler-Rochester evening clothes is dressed in the height of good taste.

The man who pays twice as much wears nothing better, for the highest-priced tailor can go no farther than we.

Ask Our Dealer's Name

If you are one of the men who care, find out the one dealer in your town who handles Adler-Rochester clothes.

If you don't know him, please ask us. When we give you his name we will send you our Style Book 27, with all the latest full dress suggestions.

L. ADLER, BROS. & CO., Rochester, N.Y.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

20% DOWN—10% PER MONTH

Why wait for your Diamond until you have saved the price? Pay for it by the Lyon Method. Lyon's Diamonds are guaranteed perfect blue-white. A written guarantee accompanies each Diamond. All goods sent prepaid for inspection. 10% discount for cash. Send now for catalogue No. 66

Established 1843

J·M·LYON & CO·
71-73 NASSAU ST·N·Y·

Featheredge
TRADE MARK
RUBBER SPONGE FREE

Prove for yourself the many good points of the Featheredge Rubber Sponge. We will send you one at our expense.

Featheredge Rubber Sponge
TRADE MARK

Superior to any rubber sponge on the market and infinitely better than the ordinary natural sponge. Soft as silk, no grit, no scratching. Cleanses the skin and acts as a gentle massage. Sanitary, germ-proof, cleans itself, satisfying, [illegible] ing. Wears four times as long as the [illegible]. All sizes for every purpose of the Toilet and Bath, for men, women and children. Do you know what they will do? Let us show you.

For sale by Dealers Everywhere

FREE If [illegible] stamps [illegible] packing and postage we will send you without cost a perfect Featheredge sponge and interesting booklet. Write today.

The N. Tire Rubber Sponge Company,
447 E. Indiana Street, Chicago, Ill.

The idea that you can cleanse the hair without washing is proved by the number of women who find new pleasure in using

W & B Swedish Hair Powder
The Dry Shampoo

Removes dust, grease, excessive oil, makes the hair soft, clean and fluffy, easy to arrange and keeps the hair in splendid condition.

Large size **$1.00**, Small **50c** (by mail **60c**). For Sale by all first class dealers. If you cannot get it, send 10c for a liberal trial package and our pamphlet, "How to Have Handsome Hair."

WALDEYER & BETTS, Dept. S, 170 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

IRRIGATION'S ARTFUL AID

(Continued from Page 21)

bearing condition for less than fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars an acre is probably not worth the buying. Its purchaser will simply be paying for the other man's education in apple culture. But from the experience and the experiments of these pioneers the new man should be guided in planning his own orchard.

First of all, he may make certain that irrigated fruit growing is not a poor man's proposition. It is not an undertaking for the man without several thousand dollars in hand. As in every other business, more failures are due to this lack than to any other cause. The proper amount of money varies with each individual, for much depends on a man's willingness to grit his teeth and endure hard living and poor commons until his orchard comes into bearing. For the average man from three to four thousand dollars' capital is essential. That will be enough to make a first payment on his land, prepare it, set out the trees, build a livable shack and carry him and the trees through the first and hardest year of preparation. In the second year and thereafter he should be able to get a fair living by growing some light crop between the ranks of his young trees. If a market is at hand potatoes are an ideal crop for such planting. They should pay, under irrigation, one hundred dollars' profit to each acre.

Sometimes men without capital, but who have a good trade, are advised to set out an orchard and let it develop while they earn a living as carpenters or masons. In the opinion of many experts the plan is not a good one. The man who wants big profits from his trees must devote most of his attention to them, even from the first. To the most successful growers every tree in their orchards has a distinct individuality—a number, if not a name. Its peculiarities are studied and humored, its individual wants supplied, a careful record of its annual yield kept. The five or six years of growth before bearing are none too long for a man to get thoroughly well acquainted with his trees.

Meanwhile, all about him his neighbors are picking the crops from developed orchards or are doing their best to bring young trees into bearing. By watching what they are doing, by talking over with them their successes and failures, he will add to his own experience the lessons that they can teach. In this way only, by regular laboratory work in his own orchard, plus the lectures of the leading experts in his district, can the greenhorn hope to win the proud degree of S. I. F. G.—Successful Irrigated Fruit Grower.

The Fruit-Grower's Dread

In most of the high fruit valleys of the Northwest the codling moth, most dreaded enemy of apple trees, is not greatly troublesome, yet it is not altogether unknown. Usually it can be exterminated and kept out by spraying the trees once or twice a year with the proper solution. In some localities it is and probably always will be unknown. To one such favored valley came a scientist last year to discover, if he could, the secret of its immunity. This is what he found:

The codling moth flies only at night. It is only after dusk that the female moth, fluttering from tree to tree, lays the eggs which later mean destruction to the orchard. Unless the declining sun leaves behind it a temperature of between sixty and seventy degrees the moth remains still and dormant. In this valley the temperature after sunset was never higher than fifty-five degrees. This explains why the pest was absent from the locality under investigation and makes another pretty point to be remembered by those who are selecting a location for a new orchard.

Putting everything through the sieve, these facts remain: Any man who has four thousand dollars and is willing to invest his money and five or six years of conscientious, careful, unremunerative work in a prospect may be fairly certain of a more or less golden future, provided he has been wise enough or well advised enough, in the first place, to select a proper location for growing irrigated fruit. In making that selection he will almost always do well to find an agent in whom he can have

Ask the Busiest Building Contractor

you know what make of heating apparatus is installed in the majority of the homes he has built. He will tell you that Richardson & Boynton Fresh Warm Air Heaters and Steam or Hot Water Boilers are heating more public buildings and homes than any other make in this country.

There is but one reason for this [illegible]

Richardson & Boynton Heaters are [illegible] and scientifically perfect in every [illegible] construction are made of the very finest [illegible] [illegible] the greatest possible amount of heat for every pound of fuel used.

This means a durability and an economy of [illegible] operation that will save many dollars every year.

Furthermore, every builder knows that:

A Richardson & Boynton Furnace or Boiler will add materially to the value of your house if you are [illegible]

For three generations we have led the way in the development and perfection of every type of heating apparatus. We are therefore in a position to give unprejudiced advice as to which type is best suited to your particular needs.

[illegible] *kind* of apparatus [illegible]

Do not overlook the vital importance to the health of your family of efficient apparatus for the heating and ventilating of your home. Before closing your specifications let us show you the immeasurable superiority of Richardson & Boynton Heaters. We shall be pleased to send on request our latest book—"The Truth About Heating," giving information about

Richardson & Boynton Co.'s Fresh Warm Air Heaters
Richardson Boilers for Steam or Hot Water Heating
Richardson & Boynton Co.'s Perfect Cooking Ranges

Richardson & Boynton Co.
ESTABLISHED 1837
Manufacturers of Heating Apparatus
NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON

Realize Your Ideals

The world judges you by the way you *look*. You seldom see a hero in rags off the stage. The man for the emergency must look the part. Don't discount your face value—make the most of yourself by wearing

Michaels-Stern Clothes

These are the clothes which express refinement of character and style in every line—with the distinctiveness that comes from finest fabrics, choicest patterns, artful tailoring and all the final touches which denote the superlative degree of excellence.

Should you not be able to find these clothes at your dealer's, send us his name and we will tell you where to obtain them. We will also forward our handsome **Portfolio** *of Styles for Fall and Winter.*

Michaels, Stern & Co., Dept. S, Rochester, N. Y.

The Vacuum Cleaner Made Perfect and Practical

We'll Let You Prove It by Free Trial!

The Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper works on the *correct* cleaning principle—brushing combined with suction. The operating cost for electricity is only 3 cents for cleaning a seven room house.

A rapidly revolving brush, like that in a carpet sweeper, operated by a small motor, brushes up the pile of the carpet, and loosens adhered dirt, which the powerful suction fan sucks into the dust bag.

The Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper cleans *thoroughly* for it has such a large suction opening that it will take up not only *fine dirt* but even cuttings, scraps of paper, lint, matches, pins, hair, and large particles of dirt.

Special attachments for cleaning curtains and pictures on the wall, upholstery, furniture without moving anything, forcing fresh air into pillows and mattresses, drying hair, etc. An extra brush for polishing hardwood floors.

Here is a sensible Christmas present—one that will be appreciated by any woman who enjoys a clean, well-kept home. Bear this in mind when making up your list.

HOOVER Electric SUCTION SWEEPER

Write for Free Trial. Our dealers are glad to demonstrate the Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper free of charge. Where we have no dealer we will ship direct for free trial, and if you are not perfectly satisfied you may return it at our expense.

Write today for illustrated Booklet, "**Sweeping by Electricity,**" and full details of Free Trial Plan.

Dealers! Only a little open territory left. If you want the agency for the **practical** cleaning device, write at once for terms and special proposition.

HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER CO.
Dept. 40 (12) NEW BERLIN, OHIO

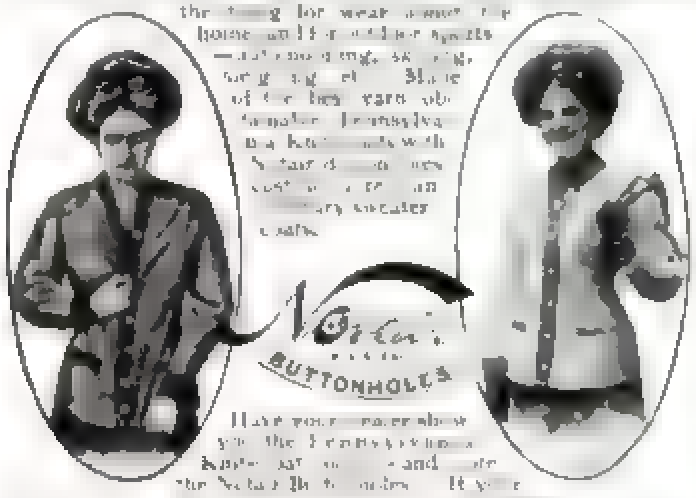
Looks Neat and Retains Its Perfect Fit Always

PENNSYLVANIA KNIT COAT THE ONLY SWEATER-COAT MADE WITH

NOTAIR BUTTONHOLES

Don't experience the same trouble with your sweater this year as you did last. Don't buy a sweater that loses its neat appearance and fit after you wear it a few times, because the buttonholes give way.

Get the Pennsylvania Knit Coat—(for LADIES AND MEN)—the only sweater-coat made with NOTAIR BUTTONHOLES—buttonholes so reinforced that the roughest treatment won't enlarge or tear them. Then you have a garment that looks neat and retains its perfect fit always. The Pennsylvania Knit Coat is just the thing for wear around the home and for outdoor sports—automobiling, skating, tobogganing, golf, etc. Made of the best yarn obtainable. Pennsylvania Knit Coats with Notair Buttonholes cost no more than ordinary sweater coats.



Have your dealer show you the Pennsylvania Knit Coat sweater and note the Notair Buttonholes. If your dealer cannot supply it, write us for full information and prices.

THE PENNSYLVANIA KNITTING MILLS. Sole Mfrs.
1010-12-14 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Genuine Red Cedar Treasure Chest

ON 15 DAYS' TRIAL ABSOLUTELY FREE!

This beautiful chest, **made of genuine Red Cedar**, will be sent to you direct from factory. **Freight Prepaid Both Ways**, if unsatisfactory. **Furnishes absolute protection** for furs and fabrics against moths, dust and damp. An ideal birthday, wedding or Xmas gift. This chest is handsomely bound with heavy copper, studded with rivets. Write AT ONCE for beautifully illustrated catalog of other chests of various styles, sizes and prices.

Various styles and prices.

Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. 40 Statesville, N. C.

confidence, and then let himself be largely guided by this agent's advice. A personal preliminary visit to the proposed valley is also the part of wisdom, so that the purchaser may, by using his own eyes and talking with men already located there, check up the agent's statements and so confirm his confidence. It is a fact that those who stick through the five-years' course required to get the fruit-growers' diploma almost always win out in one way or another.

And now, how long will it be before more apples are grown than the market can take care of? The sincere expert will tell you that that is a real question. In 1896 the Government figures showed a total production of sixty-nine million barrels of apples—almost a barrel for every inhabitant. Under the pressure of that great crop the price broke down to a certain level, where it remained stationary, still leaving a fair margin of profit. In 1908 the same authority estimated the total apple crop of the country at only twenty-three million barrels—which accounts for the painful fact that last winter a single pippin cost five or ten cents. The great decline in production is due to the fact that many of the Eastern orchards have stopped profitable yielding. Meanwhile, the consuming population has increased by many millions. This year the apple crop is expected to be only twenty-two million barrels, because, though a large number of irrigated orchards have now come to bearing, there has been a still greater decrease in Eastern production. Every year, for the next five or six, a considerable increase in the total crop is, however, expected.

The Widening Apple-Market

At the same time the expert insists that apples have now become a world crop. Already a large portion of the finest pick is shipped to the London markets. The export demand is certain to grow steadily larger as the high quality of the irrigated fruit becomes better known. And the steadily growing population of the United States—backed by the appetizing flavor of the irrigated apples—makes certain an always widening domestic market. The nearest the expert will come to a definite statement is to say that, in his opinion, one million acres of irrigated orchard in full bearing should be plenty to make up the present deficit between supply and demand. As to how many acres are already set out to trees there are no trustworthy statistics; though, doubtless, a wide margin still remains to be filled.

Once settled in an irrigated fruit country the newcomer will find many features of life with which he is unfamiliar. The fact that he and his colleagues are forced to coöperate in using water from the same source will, he presently discovers, make coöperation natural in many other ways. In all the best valleys coöperative fruit-growers' associations have been established. These associations build and maintain storage warehouses and attend to every detail of advertising and marketing the fruit to the best advantage. Often all the fruit-pickers are employed and discharged by the association, which holds them responsible only for the quality of the pack—the initials of the packer being stamped on every box which he fills—while the individual orchard owner pays the wages and sees that he gets an honest day's work in the matter of quantity.

The large fruit-growers' associations also maintain selling and transportation agents in the great shipping centers. These agents keep close track of the market in every considerable town, and see to it that their employers' shipments are sent where they will bring the best prices. If the crop be abnormally large and the market glutted the grower may store his apples in the association's warehouse and wait, with patient certainty, for the price to rise. So long as the demand outruns the supply, as is the case at present, the grower of irrigated apples will find himself quite independent of the commission merchant, who, though often dictatorial in the handling of other products, is glad to call personally on the apple-orchard owner and pay cash down for the crop. And the fact that apples can be kept for a long time will always be complete protection against fraudulent claims of loss by fruit spoiling in transit. So long as he grows a high quality of apples the orchard owner will be able to sell them at a correspondingly high price.

You're a Born Crack Shot

10 Shots Quick

YOU'LL be astonished to find you are a crack shot the first time you try the Savage Automatic. You may never before have been able to hit anything, yet you fire all ten shots into a mark as fast as you press the trigger. You use instinct—just as your finger involuntarily points precisely at a mark.

All other guns require practice, and you are out of practice fifty-two weeks in the year. Wrist-crooking [illegible] makes you miss. Trigger-flinching at the critical moment makes you miss. Blowback [illegible] makes you miss.

Why buy the kinds which generally miss, when you can be a born crack shot with a Savage Automatic *the first time you pick it up!*

The Savage is the Automatic that **shoots straight**. Simply because it's the only automatic in which all action [illegible] is suspended at each shot until the bullet [illegible]

The Savage is as safe to carry as a watch. [illegible] Light (19 oz.); short (6½ in.); powerful (.32 cal.). At your dealer's. If he hasn't it, you can buy it from us.

"BAT" MASTERSON'S BOOK FREE

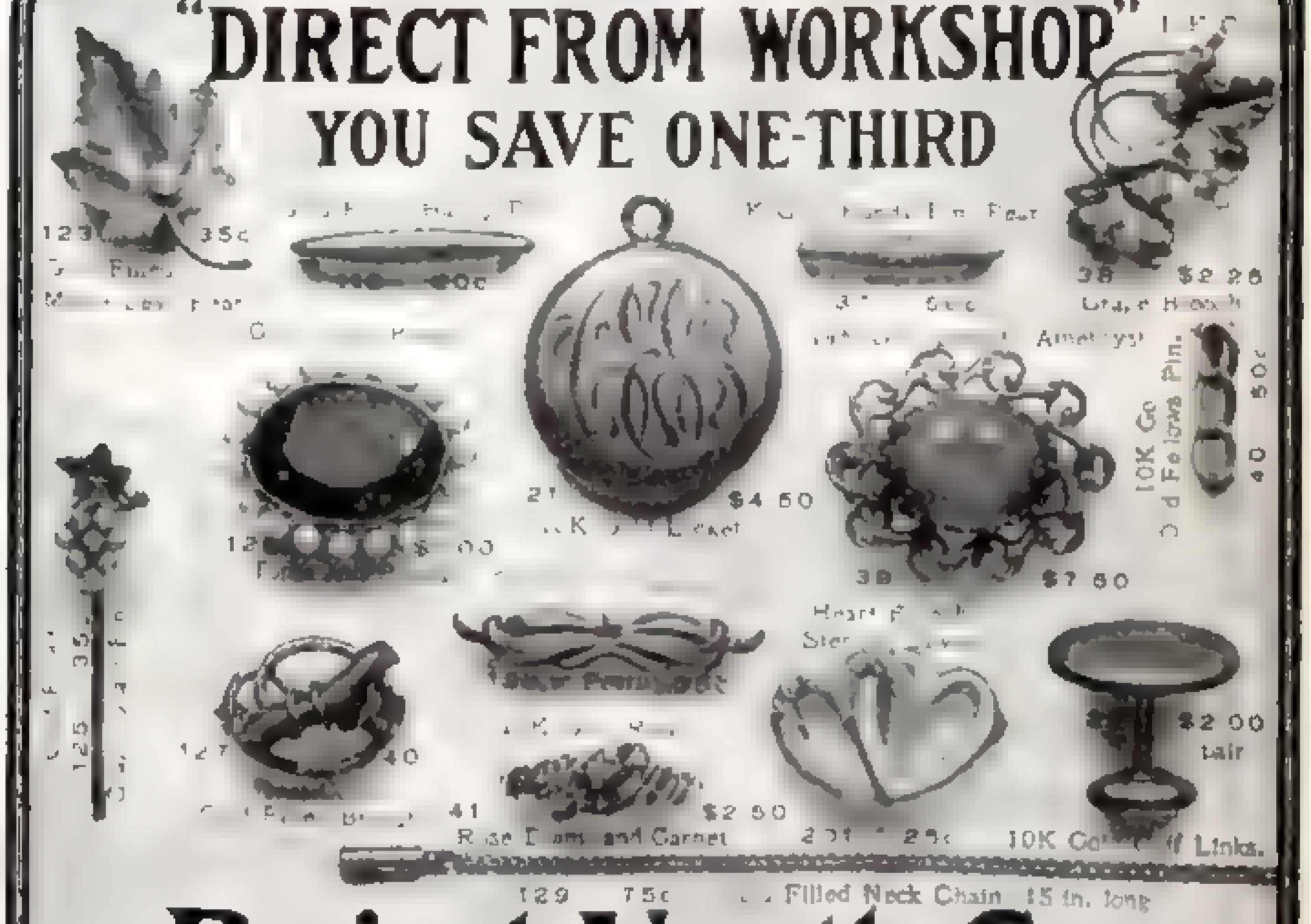
We have decided to give away another edition of "The Tenderfoot's Turn," by "Bat" Masterson, [illegible] at Dodge City. Explains how the crack shots of the Southwest Trail won their fame. Send for a copy.

THE FAMOUS SAVAGE RIFLES

With our new factory additions we can now [illegible] high power 1909 model Repeater (303). **No more delay, disappointments.** Ask dealers to show you our .22 cal. Repeater. Handsomely illustrated catalogue full of rifle information free. Use a postcard. **Send now to Savage Arms Company, 711 Savage Avenue, Utica, New York, U. S. A.**

The New SAVAGE Automatic

"DIRECT FROM WORKSHOP" YOU SAVE ONE-THIRD



Baird-North Co.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

These goods are pictured actual size; they are listed at our regular catalog prices.

We save you time and money; we deliver free; we refund your money promptly if you are not entirely satisfied.

We save you one-third; because we do business on a strictly cash basis; because you are buying **"direct from workshop;"** because we [illegible] save and give you the profits of the [illegible]

You take no risk—we prepay postage or express charges, we guarantee **safe delivery, honest values and fair treatment.** Your money is refunded if you are not entirely satisfied with your purchase.

Our reliability is fully established [illegible] this publication [illegible] advertisement. We have sold **reliable goods** [illegible] **fourteen years**, we have thousands of **satisfied customers** all over the world. Write to our bankers—see what they say. Phenix National Bank, Mechanics National Bank, both of Providence, R.

BAIRD-NORTH CO., 701 Broad St., Providence, R. I.

Fill Out This Coupon—Tear It Out Now—And Mail

BAIRD-NORTH CO., 701 Broad St., Providence, R. I.

Please send me ***Free***, your large Catalog of Diamonds, Watches, Gold and Gold filled Jewelry, Sterling Silver and Silver Plated Ware, Toilet Sets, Ebony and Leather Goods.

Name

Street

City State

Brighten Up

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT
PREPARED
ONE GALLON
RICH RED
497
THE SHERWIN WILLIAMS CO
PAINT AND VARNISH MAKERS

This is a package of Sherwin-Williams Paint, Prepared (SWP). This is the best paint for use on buildings. S W P covers most, looks best, wears longest and is most economical.

Sherwin-Williams Brighten Up Finishes
ASH GRAY FAMILY PAINT
BRIGHTEN UP STAIN
IMPERIAL GOLD ENAMEL
Sherwin-Williams ENAMEL
PORCH & LAWN FURNITURE ENAMEL
Sherwin-Williams Brighten Up Finishes
LIQUID GOLD
Brighten Up Finishes
Rubstol
SCREEN ENAMEL
DANCING FLOOR WAX
VARNISHES
Excello

FLAXOAP
BATH ENAMEL
FLOOR FINISHES
FLOORLAC
OIL STAIN

WE KNOW that it is impossible to manufacture any one paint or varnish product which will be satisfactory for all purposes. To give satisfaction a paint, varnish, stain or enamel must be especially made for a particular use.

The Sherwin-Williams Co. manufacture a satisfactory finish for every surface. This fact is your safeguard in buying. Whether you are a householder buying material for your home, a manufacturer buying material for finishing your product, a Railway or Street Railway man interested in the best protective coatings for your rolling stock, an owner of vessels or

The "Cover the Earth" trade mark is your protection when you buy Paints, Varnishes, Stains, Enamels, etc. There is a Sherwin-Williams Dealer in nearly every town. If your dealer does not handle S. W. products, write the Sherwin-Williams Co., 613 Canal Road, Cleveland, Ohio. In Canada 639 Centre Street, Montreal.

ENAMELOID
THE S-W SHINGLE STAINS
VARNISHES VELVET
FLOOR FINISHES
CRACK AND SEAM FILLER
FLOOR FINISHES
INSIDE FLOOR PAINT
FLOOR FINISHES
ALUMINUM PAINT
VARNISHES
OPAL
ROOF BRIDGE PAINT
BLACK
EMPRESS LIQUID GOLD
ENAMEL LEATHER DRESSING
COMMONWEALTH BARN RED
RED OXIDE
PARIS GREEN
ARSENATE OF LEAD
INSECTICIDES
WAGON PAINT
RED
THE SHERWIN WILLIAMS CO
BUGGY PAINT
MACHINE FILLER DARK

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS AND VARNISHES

steamships wanting the best paints and varnishes for marine uses, you can all secure right quality products under the Sherwin-Williams label.

The Sherwin-Williams Co. have grown to be the largest paint and varnish makers in the world. They manufacture over 600 different products, have more than 5000 active formulæ in daily use. They are specialists in the manufacture of all kinds of paints, varnishes, stains, enamels, colors, linseed oil products, etc. The illustrations on these pages show a few of the more important of these. Ask your dealer for Sherwin-Williams products.

Shingle Coat
Tarite
The Sherwin-Williams Filler
The Sherwin-Williams Co.
The Sherwin-Williams Varnishes
Mar-Not
The Sherwin-Williams Co. Paint and Varnish Makers

S-W
COVER THE EARTH

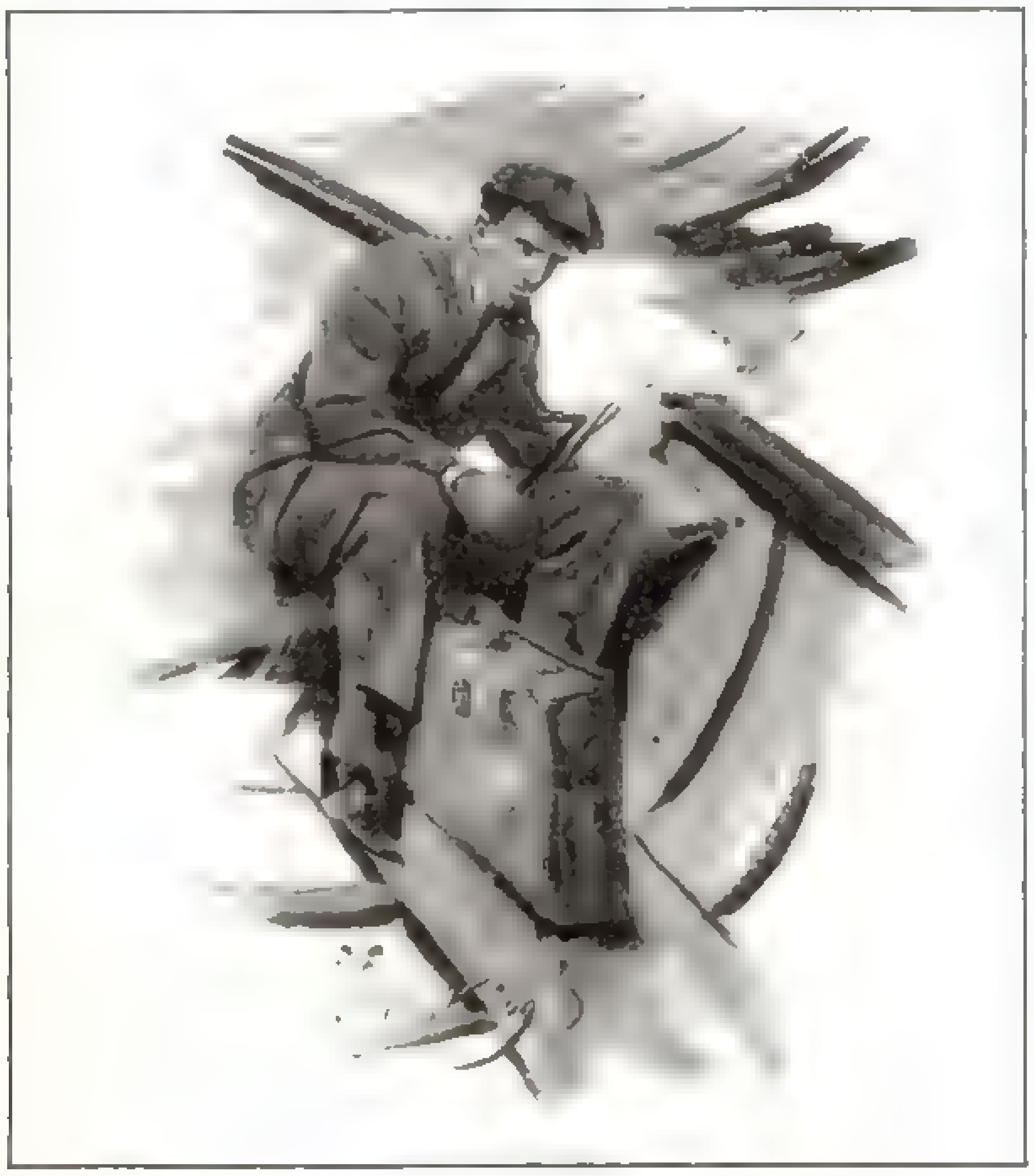
Metalastic
Black
Concrete and Cement Finishes

The Sherwin-Williams Co. manufacture a full line of Varnishes. No matter what may be your Varnish need there is a satisfactory S-W Varnish to suit it.

The Sherwin-Williams Co.
Strictly Pure White Lead
Red Lead
Cement and Stucco Stain
Enameloid

Indian Red
Graphite
Ebonol
Marine Paints
Decotint Sanitary Wall Finish
Yellow Ochre
Metallic Brown
Graphite Pipe Joint Gasket Compound
Shade No 36
Paste
Linseed Oil
Enamel
Copper Paint
Harmless

Sense and Nonsense



Nemesis—By J. W. Foley

The man who invented the women's waists that button down behind,
And the man who invented the cans with keys and the strips that will never wind,
Were put to sea in a leaky boat and with never a bite to eat
But a couple of dozen of patent cans in which was their only meat.

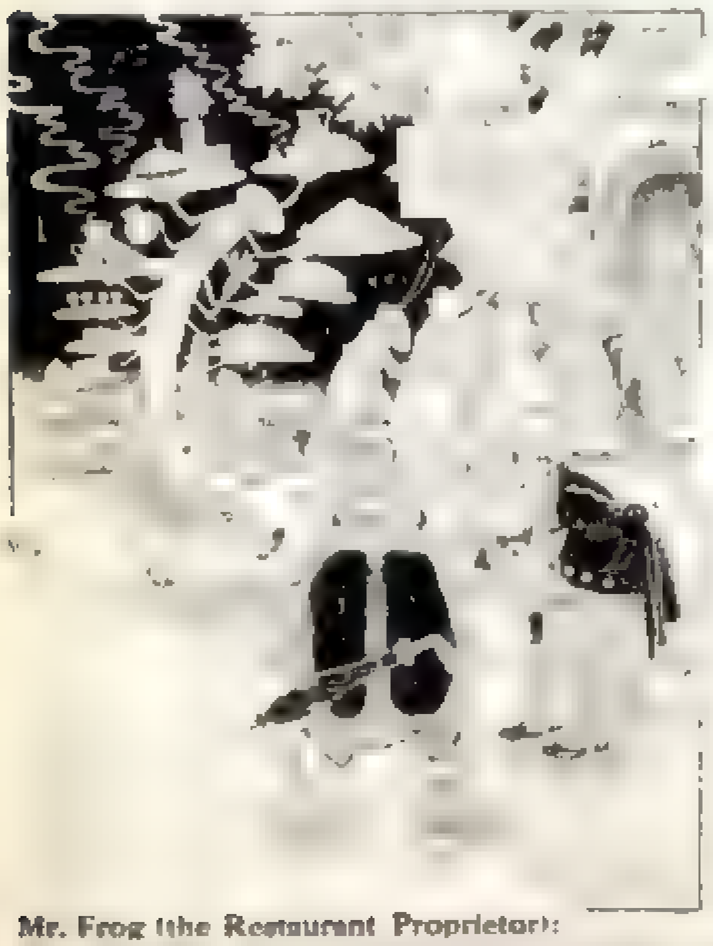
And they sailed and sailed o'er the ocean wide and never they had a taste
Of aught to eat, for the cans stayed shut, and a peek-a-boo shirtwaist
Was all they had to bale the brine that came in the leaky boat,
And their tongues were thick and their throats were dry, and they barely kept afloat.

They came at last to an island fair, and a man stood on the shore,
So they flew a signal of distress and their hopes rose high once more,
And they called to him to fetch a boat, for their craft was sinking fast,
And a couple of hours at best they knew was all their boat would last.

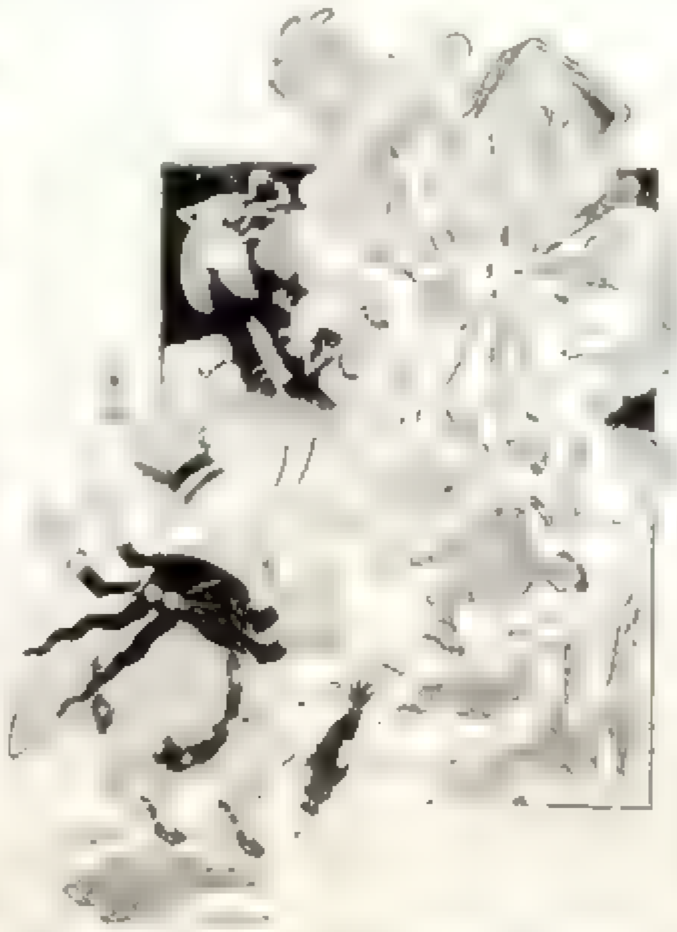
So he called to them a cheery call and he said he would make haste,
But first he must go back to his wife and button up her waist,
Which would only take him an hour or so and then he would fetch a boat
And the man who invented the backstairs waist, he groaned in his swollen throat.

The hours passed by on leaden wings and they saw another man
In the window of a bungalow, and he held a tin meat can
In his bleeding hands, and they called to him, not once but twice and thrice,
And he said: "Just wait till I open this and I'll be there in a trice!"

And the man who invented the patent cans he knew what the promise meant,
So he leaped in air with a horrid cry and into the sea he went,
And the bubbles rose where he sank and sank and a groan choked in the throat
Of the man who invented the backstairs waist and he sank with the leaky boat!



Mr. Frog (the Restaurant Proprietor): Yes, Sir! He's the Best Help I've Ever Hired I Pay Him the Salary of One and He Does the Work of an Entire Set of Waiters



Mr. Beetle: Great Heavens! What's the Matter? Auto Bug: Matter! A Firefly Got into the Gasoline Tank

Twenty-two years after we made our own laws governing the purity of

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT
"LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE"

Uncle Sam passed his Pure Food Law and his Federal Food Inspectors approved our plant and process. No changes were suggested and none have been made.

None Such Mince Meat has a higher standard of purity than the law demands. It is made in a way and amid surroundings more cleanly and more sanitary than the law requires. Can you doubt the quality of a product that anticipated the Pure Food Laws some 22 years?

Our own food laws were 22 years old when the United States Food Law was passed

Two-pie package 10c.—everywhere
Six-pie package 25c. east of the 100th meridian

MERRELL-SOULE CO., SYRACUSE, NEW YORK
Member of the American Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food Products

"Let Us Help You Prepare Dinner,"
Says our Little Chef

"No need to worry over the preparation of dinner with *Franco-American* service at your disposal.

"Let the first course be one of our 21 **Soups**—and we know how to make soup, for soup-making has been our life-long study.

"Then, for dessert, serve *Franco-American* **Plum Pudding,** with a Custard Sauce so delicious it can't be resisted.

"Other *Franco-American* treats are—Broths for Invalids, Entrées, Patés and Potted Beef, prepared in Kitchens that for cleanness, thoroughness and use of absolutely pure materials are unique."

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.,
Jersey City Heights, N. J.

Members of the Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food Products

Trade Mark Registered

Your Choice of The World's Best Oysters

Please understand, first, that the best oysters are not necessarily *shell oysters.*

The shell has no more to do with the *taste* of an oyster than feathers have to do with the taste of a chicken.

Sealshipt Oysters are "shucked" oysters—your favorite oysters *at their best.*

Blue Points—Narragansetts—Northports—Chesapeakes—Gulfs—any oyster you like—with *all of the sea flavor saved.*

The Sealshipt System embraces eighty oyster shipping stations. It extends to an oyster dealer near you.

The Sealshipt System protects the oyster at every move—from the oyster bed to you.

Sealshipt Oysters

Taste the same and are the same as the day they were dredged from the deep.

Compare Sealshipt with other oysters—with oysters shipped in *open tubs.*

The ice is put in the tub *with the oysters.* Re-icing is done on the train by the expressman As the ice melts he puts in more ice—railroad ice—with his naked hands

The melted ice washes the fine sea flavor out of the oyster—bloats it—discolors it—and leaves it unfit for food.

"Liquor" at Oyster Prices

Yet that is the "liquor" which is sold to you at *oyster prices.*

Sealshipt Oysters are not sent in open tubs, but in air-tight, germ-proof containers.

These containers are packed solid with oysters at the seaside—and *sealed.*

The ice goes around the *outside* of the container—and not a drop of water can get in.

When your dealer gets Sealshipt Oysters, the seal put on by the oyster planter is unbroken.

Sealed at the Seaside

The oysters from seaside to dealer have not been touched by human hands

They are oysters at their best.

But we go further than this. The dealer is not allowed to keep his oysters in open tubs.

We furnish him a porcelain Sealshipticase, embodying the same principle as the pat. Sealshiptor, the refrigerator shipping package, in which the oysters come

So, from the time that they are taken from the sea till the time they are handed to you in a Sealshipt paper pail, we supervise every move of the Sealshipt Oyster.

That is why Sealshipt Oysters, in New England, in Illinois, in California—or anywhere—taste the same and are the same as the day they were dredged from the deep.

Will you be content with oysters that are shapeless, soggy, insipid, when you can get Sealshipts which are firm and clean and delightful?

Insist Upon Getting Sealshipt Oysters

Sealed package oysters are *not* necessarily Sealshipt Oysters.

There is no other organization, save the Sealshipt System, which covers the *growing*, the *shucking*, the *shipping*, the selling of oysters. A *sealed* package in itself means nothing—nothing as to purity—nothing as to quality—nothing as to flavor. Unless the oyster is properly guarded from the time it leaves the beds through the various commercial channels, shipper, jobber and retailer, a *sealed can* in itself means nothing as it is just as easy to put watered oysters in a small or large sealed package as in a tub.

Your one guarantee of the genuine Sealshipt Oysters is the Sealshipt case in the dealer's store, which means that he is an authorized, contracted agent. You are not buying a pig in a poke, you can see Sealshipt Oysters, see their quality, their purity, their absence of water, their natural color, this is the only way bulk oysters should be sold. Don't be misled, make sure you are getting the genuine Sealshipt Oysters.

Will You be Content With Less?

Will you be content with oysters which bear the flavor of railroad ice and old wooden tubs, when in Sealshipt you get the natural oyster flavor—that indescribable tang of the sea?

"Seaside Oyster Dishes" Free

If you want to know the flavor of the real sea oyster, write us the name of your oyster dealer We will send you, free, our book "46 New Seaside Oyster Dishes," which gives many shore recipes, unknown inland. Address, Department 29 A.

SEALSHIPTOR
SEALSHIPT
OYSTERS
SEALSHIPT OYSTER SYSTEM INC

The Sealshipt Oyster System, Inc.
(Formerly National Oyster Carrier Co.)

Sealshipt Oyster Stations at 80 Coast Points

General Office and Factory:
South Norwalk, Conn.

Sealshipt Groceries and Markets Everywhere

Members of American Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food Products

SEALSHIPTICASE
SEALSHIPT
OYSTERS
SEALSHIPT OYSTER SYSTEM

THE SERPENT'S TOOTH

(Continued from Page 9)

and, delicately putting her thumb to her nose, she went off to play. Freddy's rage was horrid to see.

Anne's white frock was soiled and soaked; her petticoat lay a draggly heap of lace and ribbons. In dull silence we laid out Phyllis' garments on the sands to dry, fastening them down with stones.

I rolled Freddy in Anne's dustcoat, tying him into a package with the sleeves to prevent movement.

"Oh, I'm hungry!" sobbed Freddy.

"It's probably true," said Anne dispassionately. "It's two now. They had nothing much at eleven. You'd better go up there somewhere to a restaurant and buy something. As for me, I don't care. I'm going to die soon."

"Let's go home."

"We can't till Phyllis' clothes dry."

I went off coatless to the nearest restaurant and bought such food as I could. The man, who eyed me suspiciously, went to some trouble to prepare it. The bill was extortionate. I felt for my purse. It was not there. It came over me sickeningly that I had left it at home in the excitement of getting into my white flannels. I had only a few coppers of change. "Excuse me," said I, blushing hotly, "but I'll have to go and get some money from my wife."

"Give me some money, Anne, I've left mine at home. I can't pay the man," said I impatiently when I had rejoined the merry group at the bath-house.

She looked at me stupidly and in a hopeless voice replied: "I haven't got any. I thought you'd have some. I didn't bring anything but a powder-puff and thirty cents in my bag."

"What are we going to do? I can't go back to that man and tell him! What are we going to do?"

"Starve," muttered Anne, "and die here on the beach."

I don't know how long we sat there by the bath-house, Phyllis in my arms and Freddy in Anne's, all huddled together for warmth. The wind blew always harder. The sand drove into our eyes and ears and noses and mouths. A salt damp spread stickily over our skins. We did not speak. Occasionally the lambs would break out afresh in sobs. We did not attempt to comfort them. Toward four or five Phyllis' clothes were dry and we put her, protesting, into them. Counting Anne's thirty cents and my small change we made out that we had just enough to get us home and a penny over. . . . We stumbled abjectly across the beach, a misshapen, shrunken, dirty, bedraggled crew—I first, the children, then Anne. The wind lashed and beat us. From behind I heard a faint cry. Anne's hat had gone. It lay, a soggy mass of flowers and ribbons, in a puddle of salt water where a wave had left it. Along the beach some little brown woolly objects were scudding in the wind.

"Save them! My little curls! Oh, catch them!"

I looked at her impassively.

"I sha'n't stir a step to catch 'em."

"You're a brute! And they cost twenty dollars. I'd saved it all up myself. And this is the first time I ever wore them. And they're so fashionable. Oh, I'm an unfortunate woman!" Anne began to cry. I turned away. She followed miserably along in the tail of the procession like a hired mute at a funeral, bareheaded and abased, muttering monotonously: "Oh, why did I ever marry!"

On our way we had to pass the restaurant. I was hurrying by with my eyes in the other direction that I might avoid the shame of it, when Freddy clasped me by the coattail. "I want some soda water. I'm so thirsty. Please, Uncle Archie, buy me some."

"I can't," I whispered. "Be still! I haven't any money."

"You won't get nothin' out of that tightwad, you poor little devils," grinned the scoundrel at the door. "His wife won't let him. The cheap skate!"

"Mean! You're mean! mean!" shrieked Freddy. "You tell lies! And I'm goin' to tell my papa!"

"If you do I'll kill you," I hissed, "and I'll hide you where the water bugs are."

Somehow, we got back to the flat. I don't know how, I don't care. We fed the

$2

Express prepaid

Sweater Coats Guaranteed Strictly All Wool. For Men and Ladies

We are [illegible] sweater coats for [illegible]

[illegible]

THE VICTOR KNITTING CO.
251 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Reference Union National Bank, Philadelphia.

Rieger's Flower Drops

50 TIMES THE STRENGTH OF ORDINARY PERFUME

[illegible]

$1.50 a Bottle at Druggists or Mail

Paul Rieger, 122 First St., San Francisco

5% INTEREST

Paid on Time Certificates of Deposit.

Write for Information

First National Bank
Billings, Montana
Organized 1883

2¢ A WEEK

A safe, very [illegible] white light [illegible] and cheaper than kerosene.

Every lamp is a complete self-contained miniature light works.

[illegible] styles for every purpose.

Fully guaranteed. Catalog free. Agents wanted.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
6 25 E. 5th St.
Canton, O.

THE "BEST" LIGHT

ELECTRICITY
VOLTAMP

Send 6 [illegible] stamps or [illegible] answered. [illegible] 112-PAGE CATALOG, [illegible] description of the latest VOLTAMP Electric [illegible] Motors, [illegible] Telegraph and [illegible] Transformers [illegible] Greatest line of Miniature Railways ever [illegible] Ideal Christmas Gifts [illegible]

VOLTAMP ELECTRIC MFG. CO., Post Bldg., BALTIMORE, MD.

SECOND PRINTING—200TH THOUSAND
The Best Selling Book in the United States

The Calling of Dan Matthews

By HAROLD BELL WRIGHT Author of
"The Shepherd of the Hills" "That Printer of Udell's"

FORCEFUL WHOLESOME THOUGHTFUL

With all his [illegible] style, Mr. Wright has the art of making his characters live [illegible] — *Chicago Record-Herald*

[illegible] — *San Francisco Bulletin*

Illustrations in Color by Arthur I. Keller

A Realistic Story of Pathos and Humor, Courage and Conviction

[illegible]

364 Pages 12mo. Cloth $1.50

The Shepherd of the Hills } New Editions Uniformly Bound with
That Printer of Udell's } The Calling of Dan Matthews. Each $1.50

Mr. Wright's Books Are Sold Everywhere

Every Progressive Bookseller has them; or order from the Publishers, The Book Supply Company

Fine Sets for Your Library. Prices and Values Unequalled

STANDARD AUTHORS IN SETS. THREE QUARTERS MOROCCO. GILT TOPS. Not a Bankrupt Stock—Not a Publisher's Close-up

¶ Fine Bindings. Genuine Three Quarters Morocco. Gilt Tops. Excellent Paper. Beautiful Illustrations. [illegible]

¶ OUR BROAD GUARANTEE Return at Our Expense if you [illegible] No matter what the dissatisfaction. We ask no questions. We refund every cent you pay us for them without quibble or delay.

Big Values [illegible]

Big Values [illegible] Scott's Waverly Novels [illegible]

CATALOG FREE

A Guide for Book Buyers, 576 Pages [illegible]

BOOKS

of all the Publishers. Bibles, Periodicals, etc. Bargains on every page

[illegible] large cities like New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, etc.

THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS
E. W. REYNOLDS, President
Established 1895. Incorporated 1899. 220-222 MONROE ST., CHICAGO

Uncle Sam Prefers the DAISY AIR RIFLE

For years we have presented the Daisy Air Rifle to the American [illegible]

[illegible] or these naval experts would not use it.

[illegible]

1000 Shot Daisy Automatic Magazine Rifle $2.00
Other Daisy Models 50c to 1.75
Little Daisy, the new pop-gun for children .20

[illegible] rules of drill, hints on marksmanship and how to join the New National Boys' Drill Corps, "The Daisy Cadets."

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO.
Offices and Factory, 287 Union St., Plymouth, Mich.

THE POST CARD PROJECTOR
Means Fun for All, as

you can throw post cards, Kodak pictures [illegible] Reflected images are 6 ft. wide and show up all the colors of the original.

[illegible] $3.00

BEST XMAS GIFT YOU CAN GET or GIVE

Send Express or P. O. order. Money refunded if you are not pleased. Reference, Cleveland First National Bank

Post Card Projector Co. 2105 Superior Viaduct
Send for free booklet. Cleveland, Ohio

We Offer You a Position

We want 250 men right away. [illegible] You need no money. [illegible] A big [illegible] G. H. GROUNDS, Manager, 1027 W. Adams Street, Dept. 4018 Chicago, Ill.

MAKE MONEY WRITING

SHORT STORIES—1c to 5c a word. We sell stories, plays, and book Manuscripts, on commission; we criticize and revise them and tell you where to sell them. Story-Writing and Journalism taught by mail. Send for free booklet "Writing for Profit"; tells how. The National Press Association, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

Pro-phy-lac-tic

THE WORLD'S STANDARD TOOTH BRUSH
ALWAYS SOLD IN THE YELLOW BOX
Absolutely Guaranteed

[illegible] "Pro-phy-lac-tic" [illegible]

Pro-phy-lac-tic [illegible] Child's, 25 cents.

"Pro-phy-lac-tic Special" [illegible] 25 cents.

"Pro-phy-lac-tic De Luxe" [illegible], 40 cents.

All three [illegible] curved [illegible]

Be sure to ask for the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush [illegible] yellow box, [illegible]

[illegible] of price if your dealer will not supply.

FLORENCE MFG. COMPANY
32 Pine Street, Florence, Mass., U. S. A.

A nail will do for the kid who "busts his galluses," but for grown-ups it's much more comfortable to wear

Atwood Suspenders

They never "bust." Made of strong non-stretch-out elastic fabric, double stitched. ***Adjustable at five different points*** to fit perfectly any body. Nothing fancy—just extra good pants holders built on a new principle, at the price of ordinary suspenders.

Sent anywhere, postpaid on receipt of
50 cents
Atwood Suspender Company
Dept. B, Schenectady, N. Y.
We want one live dealer in your town. Who is he?

CONGRESS
PLAYING CARDS
— Gold Edges —
NEW DESIGNS
90 Picture Backs
LARGE INDEXES
50 Cents per Pack

BICYCLE
PLAYING CARDS
The Most Durable 25¢ Card Made
More Sold Than All Others Combined
LARGE INDEXES

OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES
HOYLE UP TO DATE
[illegible] THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO. CINCINNATI, U.S.A.

50 ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS $1.00

Hand copper-plate engraving of the highest grade. Latest style. [illegible] wedding invitations and announcements, die-stamped stationery at lowest prices. Samples free.
Charles H. Elliott Co., 1636 Lehigh Ave., Phila.

guests—anything they wanted—and put them to bed. Anne followed them directly, her face white with cold cream and her head bandaged. I sat alone in the library and sneezed. I had caught a bad cold. My legs ached. My skin itched from sand. I gazed about our once happy home. "And there are those who say," I reflected, "that it is no joy to know they are farther from Heaven than when they were boys."

IV

WE BREAKFASTED late the next day. Anne and I were bruised and battered. We spoke little, but felt tenderly drawn to each other. When we had finished our coffee I ventured hesitatingly:

"What shall we do to abuse the labs today?"

"You poor thing, you have a bad cold!"

"Dob bad! Have they got to be abused?"

She cast her eyes appealingly to Heaven. "Perhaps, if I feel strong enough, later, I'll take them to Blackwell's Island or the Idiot Asylum."

The children themselves were in a strangely saintly state of mind. They were adorable to each other and gushingly affectionate to us. They sat together peacefully and cut out paper dolls, now and again running over to kiss us. "It betokens ill," thought I nervously.

Just then the bell rang, and in another moment Lily Appleby burst in on us.

"My darlings! My sweethearts!" she cried. "Mamma's come back to you! She just couldn't stand it another moment without her babies!"

The sweethearts greeted her with unfilial reserve. They did not seem at all glad to see her. They submitted to being kissed and instantly returned to the paper-cutting. "Why, darlings, aren't you glad to see mamma?" cried Lily. Anne and I eyed each other in extreme embarrassment.

"We ain't goin' home. We're goin' to stay always for a while with Aunt Anne and Uncle Archie. We like it here," announced Freddy. "Don't we, Phyllis?"

Lily seemed to stiffen in her manner toward us. "The motor broke down, and we had to come home. I should have come, anyway. I shall never again be parted from the children. I haven't slept a wink at night. And it was cold in the motor. That gray dustcoat turned out to be very cheap stuff. I'm surprised, Anne, that you advised me to get it. . . . Come, dears, we must get ready at once. Papa's waiting for us at the office, and we're all going out to Grandma Appleby's for Sunday. . . . And would you believe it, the man never came at all to fix the range and after he promised! . . . Phyllis, what are you crying for?"

"Don't want to go to gramma's. Want to stay with Aunt Anne," yelled Freddy.

"Nasty gramma," sobbed Phyllis.

I gazed convulsively out of the window, and Anne, with a very red face, tried to hide her giggles behind her napkin. We know Grandma Appleby.

It was a distressing scene. It looked for one hideous moment as if we were going to have to board the lambs for the rest of their lives. But they were finally torn from us. I may add that Lily has never been the same to us since, and that Freddy Appleby told Willie and Maude that he didn't think I was any kind of a man to be with young children, and that it was probably a blessing I had none of my own; which is doubtless true. But I regard it as a greater blessing that I have none of his.

When they were gone Anne and I looked at each other dubiously. Then we laughed: laughed till we cried.

"'Hob sharper than the serpent's tooth,' I said, 'it is to have a thagless child.'"

"Lily hardly thanked us," marveled Anne.

"For whad?"

Anne reflected. "Now I come to think of it, I don't know for what. Do you suppose we have permanently ruined them?"

"I thig so."

"It's a heavenly relief, isn't it?" she went on.

"To know we've ruined 'em?"

She grinned. "I smell that goldfish now."

Presently I turned to Anne affectionately. "After all," said I, "I subbose it wouldn't have been quide—quide the sabe if they had bid ——"

"Our own?"

I nodded.

"No, dear, it wouldn't have been—quite the same," she answered gently.

Bennett Portable Typewriter

Price $18
Compact Strong
Bennett
MADE IN U.S.A.
Bennett Typewriter Company, New York, U.S.A.
SPACE

An $18 Typewriter of High Grade Efficiency

The Bennett is a light, simple, durable, visible-writing Typewriter with a Standard Keyboard. Sold with full year's guarantee.

The reason for the low price of the Bennett lies in its simplicity of construction. Counting every screw, spring, lever, key, etc., the Bennett has less than [illegible] parts against the 1700 to 3700 parts of the big, heavy machines. Yet the Bennett does efficient work with ease, quickness and neatness.

Operates the Same as $100 Typewriter

The Bennett has a standard Keyboard of 84 Characters. It writes with both hands with the same [illegible] as the $100 machines [illegible] in single or double space. It has a light, elastic touch, is pleasant to operate. [illegible] the Bennett will make carbon copies. It is especially handy for postal and card index work. It takes paper of any size up to 9 inches wide. Like all high class machines the Bennett uses a ribbon to ink the type. The ribbon is fed automatically [illegible]. We can supply ribbons in all the regular colors—copying or noncopying.

$18 Bennett

Speed 80 Words a Minute

The Bennett will write much faster than the average person operates a machine. Writing is always visible. A pointer guide assures perfect alignment of work, and a warning bell rings before the end of line. The Bennett has all the features of the $100 machine that are necessary for good work.

Guaranteed for 1 Year

The Bennett could not be made better at any expense. Every working part is made of hardened steel. And every part is thoroughly tested before the machine is assembled and adjusted by experts.

Should any part break we will replace it or repair the machine free of charge if returned to our factory.

Light, Portable and Attractively Cased

The Bennett is the lightest, smallest practical typewriter ever made. Put up in attractive leatherette case for carrying, it weighs less than 5 lbs. You can carry it under your arm, put it in a grip or slip it in a desk drawer. It is always conveniently at hand.

Fills a Long Felt Demand

For years there has been a need for a simplified, portable, low priced practical typewriter. Years of experience have produced in the Bennett a machine to successfully fill these requirements. It will especially appeal to [illegible] business men whose work is [illegible] to warrant a $100 expenditure. It is exactly suited to the needs of —

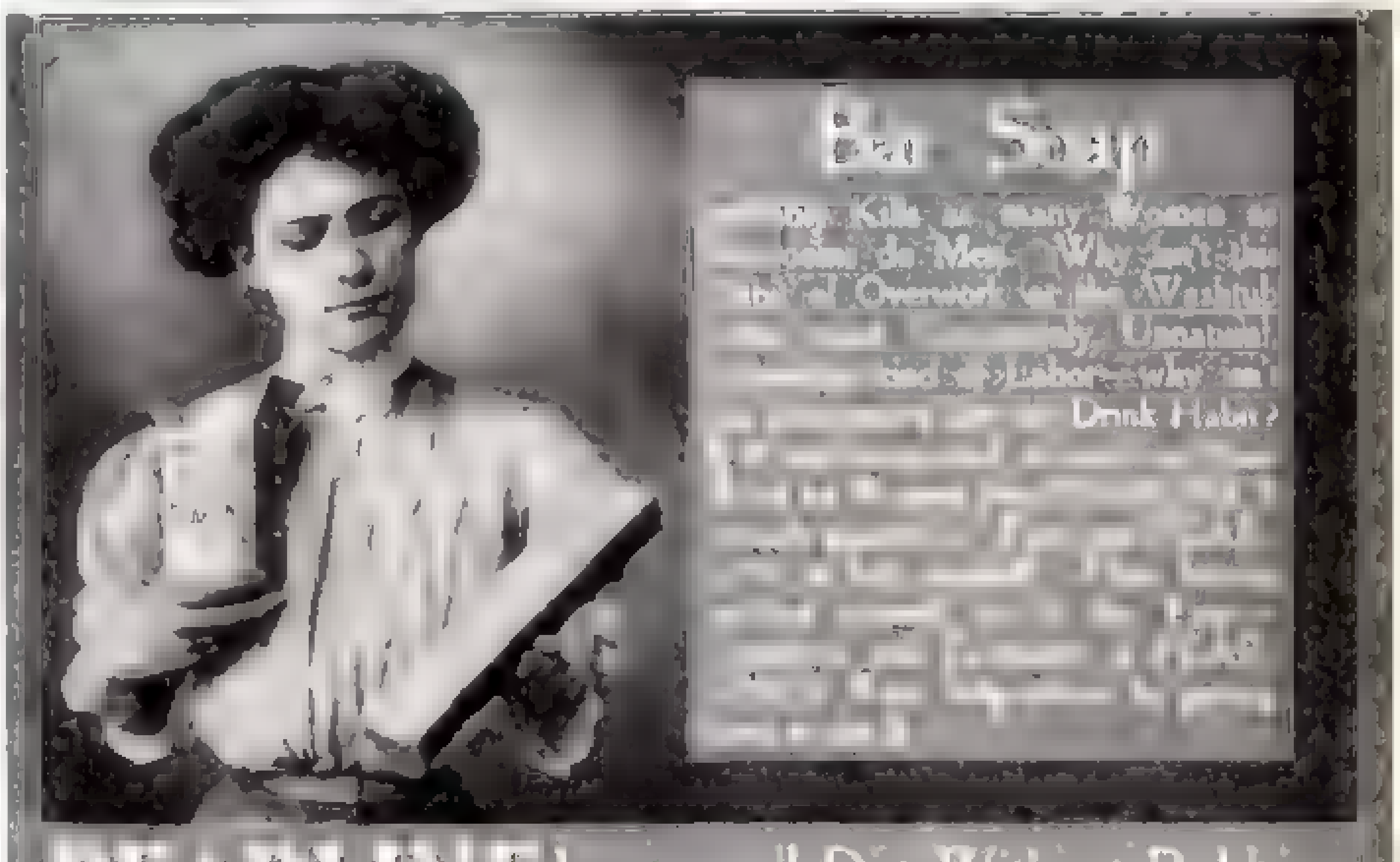
Clergymen
Lawyers
Doctors
Authors
Dentists
Merchants
Farmers
Traveling Men
Teachers
Students
Telegraphers
Bookkeepers
Stenographers
Housewives
Druggists

Let Us Send You One on Approval

Send your order for a Bennett today with a money order or draft for $18. If the machine is not all we claim, return it and your money will be promptly refunded.

Should you want more information about the Bennett before buying, *write today for our free booklet* Room 111.

Active, Ambitious and Reliable Representatives Wanted — Write us.
Bennett Typewriter Co., 331 Broadway, New York City



PEARLINE Loosens all Dirt Without Rubbing
Lengthens the Life of all Fabrics

KARBO For Photographers
Post Cards
$1.00 per gross Express Paid
The best made. Used by largest post card houses in U. S. Two surfaces — matt or gloss. Send for trial gross.
EARLE PHOTO PAPER CO.
6615 Cottage Grove Ave. CHICAGO

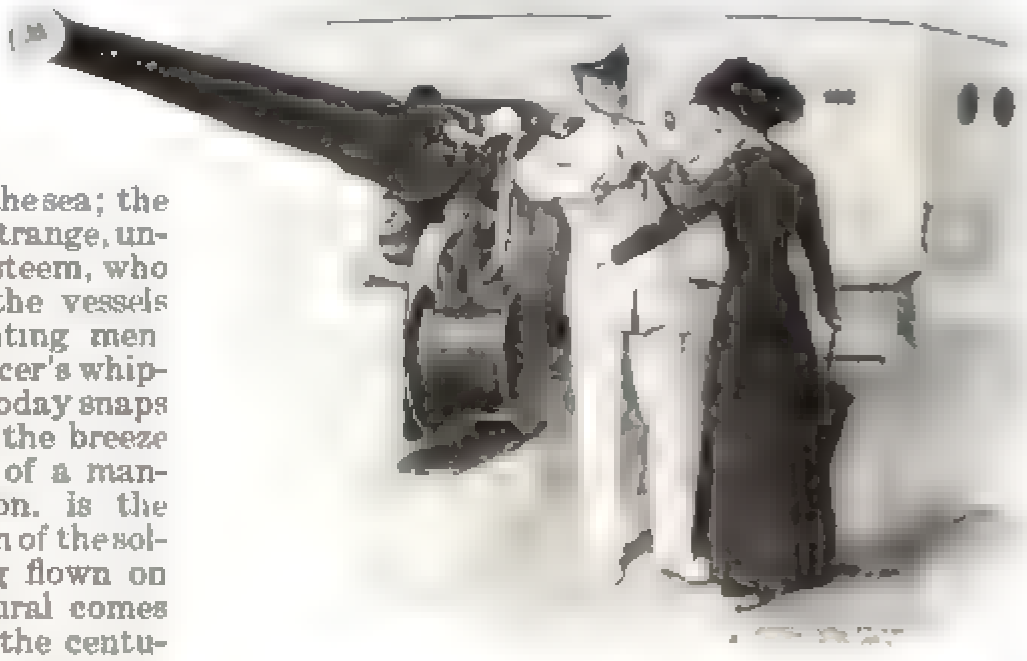
RATS KILLED BY SCIENCE
Send for booklet on the wonderful bacteriological preparation which exterminates rats and mice and yet is harmless to other animals, birds and human beings.
DANYSZ VIRUS
INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL COMPANY
Mailing Dept. 25 Old Slip, New York City

The Naval Officer

By RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM

WITH DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

Living Up to the Uniform on Board Ship



A Memento of Her Visit in the Shape of a Cap-Ribbon

IT WAS the soldier and crossbowman—the wielder of pike and sword—who, when knighthood was in flower, fought the battles of the sea; the unhonored seaman, strange, uncouth, held in low esteem, who sailed and worked the vessels which bore the fighting men The commanding officer's whiplike pennant, which today snaps its slender length in the breeze from the maintruck of a man-of-war in commission, is the survival of the pennon of the soldier's lance; the flag flown on the ship of the admiral comes down to us through the centuries from the square flag that distinguished the knight's banneret. Gradually a change came about until, through succeeding generations of sea fighters, the naval calling became the distinct and separate profession that it is today.

"Well, it may be all very fine as a recreation, but there's not enough business in it to suit me," was the comment of a civilian, overheard in a warship's launch which was conveying a number of shore people landward after their visit to a naval vessel. The speaker was one of those numerous chance acquaintances naval officers make in their peregrinations. The party in the boat had been up to the bridge and perhaps had had a peep into one of the big turrets; they had inspected the galleys and wondered how the cooking for eight hundred men could be done in so small a space, and had been duly impressed with the order and cleanliness of everything about them. To each of the ladies had been presented a memento of her visit in the shape of a cap ribbon with the name of the ship embroidered on it in gilt. The narrow abode—the stateroom—of their host had drawn forth expressions of wonder and admiration from the fair guests, and as the captain happened not to be on board they had been ushered into the sacred space of the cabin where behind locked plate-glass doors the ship's silver lay in burnished state on the plush-covered shelves of the cabinet placed against the bulkhead. Half an hour's chat in the wardroom over a cup of tea brought the visit to a close, and the launch soon afterward shoved off from the ship's side with doffing of hats and fluttering of dainty handkerchiefs from the occupants of her cockpit.

The Pleasant Side

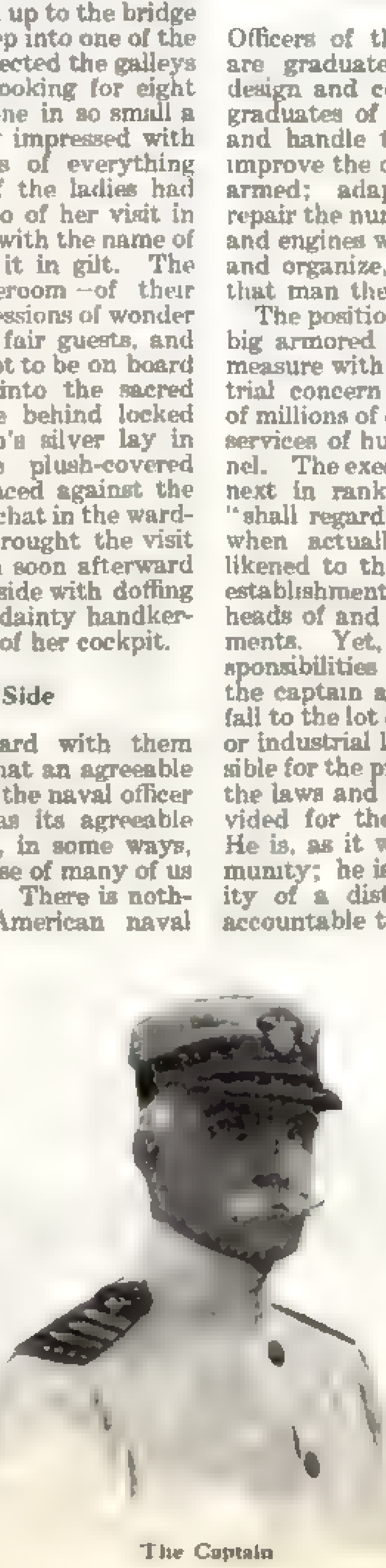
This party took shoreward with them pleasant impressions of what an agreeable and interesting life that of the naval officer must be, and the life has its agreeable features, no doubt. Also, in some ways, it has advantages over those of many of us in commonplace civil life. There is nothing precarious in the American naval officer's existence in the sense of anxiety lest his means of livelihood shall ever fail him; he is free from the cares and temptations of the sordid competition of strife for material prosperity, and his position is one assured of honor, dependent only upon his own conduct and character. The opportunities for travel to many lands and the contact with many peoples give personal experiences broadening in their influences on the minds of even the most unimaginative, and produce abundant sources of pleasure that few other professions can offer. Yet only a superficial inspection of our big warships might serve to convince even such a dull-witted person as our friend in the launch that the care, understanding and management of the mechanisms everywhere in evidence themselves furnish "business" enough for those in charge. There is probably no calling that demands more technical skill or which draws more heavily upon the courage and intelligence of those engaged in it.

The Captain's Duties

Officers of the Construction Corps, who are graduates of the Naval Academy, design and construct the ships. Fellow-graduates of the line command, navigate and handle the ships; manufacture and improve the ordnance with which they are armed; adapt, manage, run and even repair the numerous mechanical appliances and engines with which they are equipped; and organize, govern and train the crews that man them.

The position of captain of a battleship or big armored cruiser corresponds in great measure with that of the head of an industrial concern representing the investment of millions of capital in its material and the services of hundreds of men in its personnel. The executive officer—the line officer next in rank, who, the regulations say, "shall regard himself as always on duty" when actually on board ship—may be likened to the superintendent of such an establishment, and the other officers to heads of and assistants in various departments. Yet, despite this similarity, responsibilities rest upon the shoulders of the captain and his officers which cannot fall to the lot of those in purely commercial or industrial lines. The captain is responsible for the proper execution on his ship of the laws and regulations enacted and provided for the government of the Navy. He is, as it were, the governor of a community; he is highest in rank and authority of a distinct military body, and is accountable to superior authority and the law for the instruction and efficiency of this community. He is the judge with power similar to that of a civil magistrate, for those of the ship's company accused of offenses are called to plead before him. The commander of a man-of-war is answerable for the safe conduct and economical maintenance of his ship; for the comfort, welfare and health of the crew, and for readiness for service of vessel and men. The naval officer, as seaman and navigator, and as engineer and mechanician,

(Continued on Page 56)



The Captain

Fifty years ago the Ostermoor Trade-mark was sewed on mattresses that have been in use ever since and are as comfortable to-day as when bought.

Do not believe any mattress to be a genuine Ostermoor until you find sewn on the end the trade-mark label bearing this figure.

TRADE MARK
Reg. U. S. Pat. Of

The Mattress That is Built—Not Stuffed

Ostermoor $15.

Note the name "Ostermoor" woven continuously in the binding.

This Mattress is Positively Proof Against Dampness, Dust, Vermin, Germs is firmly elastic and evenly soft in every spot, and remains so indefinitely.

The advent of the Ostermoor in 1853 marked the passing of the unsanitary hair mattress.

The remarkable popularity of the Ostermoor since then has given rise to many imitations. These imitations resemble the Ostermoor in outward appearance only; the superiority of the Ostermoor is inside. Many people testify that their Ostermoors, in use from twenty-five to fifty-two years, are to-day as good as new.

Buy what you wish, but don't believe any mattress to be Ostermoor which does not bear the Ostermoor trade-mark, and do not judge the Ostermoor by the mattress you are told is just as good.

Our 144-page Book with Samples of Ticking Sent Free

The Ostermoor Mattress is not for sale at stores generally, but there's an Ostermoor dealer in most places—the livest merchant in town. Write us and we'll give you his name. But don't take chances with imitations at other stores—make sure you're getting the genuine Ostermoor—our trade-mark label is your guarantee. We will ship you a mattress by express, prepaid, same day your check is received by us, when we have no dealer or he has none in stock. Sleep on an Ostermoor Mattress for a month—then, if for any reason you're dissatisfied, we'll return every penny of your money.

MATTRESSES COST

4 ft. 6 in.,	45 lbs.,	$15.00
4 ft	40 lbs.,	13.35
3 ft. 6 in.,	35 lbs.,	11.70
3 ft.	30 lbs.,	10.00
2 ft. 6 in.,	25 lbs.,	8.35

All 6 ft. 3 in. long
EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID
In two parts, 50 cents extra

Ostermoor & Co., 101 Elizabeth St., New York
Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

SANITOL

Your physician will tell you that a clean mouth is essential to good health.

If you brush your teeth regularly, every morning and every night, with Sanitol Tooth Powder or Sanitol Tooth Paste, decay will be prevented and your teeth will be kept white.

Yes, your general health will be better.

25c, wherever toilet articles are sold.

25
SANITOL
TOOTH
POWDER
SANITOL
TOOTH
PASTE

1847 ROGERS BROS X S TRIPLE

For sale by leading dealers everywhere

Send for Catalogue "L-90," showing all designs.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.
(International Silver Co., Successor)

VINTAGE PATTERN

The Timekeepers of Timesavers

A highly successful business man accounted for his success as follows:

"I built my fortune on the dial of my watch; seconds became pennies, minutes became dimes, hours became dollars. I gave a money value to every tick, and took advantage of everything that economized time. I don't know that there is any particular rule or law of success, but I'm pretty sure that one of the foundation principles is, 'Don't lose time'."

The first essential of time-saving is correct time-keeping. The "limited" that saves hours may be missed by a minute and the important engagement lost in consequence. Elgin Watches are the timekeepers of millions of American business men, travelers, industrial workers and railroad operators, because to them time is money and is to be measured as accurately as gold and silver are counted by the bank teller.

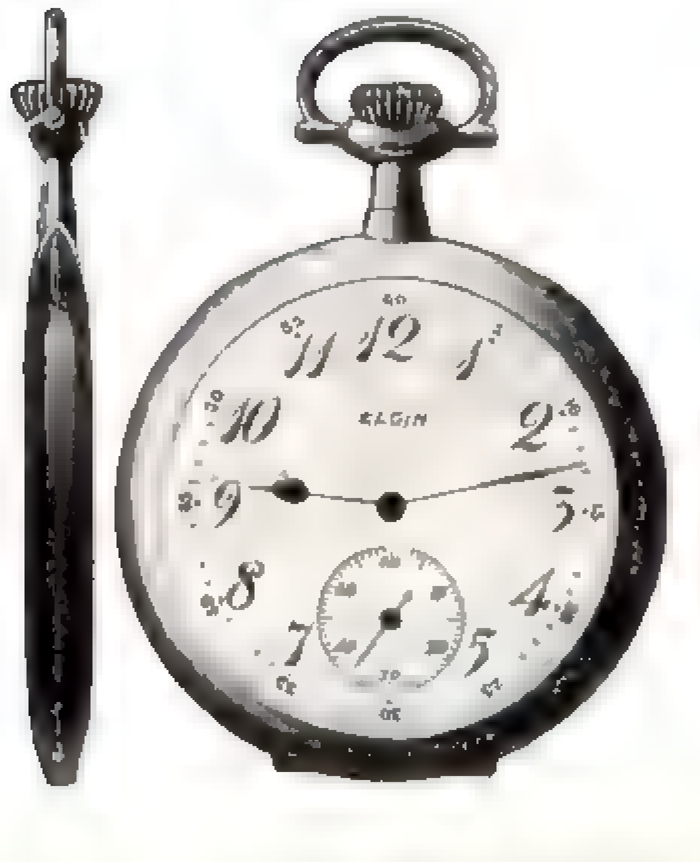
Elgin Watches

For Men and Women

Made in 68 grades, models and sizes, and sold at prices ranging from $5 to $150 according to the number of jewels in the movement and the quality of the case.

For general service we recommend as a thoroughly accurate and reliable timepiece the 17 Jewel G. M. Wheeler Model. This movement may be had in Filled Gold cases at $30 and up, and in Solid Gold cases at $50 and up, and at these prices represents an exceptionally good watch value. The G. M. Wheeler model is made in 18, 16 and 12 sizes, suitable for service with the active heavy worker, the traveler, and the office man.

Two other especially desirable models are shown below—these are particularly appropriate for gifts at Christmas, or on other occasions.



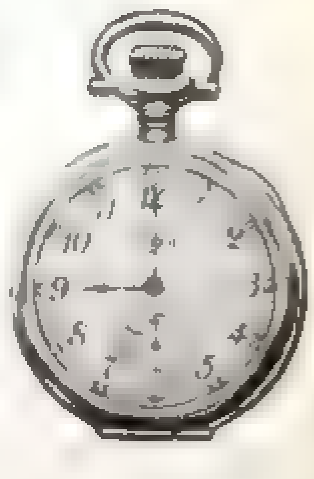
Lord Elgin Thin Model

A gentlemen's watch of fashionable design appealing to those who favor the especial neatness and lightness of the thin model, and particularly appropriate for evening dress wear. This model is made in either 15 or 17 jeweled movement, cased and timed at the Elgin factory. It is sold in Filled Gold cases at $21 and up and in Solid Gold cases at $35 and up.

The Lady Elgin

Is the smartest and most popular women's watch ever produced. This model measures only one inch across and is a dainty ornament as well as a timekeeper of standard Elgin quality. It is made in both open face and hunting cases, the former being especially desirable for wear with a Chatelaine and emphasizing the tininess of the watch. 15 or 17 jeweled movement. Solid Gold cases only. Open Face $40 and $45, Hunting $45 and $50.

The Smallest American Made Watch



All Elgin Models are sold by leading jewelers everywhere and are fully guaranteed by the makers.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, Elgin, Illinois

If either yourself or your boy need everyday winter shoes, send for *Catalog C*, illustrating in colors over thirty styles

Menz "Ease"
"American Boy"

Everyday shoes made to stand everyday wear for all sorts of work in all sorts of weather. Will save you money. Will give your feet comfort. Fit like a glove, neat appearing. All heights — 6 to 16 inches.
Different from all other shoes. The upper leather in every Menz "Ease" and "American Boy" is a special process of tannage originated and controlled by us. No other upper stock just like it. We will send you with catalog a sample to test. You will find it the toughest, strongest leather you ever tried to tear. Its softness and pliability will remind you of glove leather. No matter how much service it's given, nor how many times it's wet and dried, never gets hard and full of uncomfortable wrinkles.

Shoe illustrated is one style Menz "Ease," 6 inch height, tan and black, Goodyear welt $5.00

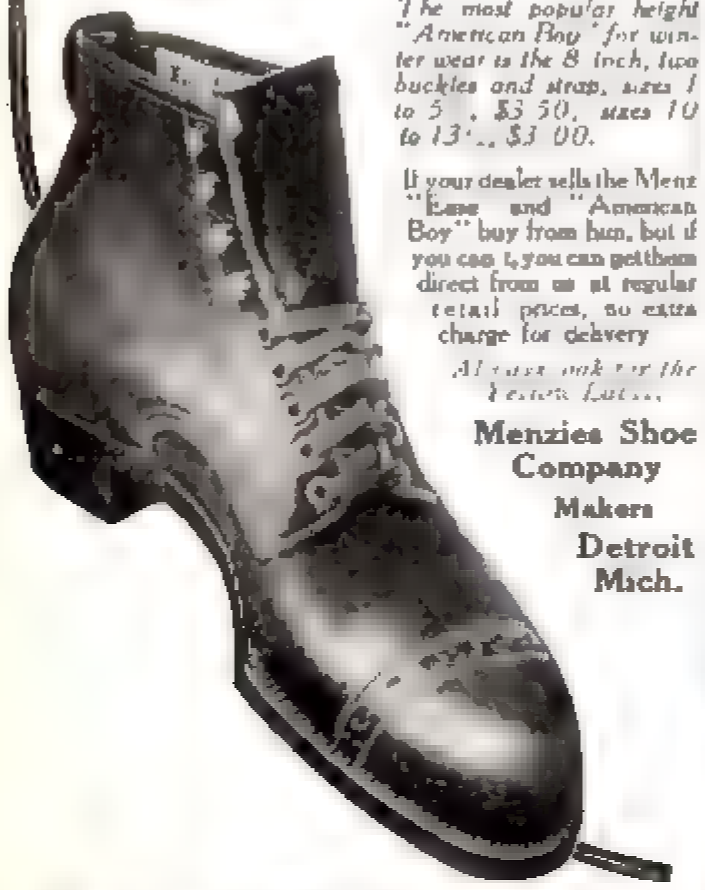
Same shoe, standard screw fastened, $3.50

The most popular height "American Boy" for winter wear is the 8 inch, two buckles and strap, sizes 1 to 5½, $3.50, sizes 10 to 13½, $3.00.

If your dealer sells the Menz "Ease" and "American Boy" buy from him, but if you can't, you can get them direct from us at regular retail prices, no extra charge for delivery

Always ask for the Pattern Lace.

Menzies Shoe Company
Makers
Detroit
Mich.

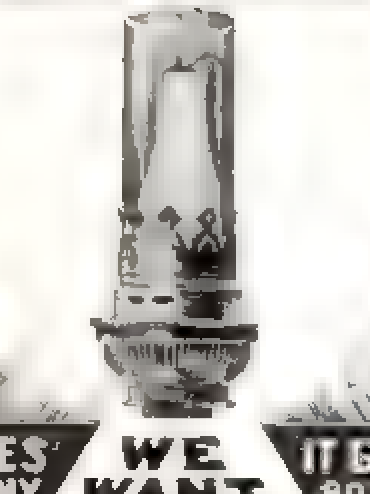


SAXONIA
INCANDESCENT KEROSENE OIL BURNER

IT SAVES YOU MANY DOLLARS EVERY YEAR NO MATTER WHAT YOU NOW USE

WE WANT YOU TO KNOW OF THIS WONDERFUL BURNER MORE THAN 100,000 IN DAILY USE. THE GOVERNMENT USES THE SAXONIA
AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE
SEND FOR BOOKLET AND PROOF OF THE GREAT MONEY MAKING POSSIBILITIES OF THIS BUSINESS
WE BURNER COMPLETE READY TO LIGHT SENT Ex. PA IN U.S. FOR $3.00 EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY [illegible]
U.S. AUTO LIGHTING CO 42 TAYLOR ST. SPRINGFIELD MASS

IT GIVES 80 CANDLE POWER WHITE GAS LIGHT WITH NO ODOR FITS ANY SCREW COLLAR LAMP



Portable Vacuum Cleaners
"Best of Every Test"
The Thurman Portable Electric
Cleans everything in the home.
YOU NEED IT NOW
Made by the pioneer manufacturer of all kinds of vacuum cleaning machines, including Portable Wagons, Stationary Plants and Hand Power Machines. We are the largest and largest Company of its kind in the world. Write for particulars.
GENERAL COMPRESSED AIR & VACUUM MACH'Y CO.
Dept. 122 519 No. Taylor Avenue, St. Louis, U. S. A.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System — written with only nine characters. No "positions" — no "ruled lines" — no "shading" — no "word-signs" — no "cold notes." Speedy practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For free descriptive matter, free, address, Chicago Correspondence Schools, 738 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

(Continued from Page 54)

confronts always the mighty power of the sea. In his intercourse with foreign peoples he must represent the nation with dignity and courtesy, he must act with judgment, vigor and decision if called upon to protect the country's interests, and he must accept full responsibility for any action he takes.

While there are very few indeed among those officers of the United States Navy with the right to wear the silver eagle on the gold bullion of their epaulettes who are not worthy, in the highest sense of the word, of the honorable rank they bear, there are captains—and captains. A "happy ship"—by which the sailor means the general contentment and efficiency of the ship's company—is a pretty sure sign of wise government by the "Old Man," but faults of temperament or a certain lack of tact or judgment on the part of a commanding officer in the exercise of authority, even though his acts are fully within the bounds of law and the regulations governing the Navy, may make life uncomfortable for his subordinates, and especially so for his officers. He may be a well-meaning man, one who in social relations with his officers is an agreeable host, and yet he may by every word and act in his official capacity "get on to the nerves" of those under him. The results of his technical and scientific knowledge and theory may have proved of great benefit to the service at large, yet he may never have learned the art of handling men. The bully, the petty tyrant, pure and simple, is extremely rare in the naval service of the United States. I have known of but one of the sort in command, and that was years ago, and he came to grief in due time. It is the fussy, nervous skipper, or the occasional man with a disposition to nag and find fault, who affects more or less adversely the contentment of a ship's company.

When Billy Butted In

There was one such individual who, though in other ways an excellent officer, added to his tendency to scold and complain an inordinate sense of the importance of his rank and of the respect due it. One bright Sunday morning, when the ship lay in port, after inspection was over and the crew dismissed, the skipper, immaculately arrayed in the white summer uniform of the day, paced, gloved hands clasped behind his back, in lonely dignity to and fro on the starboard side of the quarterdeck. He had thoroughly enjoyed his examination of crew and ship, and, always scrupulous in his attendance at divine service, was awaiting the hour when the hoisting of the white church pennant, the sweet, long-drawn bugle summons of church call, should announce that church was "rigged" in the superstructure on the main deck. Save for himself, the spruce young officer of the deck, with his messengers near the gangway, the captain's orderly, two or three men of the watch and the ship's goat, the quarterdeck was deserted, and Sunday quiet prevailed from the after-turret to the pole at the stern where the colors floated. But even in the peace and repose of the environment the ruling spirit in the "Old Man's" breast knew no rest. Here and there the awning sagged a hair's breadth at the stanchions, or the coils of rope on the deck by the boat davits were not flemished down with mathematical accuracy of curve; every few moments the skipper's strident voice would call the attention of the officer of the deck to something that, in his chief's opinion, might have been better done thus and so. If he saw the ship's goat he gave him no heed, for, even with such an august personage as the captain, Billy was a privileged member of the ship's company, and might come and go, at his own sweet will, pretty nearly everywhere about the decks. So the goat, his long-haired coat freshly groomed and the gilt on his horns gleaming as the sun cast an occasional glint inward from the edge of the shadow of the awning, trotted about unconcernedly, apparently betraying no more consciousness of the skipper's presence than that austere magnate showed of his. But mischief was brewing in Billy's mind. Whether he thought the time had come to take a fall out of the "Old Man's" pride, or whether the captain's posture, as he paused in his walk and, bending over, pointed to some neglected drift of cinder dust in the waterways, aroused the goat's combative instinct, deponent sayeth not. Anyhow, Billy butted in literally, and with two or

What Would You Like so Well as the Waverley for a Christmas Gift?

Waverley

1910 Model

Price $2,250

A 4-Passenger Coupe, with removable top, which may be replaced with Victoria or buggy top. Exide, Waverley or National Battery. Choice of solid or pneumatic tires.

The Cleanest Electric

The Waverley is not only [illegible] elegant and most distinctive [illegible]
Nothing [illegible] either your clothes or the beautiful [illegible] of a Waverley.
[illegible] streaks of [illegible] are gathered from the step [illegible] leaving. The Waverley's new noiseless driving system is completely enclosed.

It is the only Electric with a driving system attached to the body that is completely enclosed.

The Noiseless Electric

[illegible]
[illegible] in clean oil gives the maximum mileage.

Rubber cushions overcome the vibration of the Waverley's motor, which hangs from the body between the springs.

And the driving system [illegible] the rear as possible [illegible]
[illegible] impossible in some electrics.

The Safe Electric

The new Waverley [illegible] No. 925078 [illegible] new Waverley.
The Waverley Patented [illegible]
The design of the [illegible]
[illegible] Waverley Maroon or Brewster Green [illegible]

Send today for our Beautiful Art Catalog G 3, showing Waverley 1910 Models. The book will be mailed to you free by return mail. Address

THE WAVERLEY CO., 142 S. East Street, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

What Do You Say When You Buy Underwear?

Don't you just ask for "underwear," without mentioning the kind, and doesn't the clerk invariably show you two-piece garments unless you ask for union suits?

That's probably why you wear the old style, uncomfortable two-piece garments.

If the clerk doesn't offer to show you *Superior* Union Suits next time, tell him you want to see them.

Of course, he can't explain how well they fit except in a general way, but aside from the many items in its favor—as for instance, a lap in the back and crotch that thoroughly covers; non-stretching buttonholes; sleeves and ankles that neither stretch nor work up—the fit is a tremendously important feature of *Superior* Underwear. We make only *Superior* Union Suits and for men only.

Don't, next time, just say you want underwear, but ask for *Superior* Underwear, and see that this label is on it.

There are other union suits but only one *Superior*. It is handled by all first class dealers. If yours happens to be out send his name and we will mail a booklet with samples showing how *Superior* is made.

The Superior Underwear Company

TRADE The MARK
Superior
A PERFECT UNION SUIT.

103 River Street
Piqua, Ohio

[4]

The Grace of a Shoe

depends quite as much on the leather as on the shoemaker.

Foerderer's "*Vici*"—the *original* "glazed kid" is supple and elastic, lustrous—wear-resisting. Kinder to the foot and more lustrous the more it is worked over the last.

See that your dealer gives you *Foerderer's* "Vici" in your kid shoes. He can—and the shoes will cost you no more.

Send for a sample of "Vici" Kid

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, INC.
Manufacturers of
Chrome Tanned Kid Skin
PHILADELPHIA

Every man should wear either LAMBSDOWN or VELLASTIC

The newer, better fleece-lined underwear. It's guaranteed.

[illegible] would wear any [illegible] skin-chafing [illegible] Lambsdown and Vellastic have [illegible] fleece lining that's [illegible] Lambsdown [illegible] Vellastic [illegible] finish. [illegible] machinery [illegible] penetrable, damp and cold resisting, and should be worn by the well man as well as the inv[illegible]

Either LAMBSDOWN or VELLASTIC is Indispensable to the outdoor man in winter.

Lambsdown, Men's [illegible] $ [illegible] Lambsdown [illegible] $ [illegible] Vellastic [illegible] $ [illegible] Vellastic, [illegible]

AT ALL DEALERS.

UTICA KNITTING COMPANY, UTICA, N. Y.

MY BOOK FREE
"HOW TO REMEMBER"
Stop Forgetting

MEMORY THE BASIS OF ALL KNOWLEDGE

The key to Success

You are no greater intellectually than your memory [illegible] of faces, [illegible] conversation, [illegible] power, [illegible] speaking.

DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL 932 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago

CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT

COST

The [illegible] which the demand exceeds the [illegible] where. No [illegible] Theory [illegible] Accounting, Bookkeeping and Business Training [illegible]

UNIVERSAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. N,
27-29 East 22nd Street, New York
Recognized Accountancy School of the World

LIP-READING

taught to hard of-hearing persons; easy, rapid system; results [illegible] satisfactory, age no hindrance.

DAVID GREENE, 485 New Britain Avenue, Hartford, Conn.

Fascinating Store Window Display MAGIC Electric OPTICAL ILLUSION BOX [illegible] disappear [illegible] How Made, ten stamps

Buffalo Mech. and Elec. Laboratory, 144 Erie County Bank, Buffalo, N. Y.

three agile bounds across the deck came full tilt upon the skipper from the rear, sending him with a strong thrust of the head down upon his hands and knees with his nose almost into the ash-dust. Then with a flirt of his heels the goat made off and disappeared through the door into the superstructure, his loud ma-a-a-as of mutinous triumph echoing back along the decks as he scampered forward.

A sprinkling of pepper in the "Old Man's" temper works but little harm; and a man would be more than human who could bear with always unruffled equanimity the petty annoyances that so frequently fall to the captain's share in the day's work, annoyances none the less irritating because apparently unavoidable under some of the conditions that prevail in the service. The almost diurnal task of winding and unwinding the fathoms of red tape in the "paper work" imposed by the rules of the various bureaus of the Navy Department, details which add greatly to the already absorbing labors and responsibilities of commanding officers, is alone enough to try a man's patience sorely on occasion. How he manages to dispose of it all between the intervals of other duties it would be hard to say. At sea, coming below to his cabin after a turn on the bridge, or after drill or quarters, the yeoman who acts as his amanuensis is called, and brings in a batch of papers. After his lonely dinner, another pile of papers, carefully arranged upon his desk, awaits his attention before he turns in. If, while in port, he has taken a run ashore, on his return to the ship he will scarcely have shifted into uniform before the respectfully insistent yeoman appears with another formidable and neatly-prepared number of sheets for his signature or inspection. And besides official documents and papers, every mail brings to the captain—particularly if the name of his ship is prominent at the time in the public eye—personal letters from all sorts and conditions of men and women. Some of these promptly find their way into the waste-basket by the captain's desk, but most of them require answer of a sort if only in curtsey, a quality it may be said few of our naval officers seem to lack.

Our Under-Officered Ships

When at sea there would seem to be no hour in the twenty-four the captain can call absolutely his own. Every occurrence—the shifting of the wind or loom of a fog bank; a strange sail or vessel in sight; a light showing in the gloom of night over the waters; signal from flagship or consort; wireless dispatch from anywhere to anybody; this, that and the other event of the watch—are reported to him at once. Even in port, although your seasoned deck officer will use judgment as to the necessity for disturbing the "Old Man's" repose in the mid-watch, he can never be sure that his night's rest will not be interrupted, and his orderly may rap him out of his sleep with "Sir, the officer of the deck reports"—such or such an incident which the officer on duty may think of sufficient importance to communicate to him. As a disgusted captain remarked of one young man, known rather for his excess of zeal in matters of ordinary routine than for his general professional acumen, "He would break a man out at two o'clock in the morning to tell him the ship's cook had returned from liberty, drunk and sixty-four hours overtime, but if the twelve-inch gun went ashore he wouldn't miss it."

Much has been spoken and written about the advanced age of captains in the American Navy. It is undeniable that under present conditions officers do not attain command rank early enough in their careers—that is, they are not permitted, by reason of the circumstances governing promotion and retirement, to serve long enough in positions of high responsibility and authority to give the country and the navy the full benefit of their mature experience. That our ships are under-officered—dangerously so, in the opinion of many competent to judge—is also true, for an American warship puts to sea with a complement of officers far below that in vessels of the same class of any other Power; but the added responsibilities and labors imposed upon commanding officers, more than on others, have, in the majority of cases, been met courageously and ably, and the impression which seems to have been produced in the minds of many, that the captains of our war

Are You Profiting by the Modern Improvement In Pianos?

IT is hardly necessary to tell a business man that an invention which can revolutionize a world industry must possess extraordinary merit.

This is just what the PIANOLA Piano has done—*revolutionized the entire piano industry.* Could anything show more plainly that the PIANOLA Piano possesses advantages that everyone should at least know about?

It Does Not Take a Pianist to Play the PIANOLA PIANO

Naturally a piano that everyone can play, is the piano that almost every one *wants to own.*

You have probably had a piano in your house for a number of years. You know how little use it has been.

The improved piano—the PIANOLA Piano—is a practical instrument to buy. *Every member of the family can play it.* A circulating library of music rolls, or rolls bought outright, gives you access to all the music of the world—over 15,000 different selections.

It is a pleasure to hear the PIANOLA Piano played, and a still greater pleasure to play it yourself. This is because it is *artistic.* All the famous musicians of the world have testified to this. Many have said a performance with the PIANOLA Piano "is better than the playing of the most gifted amateur."

Would you not like to know about this improved piano? It can be played by hand, the same as any other, and is not surpassed in musical qualities by any other. Send for catalog A, with full description and illustrations, as well as details of easy payment plan.

CAUTION: The PIANOLA Piano must not be confused with the many [illegible] its success has brought on the market. None of these contain the genuine PIANOLA with *Metrostyle*, *Themodist* and other exclusive and important features. The real PIANOLA Piano is *the only instrument of its type recognized by musicians as worthy serious consideration.* Only authorized agents sell the PIANOLA and PIANOLA Piano. To insure against mistakes it is advisable to write us for the name of our nearest representative.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY
AEOLIAN HALL, 362 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

JOSH BILLINGS said that "the [illegible] good for is to make a fellow scratch and forget his other troubles."

THAT WAS BEFORE THE DAY OF

Wright's Health Underwear

It is the fleece of comfort, and can't scratch

Keeping out the cold and keeping in the bodily heat is only the beginning of the good work of **Wright's Health Underwear.** It [illegible] guard over the sensitive [illegible], preventing that sudden closing of the pores which causes colds, coughs, and congestion in various parts of the body.

Wright's Health Underwear, made by a recent process, of selected high-grade wool, is [illegible] market. Yet it is [illegible] people of moderate means. Not a fad, [illegible] fleece of comfort.

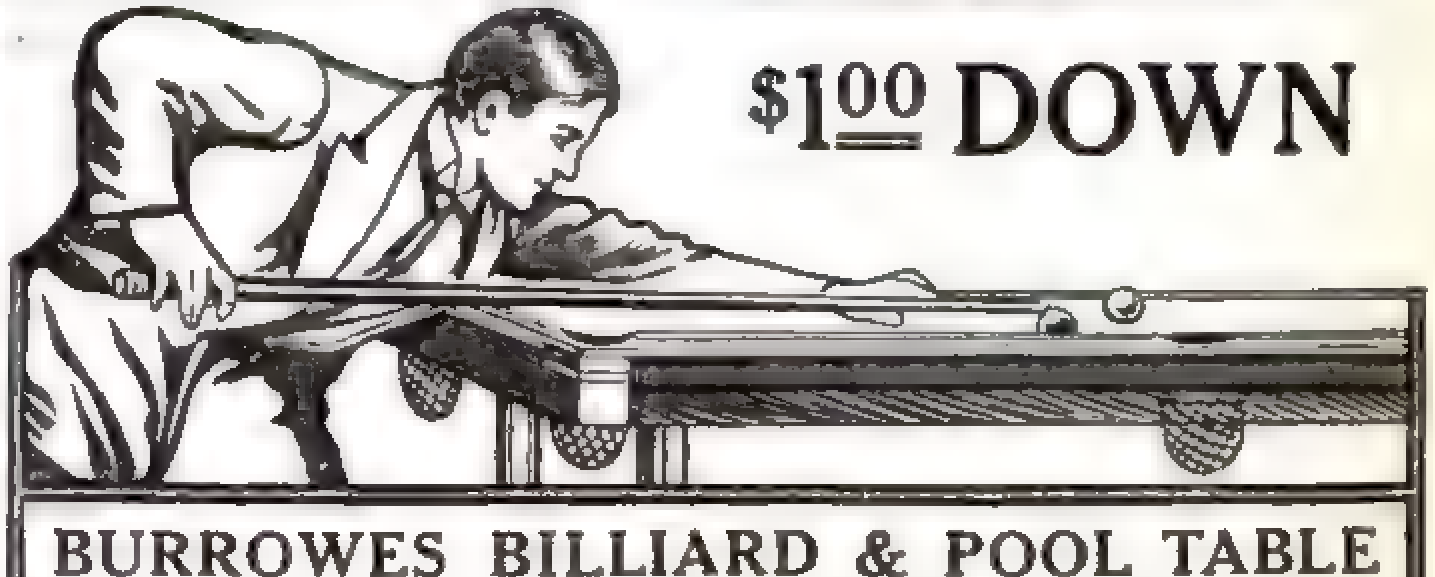
Wright's Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear

Is a product based upon the need [illegible] elasticity. It is knit on patented improved Spring Needle knitting [illegible] elastic properties. It is so constructed that it yields to [illegible] when taken off [illegible] resumes its normal shape and size. Made in beautiful [illegible]

Wright's Health Underwear [illegible] Wright's [illegible] Union Suits and [illegible] Garments [illegible] "Dressing for Health," a valuable booklet free.

WRIGHT'S SPRING NEEDLE TRADE MARK RIBBED UNDERWEAR

WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO., 32 Franklin St., N.Y.



$1.00 DOWN

BURROWES BILLIARD & POOL TABLE

$1 Down puts into your home any Table worth from $6 to $15. $2 a month pays balance. Higher priced Tables on correspondingly easy terms. We supply all cues, balls, &c., free.

BECOME AN EXPERT AT HOME

The BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first instalment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write today for catalog.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO. 807 CENTER STREET, PORTLAND, MAINE.

vessels are, generally speaking, physically unfitted through weight of years for the performance of their important duties, is far from the actual truth.

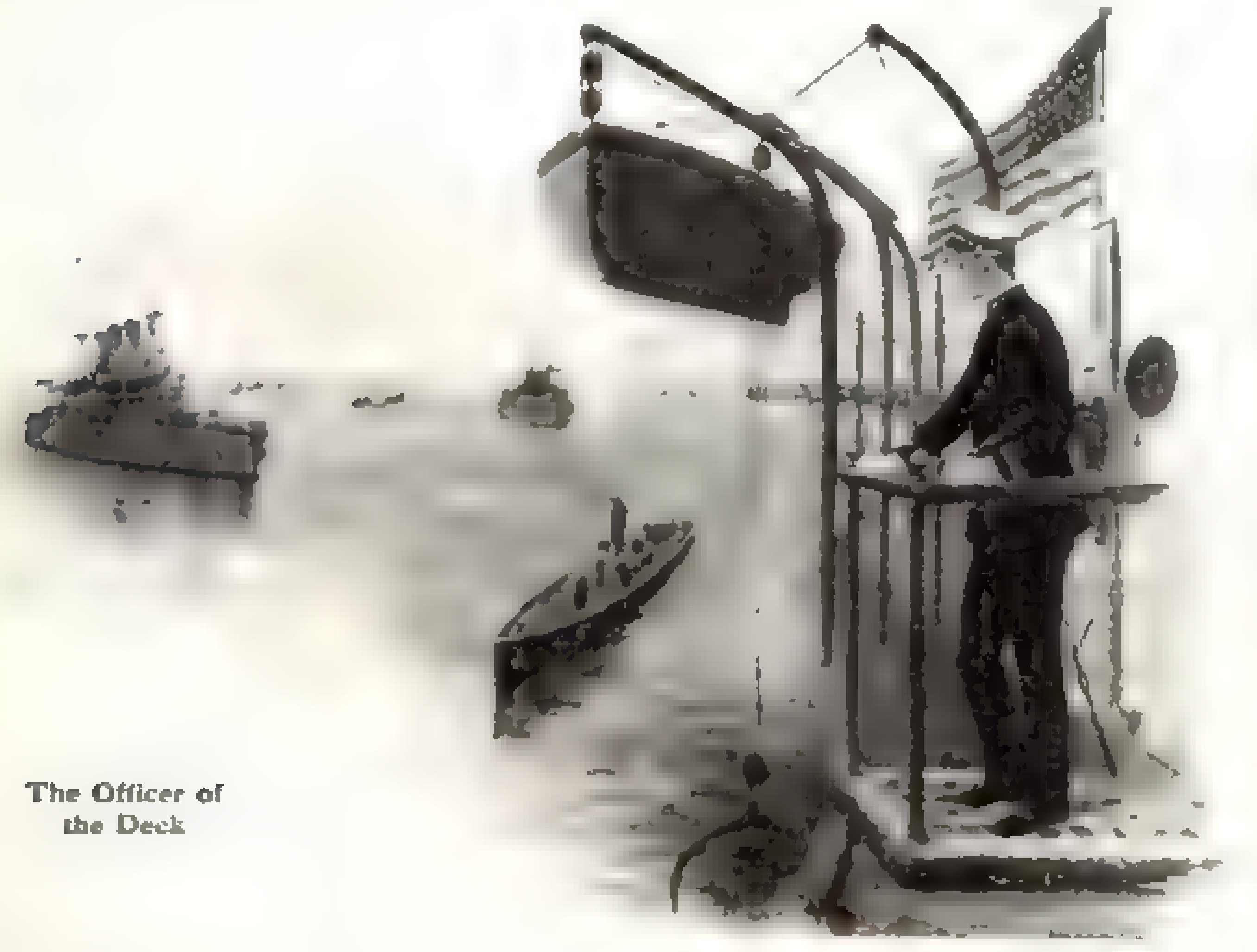
Let me briefly describe an incident which recently came under my observation. It was six bells, eleven o'clock, on a clear, starlight night and land lay on either side, as the ship pointed her nose into a long arm of the sea. Since seven in the morning, when he turned out, the captain had been about his usual business, engaged by the hundred and one incidents of the day's work. Half an hour before he had gone on the bridge, and now was walking briskly to and fro, buttoned snugly in his great coat, for the breeze, though gentle, blew chill across the water. Occasionally he paused by the wheel and cast a glance at the luminous disk of the compass in the binnacle, or exchanged a word with the navigator or with the officer of the watch. But the course of the ship was simple enough for the time being; and her head pointed, with slight deviations, in the same direction as she pushed onward through the watches of the night. Not until daybreak was the helm put hard over and the vessel turned, almost at right angles, passing between sheer, bare cliffs into a long, narrow stretch of water, gloomy with the shadows of huge mountains. With scanty breadth of rock-bound way, rounding sharp turns, where the tide swirled and tugged, the ship pressed on. Black squalls swooped savagely from out the cañons and veiled the seamy shore behind misty curtains of rain; a momentary break in the flying scud gave a chance for taking bearings, then snow and hail beat down, shutting out everything from view. With chart and compass for sole guides the ship moved on, land to starboard, land to port; hour after hour passed, and the shades of evening closed, adding gloom to the obscurity of the thick, enveloping fog that now succeeded the stinging showers. Suddenly, with a gentle swaying, the ship lifted her huge steel bulk; another and another slow-heaving rise and fall, growing stronger with each succeeding forward thrust of the vessel over the water, then, with a sudden plunge of the bows, a burst of spray broke ghost-white in the dusk, and the watchers on the bridge knew the dangerous capes on either side were passed, and the ship was greeting the long, deep swell of the open sea.

The watch, officers and men, had been regularly relieved in the usual order, and now that the ship was clear of the land the navigator, too, might take himself off to his room. Since coming on the bridge twenty-three hours before, the captain had been constantly on his feet, but the fog seemed to be lifting and the stars were showing through, so he descended to his emergency-cabin under the bridge. Yet hardly had he thrown aside his wet great coat, kicked off his rubber boots and stretched himself, clothed as he was, on the bunk when, rap-a-tap, the orderly's knuckles sounded on the panels of the door, and his voice announced, "It's getting very thick again, sir!" There was to be no rest for the skipper that night, nor until the following morning, when, the fog finally having cleared away, he left the bridge and made his way aft to his cabin, where, dropping into the easy chair at the side of his desk, he closed his eyes in slumber for the first time in fifty-one hours.

Now, in all this there is nothing extraordinary or remarkable; it is all in the day's work and is taken quite as a matter of course, and nobody aboard ship says or seems to think anything about it. There are hundreds of seafarers, in and out of the Navy, who are confronted by similar and far more trying situations again and again, and the physical strength and endurance shown by the captain are not at all exceptional or even rare among men of his rank and age in the Navy, or among seamen anywhere.

While life in the Navy is no more "all skittles and beer" than elsewhere in this workaday world, Doctor Johnson's disadvantageous comparison of a warship to a prison as a habitation, in that the jailbird enjoyed "better food, better air and better company" than the sailor, can no longer be made.

Cramped and confined the usual quarters of an officer must necessarily be, but if—as is the case in some rooms within the armored space of a battleship—no port opens through the thick steel outward side, fresh air, drawn down through the funnels opening to the atmosphere forty feet and more above, can be turned on at will, like water from the taps in your house ashore. And as to good company, I think a man must be hard to please who cannot find enjoyment in the society of members of the average wardroom mess.



The Officer of the Deck

All officers of the Navy are presumed to be gentlemen, and stand upon a footing of moral and social equality with one another. Nevertheless, the line of rank and authority is rigidly drawn. In the close neighborhood of ship life too intimate or personal association of men of different age, experience and position would inevitably influence their official relations and affect the interests of discipline; for officers are under discipline, which, though different in the nature of its enforcement, is as strict in its requirements as that which governs the men of the crews. The naval regulations decree the separation of officers serving on board ship into distinct groups or messes, according to the grade and station of those composing them, each group occupying certain designated spaces or apartments. If the ship flies the flag of an admiral that officer has his separate mess, which, however, the members of his personal staff may share, should the chief so choose; but on ships other than flagships there are generally three distinct officers' messes.

The captain lives in lonely state in the cabin. With the executive officer at their head, the line officers—engineer, navigator, ordnance, watch and division—and the medical officer, pay-marine officers and chaplain form the family of the wardroom, while in the steerage, or junior officers' quarters, the midshipman can give vent in the scant hours of relaxation to youthful spirits and exuberance, untrammeled by the presence of his elders.

Sincerity overcoats *heavy* enough for the *coldest* days, but comfortable as a *spring* topcoat. They're *shapely* through *good tailoring*, not *thick padding*. Their *weight* won't *wear* you out, and even *several* seasons' *use* won't wear *them* out.

Many models, and *most* of 'em for *young* men. *Fancy* fabrics if you fancy 'em and *quiet* ones if *that's* your taste. Made with the Sincerity label to *prove* we're *confident* of their *service*.

A dealer in most *every* town. A book that shows *styles* and *tells* about them, sent *free* for an "*ask*" on a *postal*.

Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.
MAKERS CHICAGO

My Boy—Can You Shoot Straight?

Can you play ball, swim and skate? These are all things every live American boy should be able to do and do well. It's not so much the doing of them that counts as the training they give you. Learning to shoot straight with a KING AIR RIFLE will do for you what you can't get in any other way. It will give you a keen eye, steady nerve, self-reliance. It will make you alert, observing and careful. It will teach you self-control, and take you out doors.

KING AIR RIFLES

The KING is safe because it shoots Air Rifle shot by compressed air—not powder. But in every other way it is a true gun-lover's gun.

The KING 1000 SHOT (No. 5) is the "Winchester" of air guns. It is a hammerless magazine repeater with lever action, [illegible] 1000 shots, [illegible] one at a time. Price [illegible]
The KING JUNIOR [illegible] for the smaller boys [illegible]
The KING [illegible] for the [illegible] fellows [illegible]
Other KING models [illegible]
Send [illegible] KING CATALOG, illustrating KINGS for all boys from four to sixteen [illegible]
KING AIR RIFLES are sold by leading sporting goods, hardware and toy dealers. If you can't find them in your town send the money direct to us and we'll ship the King, express prepaid.

The Markham Air Rifle Co.
The Original and Largest Air Gun Factory
Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.

King 1000 Shot
King 500 Shot

Lots of Fun for a Dime Fits roof of mouth, always invisible, greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. **Ventriloquist's Double Throat** Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary and imitate birds and beasts of field and forest. **Loads of Fun.** Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10c. 4 for 25c or 12 for 50c. **Double Throat Co.,** Dept. 27, Frenchtown, N. J.

Peanut Vending Machine Operators
and those wishing to enter the Vending Machine business can learn something interesting by writing to
M. L. Larson, 1762 Arlington Place, Chicago, Ill.

Safeguard Your Life Insurance

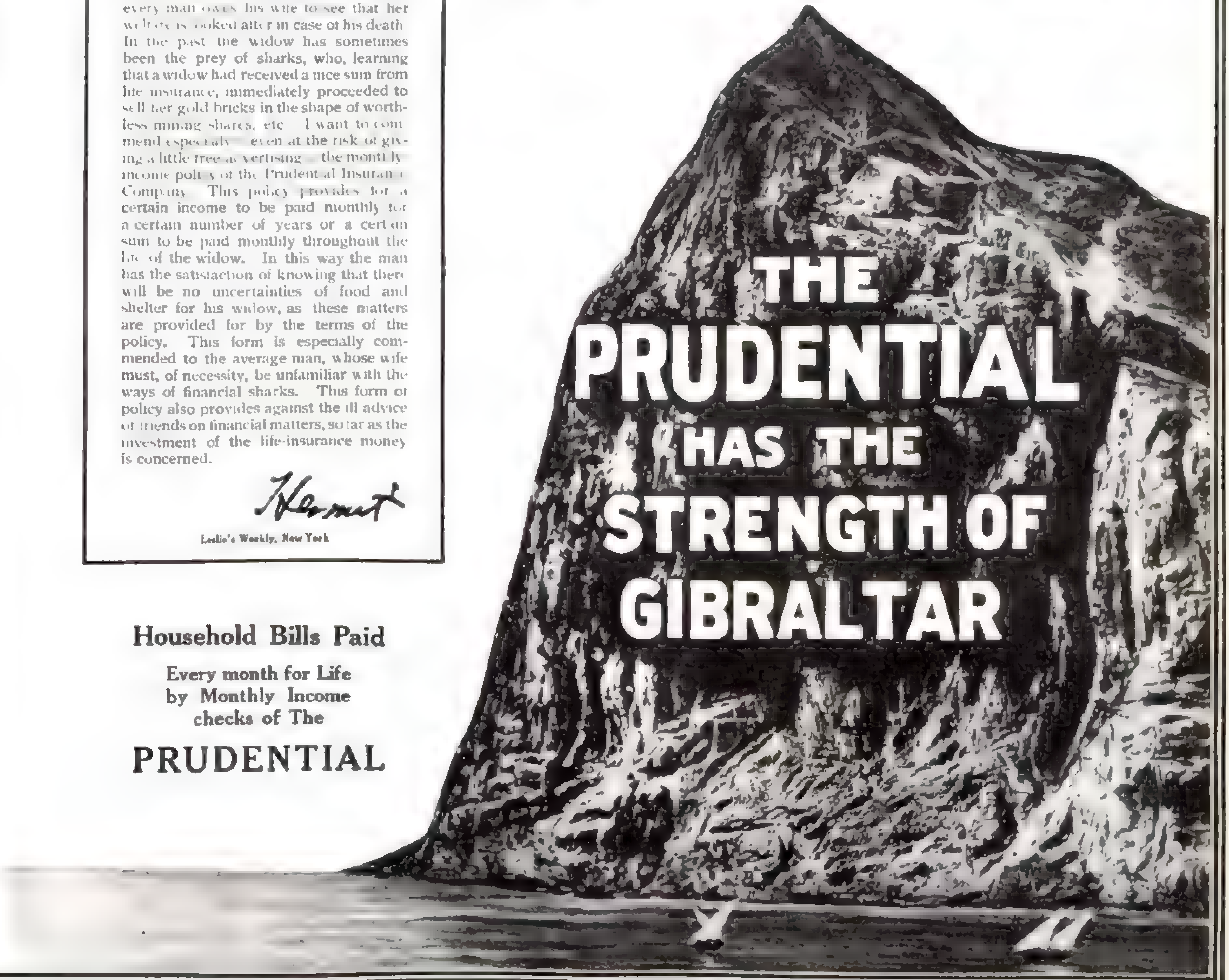
through the

New Monthly Income Policy

I HAVE repeatedly called the attention of my readers to the importance of life insurance for married men. It is a duty every man owes his wife to see that her welfare is looked after in case of his death. In the past the widow has sometimes been the prey of sharks, who, learning that a widow had received a nice sum from life insurance, immediately proceeded to sell her gold bricks in the shape of worthless mining shares, etc. I want to commend especially—even at the risk of giving a little free advertising—the monthly income policy of the Prudential Insurance Company. This policy provides for a certain income to be paid monthly for a certain number of years or a certain sum to be paid monthly throughout the life of the widow. In this way the man has the satisfaction of knowing that there will be no uncertainties of food and shelter for his widow, as these matters are provided for by the terms of the policy. This form is especially commended to the average man, whose wife must, of necessity, be unfamiliar with the ways of financial sharks. This form of policy also provides against the ill advice of friends on financial matters, so far as the investment of the life-insurance money is concerned.

Hermit

Leslie's Weekly, New York



Household Bills Paid

Every month for Life
by Monthly Income
checks of The

PRUDENTIAL

The Prudential

Insurance Co. of America.

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. Home Office, Newark, N. J.

Dept. 140

Send this coupon for full particulars and cost

For $ ______ a month
[illegible] Payment at Death

Name ______

Address ______

Occupation ______

My Age Is ______ Beneficiary's Age ______

Immediate Benefit and Continuous Monthly Income Policy.

The Florsheim SHOE

The Low Instep

Lace or Blucher

If your shoes lace too close together or rub at the heel try the FLORSHEIM "Low Instep" which we specialize in different shapes and any leather. A special model for low instep feet.

Most Styles $5 and $6
Write for Style Book

The Florsheim Shoe Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

So handy to use
LE PAGE'S
LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE
Dries instantly
Mends everything
In tubes that do not leak
Ask your dealer for it, or we will send you a repair tube upon receipt of price, post paid 10¢
RUSSIA CEMENT CO. GLOUCESTER MASS
Also in glass bottles with new patented cap

A Dainty Individual Xmas Gift

CASH'S WOVEN NAMES

Your friends' own full names on fine cambric tape for marking linen, clothing and household articles. 72 for $1.25 144 for $2. Orders filled in a week. Color sample card free.

J & J CASH 400 Chestnut St., So Norwalk, Conn

3 Cents A Week To Pay

SUN Incandescent Gasoline LAMP

gives most light for least money. [illegible] candle power [illegible] 3, 4 burner styles. Handsome and durable. Agents Wanted [illegible]

SUN VAPOR LIGHT CO.
434 Market Street Canton, O

For Rooms BRIGHT As Day

PETTY LARCENY ABROAD

(Concluded from Page 13)

But some night in Paris, when he falls in with two or three of the boys from back home, and they drop into an expensive café where there are no prices on the menu, he is apt to get in for a genuine sensation when the bill comes around. Then the varnish of Paris vanishes. The real rapacity of the foreigners' attitude to Americans becomes plain. He pays treble, four times, five times what he should pay; and he has no redress, either there or before the law.

It is not thus that Europe eats. Once, in a wine-garden of Munich, where all the chairs were full of pensive folk listening to the pavilion band take a fall out of Wagner, I chanced to see, drawn up at one of the tables, an old lady with her two daughters. They were all handsomely dressed, the elder woman much adorned with diamonds in her ears and on her fingers. They bought between them one stein of *dunkel*, and when this had been placed on the table the old lady calmly opened her reticule and drew out three rolls, which, as well as the beer, it is only fair to say, she shared impartially with her daughters. No one seemed to think it out of the way. I began to see how diamonds are acquired; but Americans who go abroad are not expected to acquire them in that way.

You were in for a hard time of it from the moment when you first left the steamer dock on your holy pilgrimage abroad. It wouldn't be so bad, after all, if it really jarred the Jones woman, but it doesn't. She knows all the time she is going over next spring herself. Meantime, to a calm and dispassionate reason, it seems that if the Jones woman and all the rest of us would go to Asia instead of Europe, we might bring back with us more in knowledge and, perhaps, in coin. To submit to all these countless European impositions, of which but very few have been enumerated, is an American weakness. To invite them by thousands and hundreds of thousands, as we do, is, perhaps, as good an instance as may be had of our national capacity for silliness.

Holiday Decorations

INDISPENSABLE for holiday decorations are the ornaments of glass and tinsel which are used not only to adorn trees, but to lend gayety to the aspect of dinner-tables and house interiors at Yuletide, and immense quantities of them are sold each season.

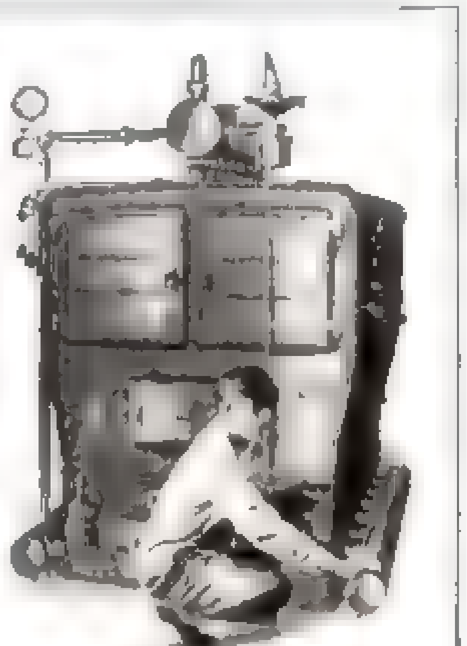
They all come from one place—the village of Lausha, in the Thuringian Mountains, in Germany. That region is the veritable Toyland—the real home of Santa Claus. Vast quantities of Christmas playthings, mostly of wood or *papier-mâché*, are made there by the peasants, who do the work in their homes; and a rather curious feature of the industry is the way in which it is split up and specialized, one village turning out nothing but hobby-horses, another producing only Noah's Arks, and so on.

Thus it comes about that the population of Lausha devotes its attention mainly to the production of ornaments for Christmas trees—though it also manufactures enormous numbers of glass eyes. This little town turns out not only great numbers of such eyes for human beings, but also glass eyes for taxidermists' use, for dolls, and for toy animals. It is the world's principal center for this industry.

The chief object sought in the making of tree ornaments, of course, is glitter. Most of them are of glass, blown into fantastic and often beautiful shapes—various pigments and metals being employed to lend additional brilliancy.

The people of Lausha are all glass-blowers. They do the work in their homes, but the rough glass is provided by big dealers who contract for the purchase of the wares thus produced. Among other things, the workers turn out incalculable numbers of the familiar glass marbles, so dear to every childish heart—these being made in moulds from long sticks of glass in which several colors are combined.

Unfortunately, glass-making is a very unhealthful occupation, and the people of Lausha literally give their lives for Santa Claus, few of them surviving long enough to reach old age.



A Hundred Economies in this Heating System

The good points of most heating systems are too often coupled with the glaring faults

Faults that run up coal bills, or send you shivering around the house in winter

Here at last is the heating system which embodies the best that a quarter century of heating experience has taught—and avoids the faults

A heating system which represents the very climax of inventive ingenuity—which is the crystallization of a hundred superiorities and economies—many of them exclusive.

A system which insures plenty of heat *everywhere*, when you want it, yet so sensitive and so flexible that an armful of burning newspapers will send a glow of warmth over every radiator in the house.

"RICHMOND"

Boilers — Radiators

Do This Yourself

The selection of a heating system, whether for a home, a public building, a hotel or a factory; is too vital to leave to the judgment of others.

By inefficiency it may render comfort impossible; by hidden faults it may run the coal bill into endless extravagance

Write Us

If you contemplate building, please write us for full details of the new "RICHMOND" system of heating, which saves its own cost and pays its own maintenance. Ask for catalog 217.

Address in the West

Cameron Schroth Cameron Co.

Western Distributors for "RICHMOND" Boilers and Radiators
217 Michigan Street Chicago, Ill.

"RICHMOND" Bath Tubs—Lavatories—Sinks

If you are about to build, investigate, too, the "RICHMOND" line of enameled ware. Everything in enameled ware from kitchen sinks to bath tubs, which bears the name, "RICHMOND" is the best that can be made, less expensive in the beginning and in the end.

THE McCRUM-HOWELL CO.
217 Terminal Building, Park Ave. and 41st St., NEW YORK
Two factories at Uniontown, Pa.—One at Norwich, Conn.

In common boilers, the cold water enters at the grate line. The result is a chilled fire [illegible] other [illegible] wasted.

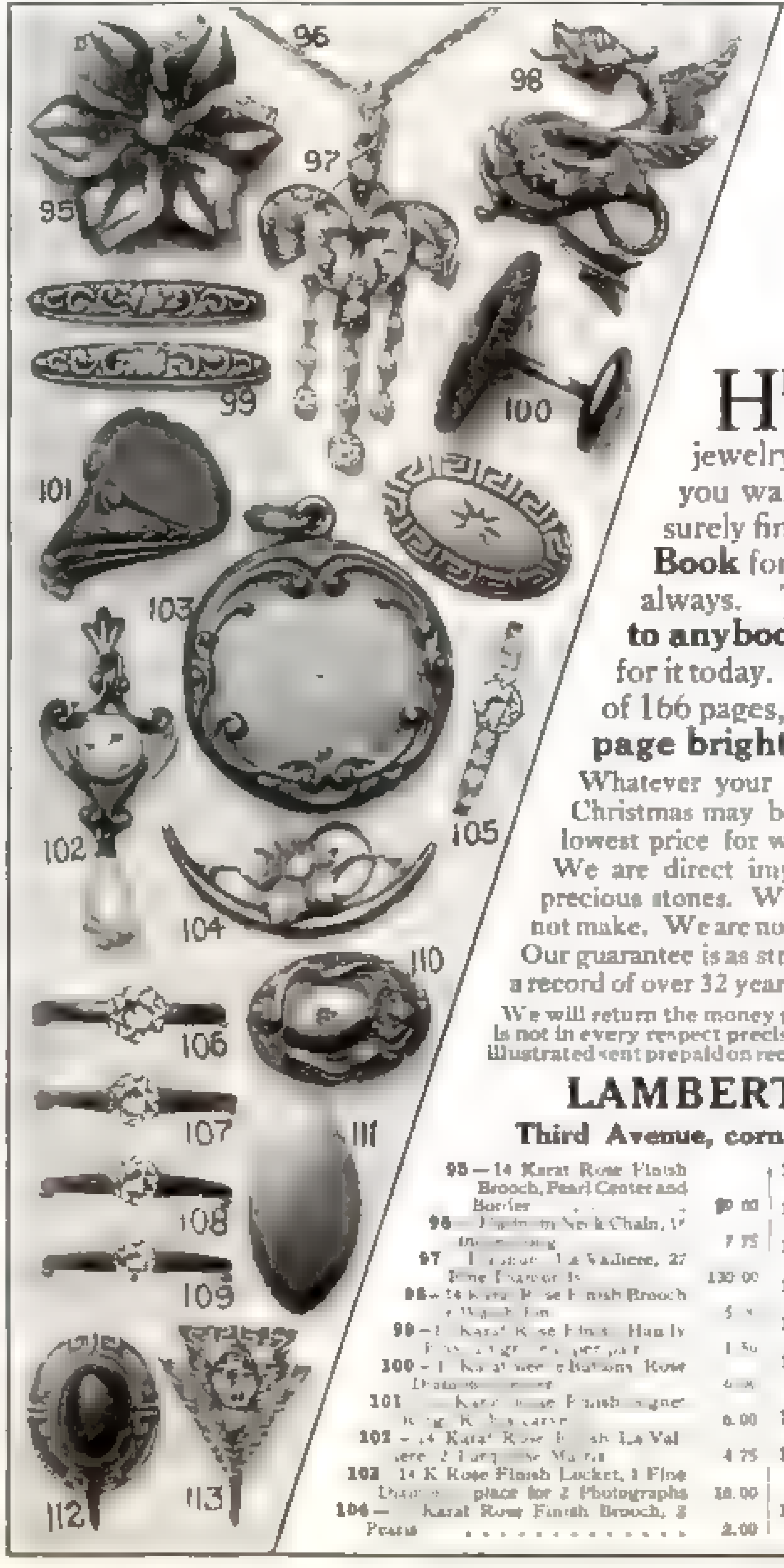
The Water Base Idea

In [illegible] warm, [illegible] wasted. [illegible] "RICHMOND" [illegible] no waste [illegible] efficiency [illegible] increase in efficiency represent[illegible] advantage of the "RICHMOND" water base design.

Economy Coupled with Strength

The water base idea enables us to double the strength and rigidity of the boiler, with [illegible] separate base—"RICHMOND" boilers are [illegible] They need no separate base.

The water [illegible] new or untried [illegible] with boilers [illegible] boilers for heating homes [illegible] the "RICHMOND" heating system [illegible]



Bright New Ideas for Christmas Jewelry

HERE are a few suggestions for Christmas presents of jewelry, all guaranteed. If what you want is not here, you will surely find it in the **Lambert Gem Book** for **1910**, and at the right price always. This book is **mailed free to anybody** who asks for it. Write for it today. You will receive a volume of 166 pages, full of pictures, and **every page bright with Christmas ideas.**

Whatever your choice of Lambert jewelry for Christmas may be, you pay not a cent over the lowest price for which such jewelry can be sold. We are direct importers of diamonds and other precious stones. We buy for spot cash what we do not make. We are not in a high-priced neighborhood. Our guarantee is as strong as the English language and a record of over 32 years of square dealing can make it.

We will return the money paid for any article bought of us if it is not in every respect precisely as represented. Any article here illustrated sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address Department F,

LAMBERT BROTHERS
Third Avenue, corner 58th Street, New York

95 — 14 Karat Rose Finish Brooch, Pearl Center and Border	$9.00
96 — [illegible] Neck Chain, [illegible]	7.75
97 — [illegible] La Valliere, 27 Fine Diamonds	130.00
98 — 14 Karat Rose Finish Brooch [illegible]	5.[illegible]
99 — [illegible] Karat Rose Finish Hand[illegible] [illegible] per pair	1.50
100 — [illegible] Karat [illegible] Buttons Rose Diamonds [illegible]	[illegible]
101 — [illegible] Karat Rose Finish Signet Ring [illegible]	6.00
102 — 14 Karat Rose Finish La Valliere, 2 Turquoise Matrix	4.75
103 — 14 K Rose Finish Locket, 1 Fine Diamond, place for 2 Photographs	18.00
104 — [illegible] Karat Rose Finish Brooch, 3 Pearls	2.00
105 — Platinum Top Ring, 7 Fine Diamonds	$100.00
106 — Fine Diamond Ring, Solid 14 Karat Handmade mounting	125.00
107 — Fine Diamond Ring, Solid 14 Karat Handmade mounting	[illegible]
108 — Fine Diamond Ring, Solid 14 Karat Handmade mounting	50.00
109 — Fine [illegible] Ring, Solid 14 Karat Handmade mounting	25.00
110 — 14 Karat Rose [illegible] Tie Clasp, Richly Chased, Fine Diamond	9.00
111 — 14 Karat Polished or Roman Finish Tie Clasp	4.50
112 — 14 Karat Rose Finish Scarf Pin, Chased Border, Sardonyx Center	4.50
113 — 10 Karat Scarf Pin, Richly Chased, Peridot and Pearl	4.00

A Foolish Price

to pay for a piano is one either too high or too low.

Cheap materials flung together never yet could be truthfully called a piano. The price asked reveals its character.

After all you don't get anything additional when you buy a piano endorsed by a musician. You pay more for the Piano than you would have to pay for an Estey of equal grade, that is all. Is it worth while?

Think Right about a piano

The Pocket Estey is a book worth reading about pianos in general and the Estey in particular. Sent on request.

Estey Piano Company

Think Right about an ESTEY PIANO

112-124 Lincoln Avenue
New York City

A new "Yankee" Tool

for driving screws One-Handed and in awkward places.

[illegible] automatically [illegible] with the other hand. [illegible]

Screw holder attachment moves back on blade when not [illegible]

"Yankee" Ratchet Screw Driver with Screw-holder attachment

No. 110.—Right and left hand, and [illegible] Ratchet-shifter working lengthwise with the tool

No. 111.—[illegible] except Ratchet-shifter moves across the tool

Ask at your dealer's to see [illegible] Ratchet Drivers with Screw-holder attachment

[illegible] "Yankee" Tool Book [illegible] free

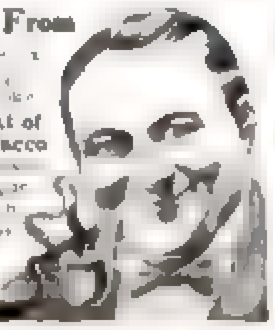
North Bros. Mfg. Company
Philadelphia

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

Chapped Hands, Chafing, and all [illegible]

[illegible] Toilet Powder

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.



Buy TOBACCO DIRECT From FACTORY Then you will [illegible] quisite aroma [illegible]

French's Mixture The Aristocrat of Smoking Tobacco

Not sold by dealers, [illegible] perfect condition. Send 10c for Large Sample Pouch and Booklet

French Tobacco Co., Dept. T, Statesville, N. C.

SNARING SONG BIRDS

(Continued from Page 7)

combed with a fine-tooth comb to get them. Instead of getting a great tenor for one thousand dollars a week and have his services every night, I must pay him this sum for one performance, and, sometimes, I can only have his services once a week. An excellent baritone, or a contralto who is not even a celebrity, will get from six hundred dollars to twelve hundred dollars a week; and I must have three of each.

In grand opera, you must remember, you do not deal so much with people as you do with their emotions. The greater the artist, the greater his or her vocal chords and the more sensitive his or her temperament. None of the great stars will sing more than three times a week, or at most ten times a month. Some of them get fifteen hundred dollars a performance. A slight change in atmospheric conditions will cause them to be indisposed. In addition to the colossal financial risk the director has incessant mental worry. The direction of grand opera is the most terrific strain imaginable on the mind.

Since the American ear is the most keenly appreciative of all musical ears it follows that it is a tremendous task to keep it supplied with melody. The world-search for stars is one of the most difficult features of grand opera production. You must fairly sweep the musical heavens, and the difficulties, the entanglements and the embarrassments that you encounter in this performance are little short of amazing.

You get some idea of the difficulty of the task when I say that though there are a million singers in Europe, there are only a handful of stars. The job is to find these stars.

Sweet Singers in Obscurity

Though Europe is the home of grand opera you do not always find the prizes in the stately opera houses of some great capital. My theory about locating stars is that you are most likely to find them in obscure places. Suppose I want a great contralto. I search in vain through France, Germany and Italy. I go to elaborate performances of opera in the big cities and I am about to leave in despair. Suddenly, in some obscure, almost foul-smelling place, I find the operatic jewel that I seek.

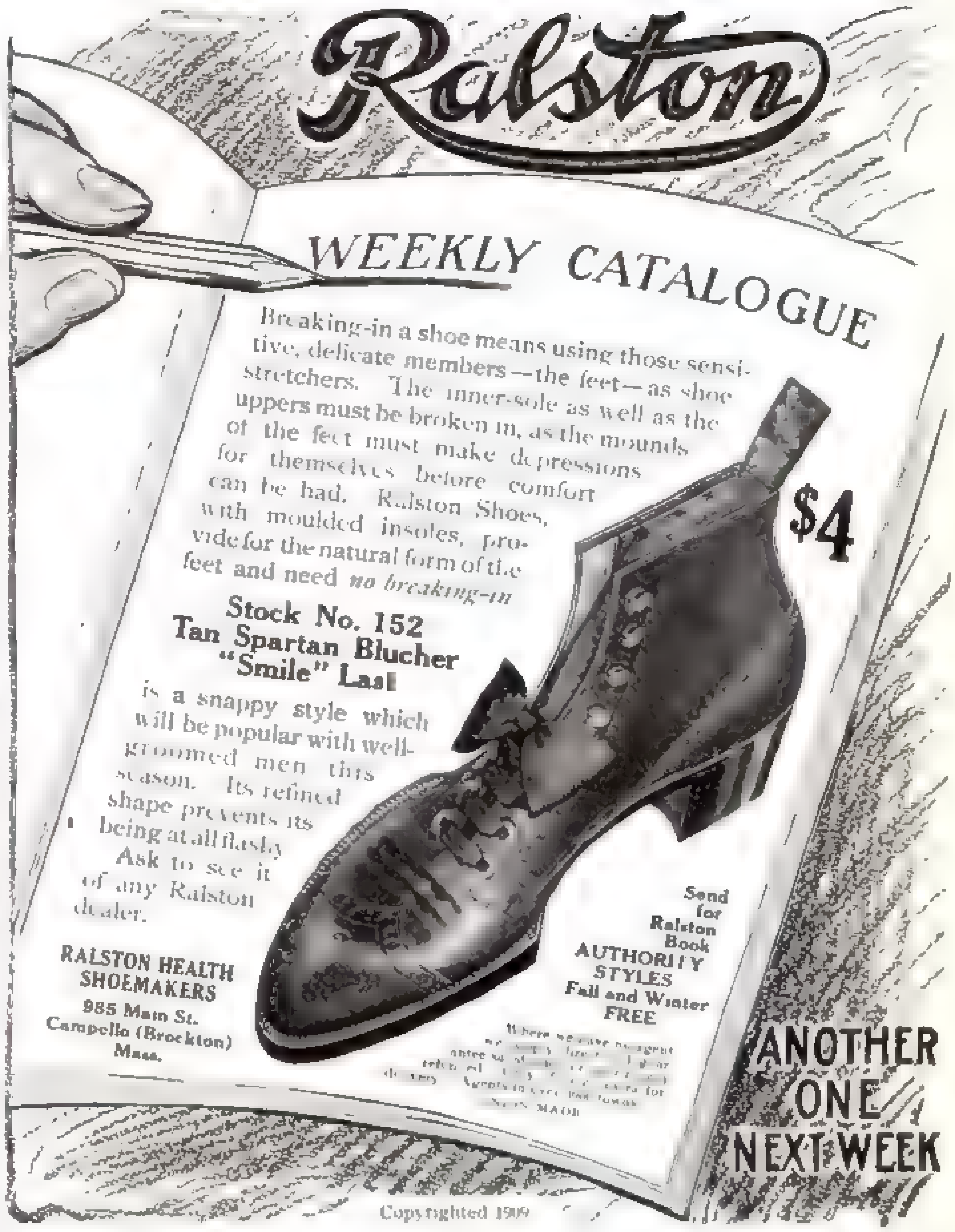
Here is a story that will show how my plan works out: Last summer, while I was abroad on my annual search for stars, I heard that there was a noted basso singing in the opera house at Havre, in France. I went down to hear him in a performance of Messaline, an opera that has not yet been sung in the United States.

The much-heralded basso was disappointing, but in the same cast was a contralto unknown to me. Her name was Margarita D'Alvarez. The moment I heard her voice I realized I was listening to a great artist. And yet she had wasted the sweetness of her voice on Havre for a whole season.

"She must be mine," I said. I went to see her after the performance and told her I wanted her for America. I found that she had been singing in Algiers, in Rouen, in Cairo, and was as yet undiscovered. Then developed one of those episodes so common to making a contract with such a star. The director of the Havre opera house said to me:

"I have a contract with Madame D'Alvarez." This meant that I had to pay a large bonus, which I was glad to do because I believed—and my judgment has since been confirmed—that I had made a real artistic find, for great contraltos are rare.

Take the case of Madame Eva Grippon, my new dramatic soprano. Last summer I went to Budapest, where there is a great opera house. My chief reason for going there, however, was to get the opera, The Violin Maker of Cremona. While there I heard of a small opera house at Ofen, which is across the river from Budapest. My instinct for stars led me there. The opera was of the barn-storming variety; the bill was the ever-present Cavalleria Rusticana. But amid the encircling gloom of that performance one splendid soprano voice rose and thrilled me. I determined to get that voice. It was Madame Grippon's. I told Madame Grippon that I would pay her a dollar for every krone that she had been receiving; that each year I would double



Ralston

WEEKLY CATALOGUE

Breaking-in a shoe means using those sensitive, delicate members—the feet—as shoe stretchers. The inner-sole as well as the uppers must be broken in, as the mounds of the feet must make depressions for themselves before comfort can be had. Ralston Shoes, with moulded insoles, provide for the natural form of the feet and need *no breaking-in*

Stock No. 152
Tan Spartan Blucher
"Smile" Last

is a snappy style which will be popular with well-groomed men this season. Its refined shape prevents its being at all flashy. Ask to see it of any Ralston dealer.

$4

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
985 Main St.
Campello (Brockton)
Mass.

Send for Ralston Book AUTHORITY STYLES Fall and Winter FREE

ANOTHER ONE NEXT WEEK

Copyrighted 1909

"R&W" Clothes Will Not Fit

Write us and we'll send you our Text Book of Dress for Men.

despondent or shiftless men.

Suits, Raincoats and Overcoats made by Rosenwald & Weil of Chicago are meant for active, ambitious men and young men.

Their aggressive styles match your vigor; broad shoulders and full chests indicate strength; pattern and color of cloth add distinctiveness.

All these excellent features are made permanent because only the best materials are used and the garments are expertly tailored.

The prices are within easy reach.

$15.00 to $35.00

Sold by Leading Dealers Everywhere.

Rosenwald & Weil
Makers *Chicago*

her salary. I made a five years' contract with her, and I consider her one of my most fortunate discoveries.

Another case is presented by my new tenor, Jean Duffault. He had been singing in Constantinople, Algiers and Paris, yet no one had paid any particular attention to him. I heard of him. He was at the time in Constantinople. I agreed to pay his fare to Paris if he would come and sing for me. He came and I realized at once that he was a real artist; and his success in my preliminary season has more than vindicated my faith in him.

The case of Alice Baron is another. She had been singing in the Paris opera for some years. I heard her last summer and at once engaged her. I believe she is an artist of first rank. Yet Paris had been listening to her and had not paid particular attention to her.

Right in this connection is a point that I think will bear out my theory that the American ear is a better musical ear than that of Europe. If any one of the stars that I have mentioned had sung in an American opera house the audience would have been quick to discover that a great artist was among them. If he or she had lost employment in one house another would have been certain to take him or her up.

Competition in Opera

The case of Marguerita Sylva, my new American prima donna, is somewhat different; and it shows another method that I employ in getting stars. Twelve years ago, when I was conducting the Olympia Theater in New York, Miss Sylva came to me and got an engagement. She was a young singer with little experience. Every year I had put on a special musical skit which I wrote myself, so I put her in one of these. Then I wrote special songs for her. At the end of that season she obtained a good comic-opera engagement. Later she went to Europe and began to study for grand opera. Each year when I went over I heard her and watched her progress. When I heard her sing Carmen at the Opéra Comique in Paris I realized that she had become a prima donna, and I engaged her for that rôle and others at my opera houses.

Miss Sylva was one of the class of singers that I call my list of observed ones. They are a group of women with dramatic and vocal talent who are studying here in my choruses or abroad at some opera. In other words, they are training to be prima donnas. Each year brings them nearer the goal. I watch them carefully.

I have long had the feeling that the chorus was the best training for the prima donna. The trouble with the American girls who want to be grand-opera stars is that they study too long under teachers. The chorus is the place to learn the practical side of opera. There is a young American girl who has been in my chorus for three years who this year will be a prima donna. She achieved the prize that many American girls have believed could only be obtained after the drudgery and hardship and privation of European opera houses had been endured. And she was paid all the time she was being trained.

I do not believe in hunting operatic stars with a brass band, nor do I go to agents. By means of musical papers and magazines I keep in touch with operatic affairs the world over. If a new singer has been discovered in Algiers I make a note of it; if a soprano has had success in Marseille I remember it. Then, when I go to Europe each summer I have in my head a long list of people. Sometimes there are four or five, or even more, in the same town. I send each one a letter asking him or her to meet me by appointment. I engage a hall, and then sit in the auditorium alone and listen to the artist. I never permit any agent of the star to listen to the test with me.

The average American can form no idea of how the European musical and operatic agent has the poor artist in his clutches. Many singers in Europe can only obtain engagements by acceding to the extortionate demands of an agent, who claims from eight to ten per cent of the singer's salary — and abroad a singer receives much less than he receives in America. I have heard of a case where the agent took half of the earnings of the singer. I once engaged an Italian tenor. To my surprise he showed up in New York accompanied not only by the agent, but also by the agent's family.

The European director is, in the main, as bad as the agent. There is an association of directors in France, Germany and Italy. One reason for its existence is to stem the tide of artistic emigration to America. Europe is horrified at the way we are picking off her stars. The trouble with the European opera houses is that there is no competition. Each city has one opera house and the people must take what the directors give them.

To keep the singers from coming to America the European directors are forcing great hardships on the artists with whom they have contracts. Chief among these hardships are enormous fines that are imposed as penalties for broken contracts.

Last summer I engaged a fine French tenor to sing here this season. He had a contract with a French opera house, but with characteristic lack of business sense he did not know what he had signed. He signed with me. Then he got out his contract and found to his horror that the fine imposed for any breaking of his French contract was two hundred thousand francs. Of course, he could not pay it, and I was not willing to pay it. The result is that he cannot come to America for two years. Meanwhile he is getting a comparatively small salary over there. I have encountered many similar cases in my own negotiations with European singers. Everywhere I find a determination on the part of the European directors to stop the raid on their singers.

The very fact that operatic conditions are more humdrum in Europe than in America illustrates the theory that I have always held that competition is as good for opera as it is for trade. This competition has been a golden opportunity for the singers because, as in the case of any other competition, the salaries have gone up enormously. I am sure that if I should withdraw from the operatic field there would be an artistic revolution. Prices for stars would immediately decline, because with only one opera house in the list the directors would not have to bestir themselves.

I have spoken earlier of the enormous cost of grand opera in money and toil and worry. It is the tribute we have to pay to the American ear. I know best by experience. In four years my grand opera investments have aggregated four million dollars. This includes the cost of my opera houses in New York and Philadelphia and the productions. Yet the earnings represented by those four seasons consist of four storehouses filled with productions. Each year I have added a storehouse and its contents.

One reward for all this is the fact that the American ear is becoming more delicate each year. It wants greater and greater things and it knows better how to appreciate what it gets. When I happen to repeat an opera once too often, by reason of a singer's illness or some other reason, I soon get a protest from that discriminating ear, through the medium of a subscriber.

A Letter to a Milliner

An experience of mine last season with a well-known New York milliner will illustrate. When I opened the Manhattan Opera House four years ago this milliner became a subscriber. Up to that time he had not been to hear a grand opera. He often expressed himself as being grateful for what he was receiving, but he became more exacting and critical each year. During last season I was compelled, owing to circumstances over which I had no control, to repeat operas heard before in the season on subscription nights. The milliner wrote me a letter of protest in language unbecoming a milliner and the American ear. In my most melancholy way I answered him:

> *My dear Sir:*
>
> Owing to my efforts your ear for music has grown to an unreasonable size. You are a great milliner; I am but a poor impresario. Nevertheless, we are virtually in the same business. Both of us deal in birds with fine feathers. Yours are dead ones; mine are alive. Mine sing; yours do not even snore. Your birds have wings; mine imagine they have, because they are always believing that they sing like angels. Your birds don't kick; mine do—they even scratch. Your birds don't get sick; mine do, or think they do. Your birds are on hats; mine are at my throat, or around my neck, just when they feel that way.
>
> Yours very truly,
> OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN.

The milliner apologized and subscribed again.

Your thoughtfulness in giving him something that sometime he would have to buy himself

appeals to a man's practical mind and is doubly appreciated on that account. *Hosiery* would be such a gift; and it has the added value of being appropriate and attractive, as well.

Either of these fine assortments of Iron Clad socks should settle *your* question of "What shall I give him" — he could not ask a more pleasing remembrance:

Cotton Assortment		Wool Assortment	
([illegible] beautiful, silky finish and are strongly reinforced at heels and toes)		(Enough wool for warmth — enough cotton to give strength and wear)	
No. 188	Black	No. 212	Olive Mix
No. 188NT	Tan	No. 212B	Blue Mix
No. 188W	White	No. 314	Natural
No. 188NB	Navy Blue	No. 335	Black, medium weight
No. 188G	Grey	No. 336	Oxford
No. 400	Black with split sole	No. 337	Black, light weight

Packed in a beautiful, holly-decorated box, tied with dainty silk ribbon, and a fine Christmas card enclosed, it gives the impression of a much costlier present. And as far as that is concerned, you usually *pay* more for hose that have such a soft, silky finish, fine coloring and such great durability as these Iron Clads.

Only $1.50 a box of six pairs; either assortment. If you cannot secure them at your dealers, send P. O. Order to us direct, stating size, and we will mail to you prepaid. Send your order today — you may forget to, later.

Wouldn't you like to have our fine catalogue, showing Iron Clads in *colors?* We'll send it to you free — write today.

Cooper, Wells & Co.
212 Vine St.
St. Joseph
Mich.

MUTO
The Overcoat Sensation
Find This Trade Mark
REGISTERED
MUTO CONVERTIBLE

SAME MAN, SAME COAT, ONLY THE WEATHER HAS CHANGED

Whether the **MUTO** collar is down or up, the fit and drape of the garment are perfect

The **MUTO** collar does not show a greasy streak when turned down because it **moves** up, it does not turn or roll up.

Don't accept an imitation. You won't be satisfied if you do.

If your dealer can't supply you with a **real MUTO,** write us for folder and name of a good store that can.

STEEFEL, STRAUSS & CONNOR, Makers of Clever Clothes, 66 St. Paul St., Rochester, N.Y.

An IDEAL Gift for Every BOY

A 50 shot repeating pistol. 50 loud shots in five seconds. Positively SAFE and SANE. Operated easily by any child. Absolutely no danger whatever. Nickel plated. Looks a Dollar's worth. Boy agents wanted. Dealers write

Pistol and 1250 shots . . . 50c.
or Pistol and 4000 shots . . $1.00

Prepaid to all points east of the Mississippi. Points farther west or Canada, add ten cents

PITTSBURG CAP PISTOL CO.
1739 Liberty Avenue, Dept. F, Pittsburg, Pa.

"TWIN GRIP" PAPER FASTENER

has double prongs that hold top, bottom and middle papers in an all-embracing grip. Just a pinch and it's on. Can be used over and over again. Smooth, handsome and effective. Send for free samples in four sizes.

The De Long Hook & Eye Company,
Philadelphia,
U. S. A.

A New South Bend Watch—$75

Solid Gold—Guaranteed for Life

We designed this watch first—before any price was set on it. When we were satisfied that in this new *South Bend* model had been created the best watch ever made—the utmost possible in a watch—*then* we figured out its value.

Three years were spent in perfecting this model. It is the masterpiece of our watchmaking history. You might pay more for a watch than you would for this—you might get one studded with diamonds—but no matter how much you paid, you could get no better time piece. It is rich in appearance. Mechanically it is perfect.

How We Achieved the Ideal in Watchmaking

The designs for this new model were first drawn up and worked out with the Ideal in watchmaking as a goal.

Then the parts—the jewels, the wheels, the springs—the "works," as you know them—were chosen, one by one, of the best material, of the greatest fitness known.

We selected 21 of the finest ruby and sapphire jewels. We might have used more. Some watches have 23 and 24 jewels. But we determined that 21 jewels—recognized as standard—were the ideal number.

We used Breguet hair springs—famous as being without equal. The steel parts chosen were most delicately tempered.

Put Together With Infinite Care

Slowly the watch was put together with infinite care. All the experience of many years in watch building went into it. All the accumulated skill, all the artistry of our keenest experts were focused on its construction. We did not count the cost of the labor and material and time so expended.

13,400 Experts Make the Final Adjustment

The final, the PERSONAL adjustment of a South Bend Watch is made after you buy it and begin to wear it. If you are nervous and quick in your movements—if deliberate, and never worry or hurry—whatever your temperament—the watch is rightly adjusted to fit you. We have selected 13,400 of the best jewelers all over the country to make those peculiar personal adjustments. No mail order house could possibly make such an adjustment. You cannot yourself. Yet there is no extra charge for this service. These 13,400 jewelers have each proved, by actual demonstrations, that a SOUTH BEND Watch can be frozen in ice or baked in an oven, and still keep perfect time.

Thus We Set a New Record

We rightly figured that when the model was completed we would have set a new record—fixed a new goal, and reached it.

When the movement itself was perfected, we designed and finished the handsomest case of solid gold that we could conceive, and a face of exceeding beauty, and put the whole together.

The result was a watch rich in appearance. Throughout, it delighted the eyes of our most skilled men—to whom watches were an old, old story.

But we did not rest there.

We next subjected the new model to every grueling test known. We kept it for days in a refrigerator. We baked it in ovens. We subjected it to every variety of vibration, steady and jerky. We froze it in ice. We alternated extreme heat and cold with rapidity.

And all the time we observed it, on guard for the slightest variation in time, even under this fearful punishment.

There was no variation!

Then we *knew* we had triumphed.

Never had there been a better watch.

We knew we could guarantee it for life.

So we set out to figure what we could build such watches for in large lots, to sell at retail.

Special Machinery

Special machinery was designed and constructed. The process was brought down to a fine art in manufacturing—no saving being made in material, only in process.

Finally we determined that in quantities we could put up this masterpiece to retail for $75.

And we named it the "Polaris."

All SOUTH BEND Watches are Sold only by Retail Jewelers

Guarantee Bond
$75 00

"The Polaris"
The New South Bend Model—$75

This is the watch for you to buy to keep—to leave to posterity.

Its distinction in appearance—its perfection in mechanism—set it apart from ordinary watches. As a gift watch it is incomparable.

Just See This Watch at the SOUTH BEND Dealers

Ask the **SOUTH BEND** dealer in your community to let you see the "Polaris"—the watch guaranteed for life.

We also sell other adjusted **SOUTH BEND** watches down to $25.

And before you forget, cut out the coupon, mail it today, and we will send you free our book "How Good Watches Are Made" so you can know more about how South Bend watches, the best watches, are constructed. (5)

Request for the Book

SOUTH BEND WATCH CO.
South Bend, Ind.

Please send me the free book, "How Good Watches Are Made," which you offer.

My Jeweler's Name is ____________________

Jeweler's Address ____________________

My Name ____________________

My Address ____________________

S. E. P. 11-23

Holstein Milk For Both Mother and Baby

If YOU have a new baby, of course you will nurse it, for "Remember, there is nothing as good for the baby as mother's milk."

If YOU will drink the milk of the large, vigorous Holstein Cow, you cannot help imparting vitality to baby as well as gaining strength yourself. This seems a simple way to get strong. Try it. It costs little and you will find yourself gaining rapidly, as well as your baby.

If you do not nurse your baby, drink Holstein Milk yourself, and get your physician to tell you how to modify it for baby. If baby is well and strong it will probably not need modifying. Nearly all milk supply stations, laboratories, sanitariums, hospitals, etc., use exclusively Holstein Milk for infant and invalid feeding. Many of them have their own herds of Holsteins.

Our little book, "The Story of Holstein Milk," has a fund of information in it, and we are pleased to send it upon request.

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN ASSOCIATION
2B American Building, Brattleboro, Vermont

Reg U S Pat Off

Macbeth Pearl Glass is the only kind of glass that would ever be used for lamp-chimneys if every maker considered his interests identical with those of the user.

It is only the user's interests, however, that you have to consider.

See that my name, Macbeth, is on the lamp-chimneys you buy, and they won't break from heat.

One quality; to get the correct size and shape for any burner, have my lamp book. Free. Address

MACBETH, Pittsburgh

"Devices for Hanging Up Everything Little and Big"

Moore Push-Pins
Moore Push-less Hangers

THESE little Hangers will sustain 20 lbs. [illegible]

THE glass head Moore Push Pins, [illegible]

[illegible]

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., 195 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

I TEACH Penmanship BY MAIL

I won the **World's First Prize in Penmanship.** By my new system I can make an expert penman of you by mail. Am placing my students as instructors in commercial colleges. [illegible] penman, write me. I will [illegible] FREE [illegible] **Favorite Pens** [illegible]

C. W. RANSOM,
268 Reliance Building, Kansas City, Missouri

IRISH BALD WIG 50c, Skagger, Whiskers, 25c. Grease Paint [illegible] and "The Art of Making Up"
THE TRADEMORE CO., Dept. 6, TOLEDO, OHIO

PERFECT PEACE

(Concluded from Page 15)

afraid she didn't know when to let well enough alone I peeped around the door and seen her sittin' in the rockin'-chair An' she was holdin' her sides with laughter

"'Whist! Jim,' she says, 'come in I forgot myself—I was that mad! I don't mind names, but I'm not pleased wid mention of me fat, dear,' she says.

"'So I see by my nose here,' says I, feelin' of it.

"'How did Annie take it?' she says.

"'It's near broken her heart,' I says. 'She cried as if her heart would break ' I says. 'She says I wasn't like her old Jim any more, an' she would never know her own mother. It was pitiful to see her, poor girl. She thinks all her happiness is gone.'

"'Good!' says the old woman. 'That's fine. She'll be huntin' fer it soon.'

"An' it was so. Three days after, when I came home at night, there was the daughter and little Michael an' Jawn at the door to call out to me.

"'Where did you come from?' I says, puttin' my arm around the girl. 'What was the matter?'

"'Nothin',' they says.

"'Where's yer mother?' I says.

"'Gett'n' supper,' says Michael

"'Where's yer grandmother?' says I.

"'She's layin' down upstairs,' says the girl

"'Layin' down!' says I.

"'Yes,' says they.

"So I walks back quick to the kitchen an' there was my Annie watchin' a pot boilin' on the stove, with her sleeves up an' her arms in the washtub

"'What are you doin'?' I says 'The doctor gave you his orders,' I says.

"She smiled up at me an' says: 'I have no time fer you or them orders, dear. The children came back this afternoon an' such a load of dirty clothes as they brought! So I had to start washin', an' get out blankets and sheets fer their beds, an' sweep up the house a little, and move the oak bureau back into the front room, an' go to the butcher's fer more dinner, an' set the table over, an' mend a hole in little Jawn's stockin'. An' now I'm glad to see ye home, Jim. Have ye had a hard day?'

"'No,' says I.

"'Nor I,' says she, 'but I feel like I might sleep good tonight. I believe my cough is goin' away,' she says.

"An' at that minute Jawn an' Michael, the rascals, chasin' each other through the parlor, knocks over somethin'. We heard it fall and smash into pieces, an' the laughin' and runnin' stopped.

"'Ain't it nice, Jim, dear,' says she, 'to hear the children?' she says.

"You ain't given me time,' I says, 'to ask how they happened to come back,' I says

"With that she comes up to me an' puts her wet hand in mine. 'You'll not scold me, Jim,' says she, 'fer I sent fer them by telegraph. It was almost Easter vacation fer them, anyway,' she says, 'an', you know, if it hadn't been fer you, Jim, I never would have let them go away,' she says."

A Wife's Bonus

A MERCHANT married a girl with whom, in more than ten years of wedded life, he had only one reasonable cause for complaint. She was thriftless. To make her thrifty a regular weekly allowance was given her. She was to spend the money, pay the bills, keep the accounts, and bother her husband in no way, nor ask for any more money. He agreed to pay a bonus of ten per cent on whatever balance she could show had been saved at the end of each month. The first month, under this plan, her bonus was fifteen cents—she had saved exactly a dollar and a half. As management grew more familiar, however, through overseeing the whole operation instead of just the outgo, she was able to put by ten or fifteen per cent on her eighty-dollars allowance, and this, with bonuses and interest, averaged more than one hundred and fifty dollars a year for several years. During the past four years the husband has turned this money over often and to great advantage in his business, using it to discount bills and giving the discounts to his wife. Should anything happen to him now, either personally or commercially, the wife would be independent for several years on this accumulation.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

The Comfort of the Telephone

The Bell System has become the *nervous system* of the business and social world.

The comfort it affords the women in the homes of America cannot be measured.

Do you measure it in considering the value of your Bell telephone?

The mother of children can find out where they are at any particular hour of the day—*and how they are*—even though their visits carry them to the country village or the city hundreds of miles away.

The husband on a trip talks from his hotel room to his wife at home.

There is a world of comfort in the *knowledge that you can talk together* at a moment's notice, wherever you may be.

The Bell telephone has a special value because it is everywhere—because at sight you feel a familiar acquaintance with a Bell instrument or a Bell sign.

There are over 4,000,000 Bell stations. You cannot use them all, but from time to time, you have a real vital need for one. Which one you cannot foretell.

There are six billion calls over the telephones of the Bell System every year.

Many of these are comforting calls from afar, calls whose actual money value can no more be reckoned than the value of the happiness which one man has and another man cannot buy.

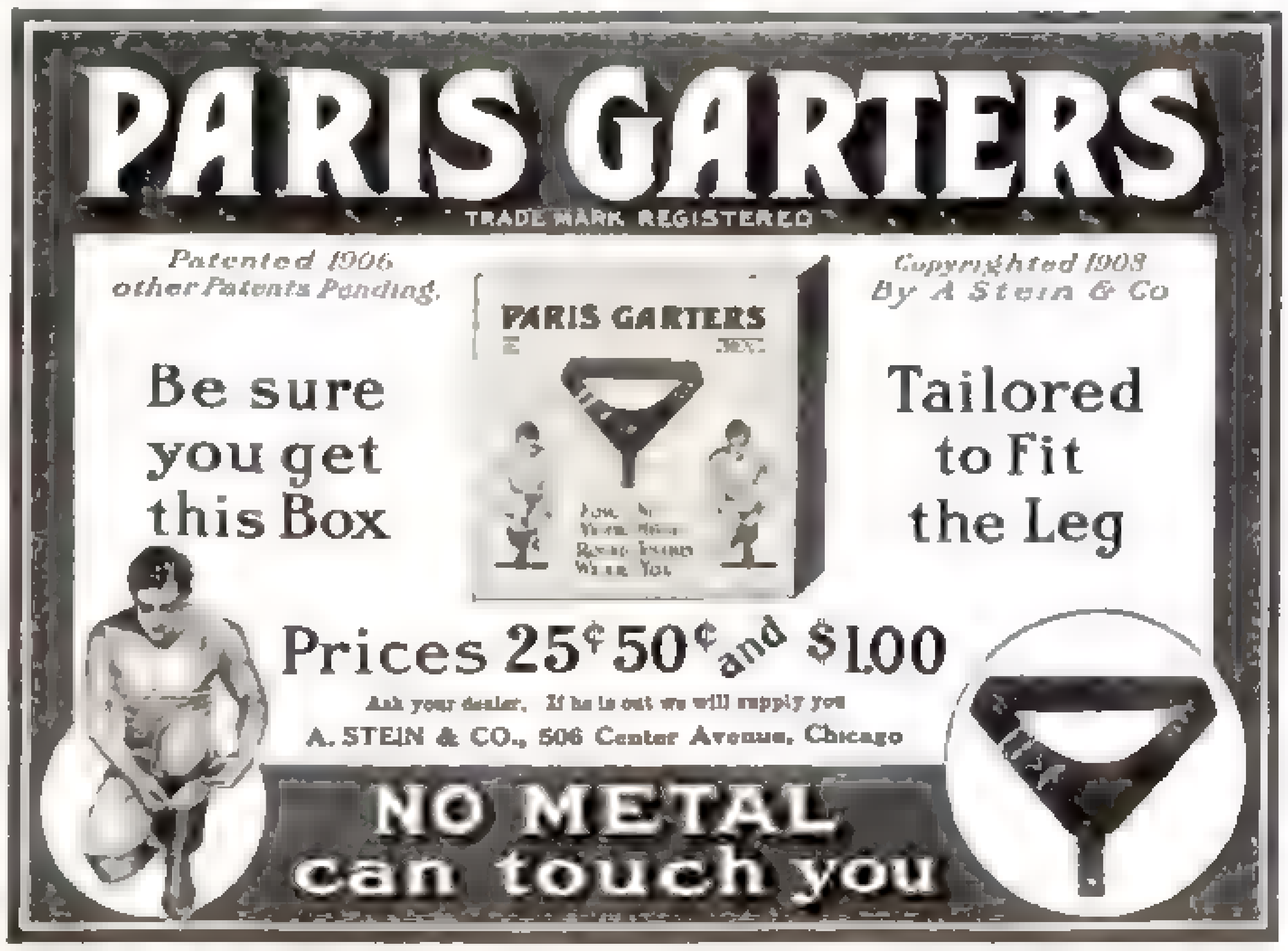
The *very existence* of the Bell telephone service has its value to you, even at moments when you are not using it.

The Bell Long Distance service offers, ready recruited for your call, the largest body of active business men in the world. If you have a telephone, avail yourself of its long distance possibilities.

The highest type of public service can be achieved *only by one policy, one system, universal service.*

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company
And Associated Companies

Every Bell Telephone Is the Center of the System



PARIS GARTERS
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Patented 1906 other Patents Pending.

Copyrighted 1908 By A Stein & Co

Be sure you get this Box

Tailored to Fit the Leg

Prices 25¢ 50¢ and $1.00

Ask your dealer. If he is out we will supply you
A. STEIN & CO., 506 Center Avenue, Chicago

NO METAL can touch you

WEDDING INVITATIONS 100 for $3.50
Announcements, etc., engraved and printed [illegible] **Monogram Stationery** 100 Visiting Cards 50c. Write for samples.
THE ESTABROOK PRESS, 181 S Tremont St Boston, Mass.

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED
Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. **How to Obtain a Patent** and **What to Invent** with **list of inventions wanted** and **prizes** offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

Why Not Buy Neckwear Direct from the Makers?

This Wide [illegible]

50c

OUR 50 cent ties, sold [illegible] from [illegible] er to wearer, are [illegible] quality [illegible], in shape, in workman[illegible] [illegible] variety, as the [illegible] your home dealer [illegible] 75 cents [illegible] $1.

All we ask is an opportunity to demonstrate this to you. We know that when you have once dealt with us you will become one of our many thousands of regular customers.

Here is our proposition: Send us 50 cents, telling us in your own way just what shape and color of tie you want. Our assortments are practically endless, and we will make a careful selection. The tie will reach you by return mail, in a box, prepaid. If not perfectly satisfactory, simply return it and we will immediately refund your money, without a word of argument.

Or, if you prefer, we will first send you (free) [illegible] of silk samples and our latest Neckwear Style Book, [illegible] [illegible] employing 200 skilled workers, [illegible] either way, let's get acquainted. It will be money in your pocket, and you'll get more satisfactory neckwear than you ever had before.

Geo. Golde & Co., 535 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Refer to

Any Mercantile Agency, Bank or Trust Company in Cin.

For Boys 25c per garment

50c Union Suits

NEXT SUMMER

you will want

TRADE MARK

"Porosknit"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

UNDERWEAR

It's so soft and neat
and clean and cool
—so healthful, too.

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY
Amsterdam,
N.Y.

For Men 50c per garment

$1.00 Union Suits

6 Months' Guarantee

goes with every pair of "*N F 10*" Shoe Laces. That's the quickest way of saying "*N F 10*" are the strongest and longest-wearing shoe laces ever made.

"N F 10" Shoe Laces

are made of highest grade long-fibre Sea [illegible] cotton, especially processed; and are tipped with exclusive patented tips that are fast in color and won't come off.

Every pair in a sealed box, with the 6 months' guarantee printed on it. That, and the patented tips with "*N F 10*" stamped [illegible]

10 cents per [illegible] Four [illegible]

[illegible]

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co.
Dept. A, Reading
Pa.

N F 10 Shoe Laces
Guaranteed 6 months 10 cents per pair

NIAGARA HYDRAULIC RAM

[illegible]

NIAGARA HYDRAULIC ENGINE CO.
140 Nassau St. New York Factory Chester, Pa.

THRIFT

Getting a Home

AN ACCOUNTANT with a salary of forty dollars a week lived in city apartments until his two babies were old enough to run about. Then he moved to the suburbs, paying thirty dollars a month for a rented house. In two years, by extra work and with the help of his wife, who kept one boarder to lower their living expenses, he got together twelve hundred dollars. At the center of a new real-estate subdivision in that suburb was a fine plot on the brow of a hill. It measured nearly an acre and the owners wanted two thousand dollars for it. Values were advancing rapidly. The accountant spent a winter in buying this plot and finally got it for seventeen hundred and fifty dollars. To get his own building site clear he sold about one-third of the plot to his boarder for six hundred dollars. Then sixty dollars was spent for plans and specifications for a house to meet his estimates of thirty-five hundred dollars. That took the last of his savings. No bank would lend him enough money on his land to build the house. But before he bought the plot he had joined a building and loan society. The next step was to confer with the officers of this society, and after going over his specifications they agreed to advance capital to build the house, paying the contractors' bills in two installments. This would give him his home, while the society held a mortgage on a value of, approximately, forty-seven hundred dollars with the accountant's land, which gave more than the legal security. When this arrangement had been made specifications were given to contractors for bids and the most trustworthy contractor offered to put up the building for a couple of hundred dollars above the estimated cost. The work began in the spring and went ahead briskly through the summer. When it was half finished the building and loan society sent an appraiser to inspect the house. It was approved and half the money paid over. The appraiser, an experienced man in such operations, certified to the quality of materials and work. He also made a few technical suggestions which the contractor carried out at practically no increase in cost, though they made a much better building. The house was finished and occupied by October and the other half of the mortgage money paid over by the society. Today this accountant lives in his own home and in a section where values are increasing as new residents come in. Every spare hour he spends making improvements about the place that add to its value as well as to its comfort. Yet he is paying but little more than his former rent. That was thirty dollars a month, and now he pays thirty-five dollars a month on the mortgage. More than half of each payment goes to reduce the principal of the loan under the diminishing-interest plan. A life-insurance policy for three thousand dollars, added to other insurance, provides for clearing off the home for his family should death take him away. Taxes, fire and life insurance and incidentals come to about fifteen dollars a month additional. He is thus able to save nearly as much from his salary as when he was accumulating the first nest-egg.

The Bindery Girl's Farm

In the early seventies, when Nebraska lands could be purchased at nominal prices from the railroads, a bindery girl, earning only one dollar a day in a city printing concern, resolved to have a farm of her own. She began by providing a stock of clothes ahead so that it would be possible to save more of her wages—living cost her three dollars a week. In 1878 she visited a brother-in-law who had settled in Nebraska and after looking around at railroad land, bought one hundred and sixty acres for herself on a special arrangement that made it possible to clear off the debt. The price was four dollars and a half an acre, or seven hundred and twenty dollars, at seven per cent interest. By contract she was to have six years' time, but it was agreed that she might pay only the interest on the mortgage during the first two years. Furthermore, if certain improvements were made on her land within a specified time the railroad company would take twenty per cent off the purchase price. During those first two

Sorority Spoon Certificate

Oh Joy!

Sorority Chocolates

"Taylor Made"

With the accent on *Sorority*—because *they* are so much more truly flavored—so much smoother than all other chocolates.

And the reason is that the Taylor Brothers not only *know* what is necessary to make the best candy—with the certainty that comes from a lifetime of study and experience—but the Taylor Brothers *do* what is necessary to make *Sororities* the best candy.

The delicious, crisp, snappy chocolate, of delicate aroma and distinctive flavor—the orange flavor, that makes you think you must be biting into the real fruit—the vanilla and raspberry, equally true to the fruit—the maple, that will transport you to the sugar camps of Vermont—all these characteristics are the result of the most painstaking care to make Sorority Chocolates eclipse all others, regardless of expense.

Made in the Model Candy Factory of the World, at Battle Creek.

The Taylor Brothers have provided such perfect facilities for the making of Sororities—their quality has created such an immense demand for Sororities—that they may be sold at the popular price of

60 Cents a Pound at Dealers

To prove their superiority, we will mail you, postpaid, a "Treat Box"—a generous handful—if you will send 10c (stamps or silver) to pay postage and packing.

Special Offer—Sorority Spoons

In every pound box of Sorority Chocolates is a certificate good for one beautiful, Sterling pattern—20-year-guaranteed—Sorority Spoon, when mailed to us with ten 2-cent stamps. These spoons are the reigning fad among Sorority girls. The certificate shows the set of six. Choose the design you want, cut out the illustration shown here, and take it to your dealer to remind you.

If you cannot buy Sororities in your neighborhood, write us, giving name of dealer. We will see that you are supplied.

TAYLOR BROS. COMPANY
384 Taylor Bldg. Battle Creek, Mich.

HUMPTY DUMPTY CIRCUS
SCHOENHUT'S TOY WONDER

TEDDY'S ADVENTURES IN AFRICA. Performed by

NEW Additions to Schoenhut's

Humpty Dumpty Circus Toys

TOYS THAT GLADDEN THE HEARTS OF OUR DEAR LITTLE ONES

You can start a circus with a few pieces then keep adding until your Greatest Show on Earth is complete. If you have a Circus outfit, get your dealer to show you the NEW additions for 1909—"Teddy and a complete African jungle outfit."

THE NEWEST AND BEST UNBREAKABLE TOY. The elephant can do tricks you never heard of. The donkey is "cuter" than any animal Barnum ever had. Then there is the **horse**, the **hobo** and the **dog**, the **ringmaster**, the **lady rider**, the **negro** and the **goat**. The **clowns** [illegible] people as well as children laugh for hours. No end to the [illegible] dren never tire of it and mothers say it's the greatest toy they ever saw.

SOLD IN SETS, 50c to $25.00 and over, according to the number of figures in a set. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and we will mail you literature with latest illustrations, free. [illegible]

THE A. SCHOENHUT COMPANY, Manufs. and Patentees, 2298 Adams St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Manufacturers of the world renown SCHOENHUT Toy Piano Established 1872

Fascinates Young and Old

Wizard Mono-Rail JUMPING TOP

Travels 100 Feet on Inclined Wire. Revolves 10,000 Times a minute with One Pull of the Cord. Any Child can do it.

This Marvelous Top apparently defies the fixed laws of gravity and equilibrium. It will spin in any position with its center line at any angle to its line of gravity. [illegible]

SEE IT JUMP FROM THE SHELL?

Perfect demonstration of the railroad of the future. String the wire tight, start the top spinning in carriage on inclined wire and it will travel entire length. [illegible] **Ask Your Dealer**

Style A Complete Outfit. 50c
Style B Nickel-plated, special Xmas package, $1.00 } by mail, 8c extra.

Wizard Top, accurately made of cold rolled steel, with turned steel bearings and heavy cast lacquered wheel, wood pedestal, winding cords, brass ring, nickeled mono-[illegible]

DEALERS Stock up now for big holiday trade.

WIZARD PATENT DEVELOPING CO., Dept. 7, 137 T West 31st St., New York

years, while continuing work at the bindery, she never took her pocketbook with her nor looked in shop windows. It was hard living, but she got together enough money to have the land broken and the brush cleared off. Then she rented it to farmers on shares and, with her part of whatever was grown on the land, plus her savings at the bindery, paid off as much of the mortgage as was possible. Before the six years were up she owned her farm free and clear. By that time the country had been settled and her land had risen in value, so that she soon sold it for six thousand dollars, buying a better farm nearer town with the money. Today her farm is worth twelve to fifteen thousand dollars, and in the years since she first bought it has supported her in comfort and has furnished funds for rather extensive travel and study.

The prosperity of an English bookbinder who came to this country years ago began when he and his wife decided to invest the price of a return passage in a lot. For some time after their arrival in America work was scarce and they kept saving with the intention of going home again. But as fast as they saved steamship fares rose. When two hundred dollars had been accumulated times were better. So they bought a lot with the passage money and built a one-room shack with their own hands, living in it to save rent. That enabled them to put four hundred dollars in the bank out of their wages during the next twelve months, and the place was sold for six hundred the following year, giving them a capital of one thousand dollars. This, in turn, was invested in a six-room cottage farther out of town, and the bookbinder saved more money from his wages of sixteen dollars a week. After a time, when their children had grown old enough to enter business, they exchanged the house and some savings for a farm that rented for two hundred dollars a year. To the first year's rent the husband added three hundred dollars savings from his wages and bought another lot. Then a thousand dollars was borrowed from a building and loan association at eight per cent interest and a cottage built. Three years later they cleared off the debt and put the next year's savings into a Jersey cow. Her milk, and butter made by the wife, were sold to neighbors. A garden supplied vegetables and kept their living expenses down. The bookbinder worked steadily at his trade and in two years more they had another thousand dollars in the bank. This was invested in a valuable lot. Back of their home stood a queer cottage of a few rooms, occupied by an old man who owned the small strip of land on which it stood. His daughter had asked him to sell it and live with her. He gladly exchanged it for the bookbinder's cow, and the bookbinder was glad to get rid of the cow because feed had become costly. With the help of a carpenter the binder and his wife rebuilt the old man's little cottage and moved in, selling their thousand-dollar cottage for fifteen hundred dollars. The old man's little cottage was, in turn, sold at a profit and the money put into other property. Today the bookbinder, now a veteran, yet able to work at his trade, owns his farm and three good houses. The latter are still encumbered with mortgages. Rents from two of the houses pay interest on all his mortgages, however, leaving the rent of the farm to apply on principal. He gets his own rent free, and the wife's sewing and gardening leave a large proportion of his wages to be applied to clearing off the debt, too.

A young married couple started out in life with nothing but some installment furniture in a rented cottage. The bride's father was well-to-do, but had worked his way up in the world by a hard road. He believed in helping others, but not until they had done something to help themselves. So, taking them for a walk one Sunday, he showed them a valuable building lot belonging to himself in a good residence street and stated that he would deed it over to his daughter as soon as they could show some property of their own.

The young people first saved one hundred dollars. Then they bought a four-hundred-dollar lot by an arrangement under which ten dollars was paid down and ten dollars paid monthly. After this, twenty-five dollars was spent for digging a foundation for a small cottage and sixty-five dollars for dimension lumber. This bought enough material to put up a rough room in which they camped during the summer to save paying rent, and their savings were put into more lumber. Most of the carpenter work was done with their own hands, and they turned the back of the lot into a garden, which reduced table costs.

By October the downstairs portion was boarded in and plastered, and the following year the upper rooms were finished. Painting and papering were done during the evenings, and when a kitchen had been added the couple had, for a year or so of overtime work, a neat five-room house with garden and lawn. They lived there six years. Savings were put into improvements—porches, a barn built well enough to be used as a house if needed, and a horse and buggy for recreation. This place was finally sold for a house farther out, just as good and with two lots instead of one. Then the bride's father gave them the promised lot, satisfied that they were capable managers.

A Finishing Touch

WHEN we took our house we possessed more than a dozen brass doorknobs which had been obtained at various times and places. Chancing to stop at a stock-farm one day, there seemed to be something unusual about the handle of an awl that the farmer was holding in his hand.

"Isn't that handle a brass doorknob?"

"Yep; made it to punch holes in bulls' noses." The man's manner was sour and reckless. "Care for it? Take it! You can have it"—recklessness tempered by thrift—"for ten cents."

As he pocketed the ten cents he went on moodily: "You can buy anything on the place. I'm getting rid of every dinged thing. You see"—growing morosely confidential—"my wife, she's run away. But she'll come back, and when she comes I want her not to find a dodgasted thing!"

That knob was certainly seen at the psychic moment. Needless to say it was purchased on the spot.

The knobs on our parlor door are oval and beautifully rayed; a kind with a market value of ten dollars in the antique shops, though they were offered to us for twenty-five cents at a house in the heart of New York City.

After all, why shouldn't a doorknob be a thing of beauty! Why shouldn't a host of little things be fine, that modern laxity and haste and the convenience of crude castings have permitted to drift into cheapness and insignificance! The hand of Michelangelo, "the hand that rounded Peter's dome," also traced designs of beautiful doorknobs.

A finishing touch in the parlor not only adds character to this particular room but also seems to help the entire house. And yet it was a thing most simply and briefly done, after the room was finished, and was put on as an afterthought. It was merely the placing of a "broken pediment" over the door; a pediment being the classical triangular decoration over porticos or doorways, which, since the time of Queen Anne, has even more commonly been used with a broken or open space taking the place of the upper point, and there being here a rounded-out opening, usually with a vertical ornament in its center.

The moulding across the upper part of the door was taken off and cut in half. A plain, flat, gable-shaped board was fitted on the wall, flush with the flat part of the casing, above the door. The two halves, mitered properly where they left the casing, and with their upper ends cut with the curve of the rounded-out opening, were then set up to make a raking cornice. They did not meet, in the center, by several inches, and in the center of the rounded-out opening, and rising slightly above the open "break," was set a small formal torch, carved in wood.

When painted all this looked as if it had always been there; as, indeed, it might well have been, as it goes naturally with houses of this type.

And, best of all, the work took but the labor of two hours to complete!—making, thus, still another result given by slight effort. Not to "despise the day of small things" was the sage admonition of the ancient prophet.

Velvetrib
Oneita Knit
UNDERWEAR

—feels just so, FITS just so

This "ad" deserves more than passing notice. It tells of *Velvetrib*, the new underwear that combines velvety softness with wear-resisting strength.

Velvetrib is the idea in underwear knitting that you have been waiting for—that underwear manufacturers for years have been striving to produce!

Velvetrib Underwear is soft as velvet, yet tough as leather. It is grateful to the skin—soft, warm and luxurious.

It fits without bunching, bagging or binding. You can exercise violently or lounge lazily and never feel its presence—for *Velvetrib* is elastic both ways.

It has exceptional warmth and more strength than any underwear made. By actual test, *Velvetrib* shows 80% more tensile strength than any other underwear of equal weight.

It is knit of the finest Egyptian yarn in two closely interwoven layers—one supporting the other. Without coarseness of yarn or bulkiness of fabric, extreme warmth and strength are obtained.

Velvetrib is Guaranteed

to give satisfactory service in every respect. If it irritates the skin, tears, loses shape or unravels, return the garment and get your money back.

Velvetrib is made in medium and heavy weights.

Men's Separate Garments **$1**
Men's Union Suits . . **$2**

Ask your dealer to show you *Velvetrib*. Should he not happen to have it, send us his name and we will mail you a *Velvetrib* booklet and a sample of *Velvetrib* fabric. We will see that you are supplied.

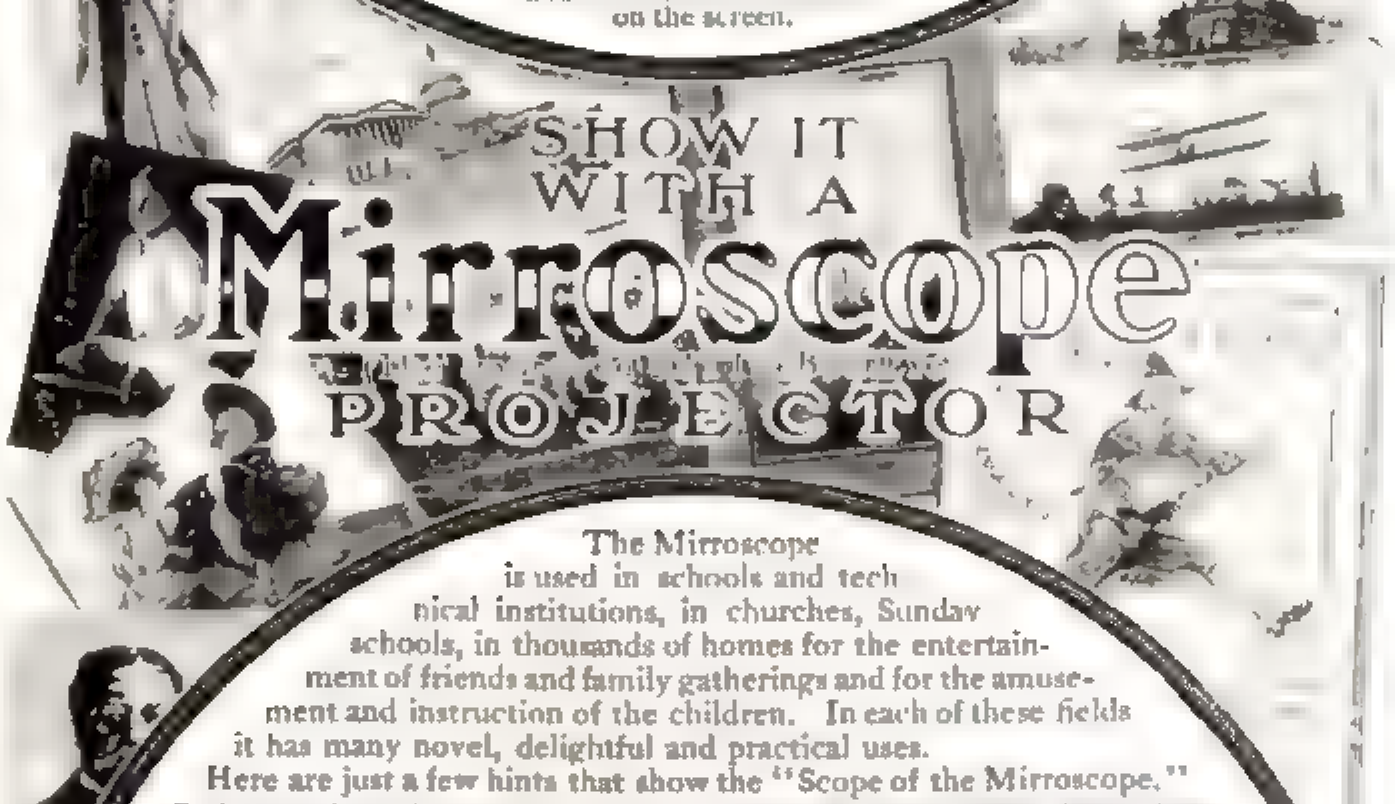
ONEITA KNITTING MILLS
Makers of the Famous Oneita Union Suits and other Oneita Knit Underwear,
Utica, N. Y.

The Scope of the Mirroscope

The Mirroscope offers an endless variety of entertainment and instruction. It has none of the limitations of the camera, phonograph or magic lantern. It can be used in so many practical and amusing ways that you can never grow tired of it. Over 9000 enthusiasts sent us suggestions for Mirroscope uses during the past year. Every person owning one thinks of dozens of new ways to use it. There is no limit to the "Scope of the Mirroscope."

When you understand that the Mirroscope will throw pictures on a screen or sheet, direct from any photograph, kodak picture, post card, illustration from book, magazine or newspaper, original painting, drawing or sketch, anything not larger than seven by seven inches, you will [illegible] the possibilities of Mirroscope fun and instruction in the home.

Everything is shown in its own colors but enlarged to six feet in diameter. It will even show the flesh tints of your hand. Put your watch in with the works exposed and it will show up in all its metallic colors and with the wheels in motion on the screen.



The Mirroscope is used in schools and technical institutions, in churches, Sunday schools, in thousands of homes for the entertainment of friends and family gatherings and for the amusement and instruction of the children. In each of these fields it has many novel, delightful and practical uses.

Here are just a few hints that show the "Scope of the Mirroscope."

To show snap shots, coin, stamp and post card collections; to show travel, vacation photos and [illegible] cards; to illustrate Biblical, geographical and historical talks or lessons; to [illegible] and bird, animal and plant life; to give guessing contests on [illegible] shows; advertising trade marks; illustrated [illegible] names of books [illegible] to show the history of Buster Brown and other famous comics clipped from Sunday papers.

Many others and detailed descriptions of twenty Mirroscope evening parties are given in "20 Suggestions" sent free to all. This book also contains a complete Mirroscope catalog, price list and directions for operation. Send for it to-day.

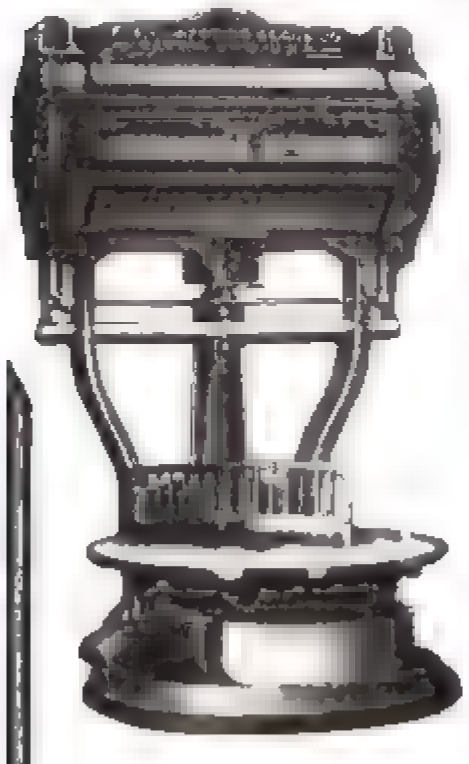
The Mirroscope is made in 3 styles—gas and electric for town and city, and acetylene (with generator) for farm and country home and for camp—each style in six sizes at $5, $6, $7.50, $10, [illegible] per cent of our sales are in the $10 size.

SOLD BY photo supply and hardware dealers, photo depts. of dry goods, department and toy stores.

THE BUCKEYE STEREOPTICON CO., 5500 Carnegie Ave., Cleveland, O.
Manufacturers of Mirroscopes and High Grade Stereopticons for Educational, Scientific and Commercial Purposes

Here's an Honest Class—Grocers and Butchers

The average grocer and butcher can be depended upon for a square deal. He intends that you shall get honest money value.



Yet in figuring cost of your purchase, your grocer or butcher will often overcharge you. *Don't blame him for it.* If he weighs on an old-fashioned dial or even balance scale, he must make quick mental computation. But he has to calculate fractions of pounds and ounces at odd-figure prices. Consequently he must guess a little more or less. He cannot guess too little—that would eat up his small profit. So he must guess a cent or two more than is correct, and you pay the added charge—yet that grocer or butcher may be honest. He would not be human if he made no mistakes. Yet if he weighs your purchase on the

Dayton Moneyweight Computing Scale

the weight and the price [illegible] are instantly shown [illegible] Moneyweight [illegible] Mistakes [illegible] 21 cents on the face of the scale. A [illegible] 20 cents [illegible] with the Dayton Moneyweight Computing Scale, accuracy is certain. This scale is the grocer's and butcher's [illegible]

Guarantee of Integrity and Accuracy

In your neighborhood there are several Dayton Moneyweight [illegible] square deal [illegible] styles [illegible] the scale which reads [illegible]

"THE COMPUTING SCALE CO., Dayton, Ohio, U.S.A."

Free Offer to Housekeepers

Send us the names of one or more butchers or grocers who haven't these scales, and we'll send you our valuable booklet—

"Accurate Weights and Measures for Cooking" and a Beautiful Hemstitched Handkerchief FREE.

Most scales weigh differently winter and summer [illegible] Dayton Moneyweight Scale [illegible] expansion and contraction [illegible] Moneyweight [illegible] workmanship [illegible] watches can be had and that's the workmanship on this scale.

Moneyweight Scale Co. No. 5 Ground Floor, Masonic Temple **Chicago** Sales Agents for The Computing Scale Co., Dayton, O.

NOTICE **Grocers and Butchers**—Grocers and Butchers should write us for special proposition No. 1 on this modern time saving method of weighing. It will help your trade. **Salesmen**—Write us. We can use one or two exceptionally high grade salesmen in choice territory. (4)

To the Well-Dressed Man—

You don't want a suit that after a short time will wrinkle, bag, pucker and draw up, losing all its shape and distinction.

Yet that is just what is likely to happen, after the first shower, to a suit which has not been properly shrunk before it was made up.

All woolen goods will shrink, and this shrinking must be entirely accomplished before the cloth is cut, to insure satisfaction.

The process that will shrink goods to the utmost limit is that originated by Kaufman and used exclusively in

Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments

This process applied before the shears touch the cloth, makes shape, style and fit permanent.

Kaufman garments are designed by one of the foremost designers of men's clothing in the country. Every step in their manufacture is under the guidance of the best specialists that money can procure. They possess pre-eminently that subtle elegance and distinction which are the hall-mark of the well-dressed man. No better clothes could be made.

In Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments, and in them alone, the **style** is a part of the garment itself, lasting as long as the suit. Remember, too, that the warping of the half-shrunk cloth is a great strain on the ordinary suit, and that therefore you will get much longer wear out of a Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garment.

Our Money Back Guarantee

Our "Pre-Shrinking" Process is what enables us to back up Kaufman garments with the strongest guarantee ever made in the clothing business.

Ask your dealer about it. Then look over the Fall and Winter line of Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments, in all the popular fabrics and shades.

Our handsome Fall and Winter Style Book—an accurate index to correctness in masculine dress—will be sent free for a post card, or you can get it from your Kaufman dealer.

Chas. Kaufman & Bros., Chicago

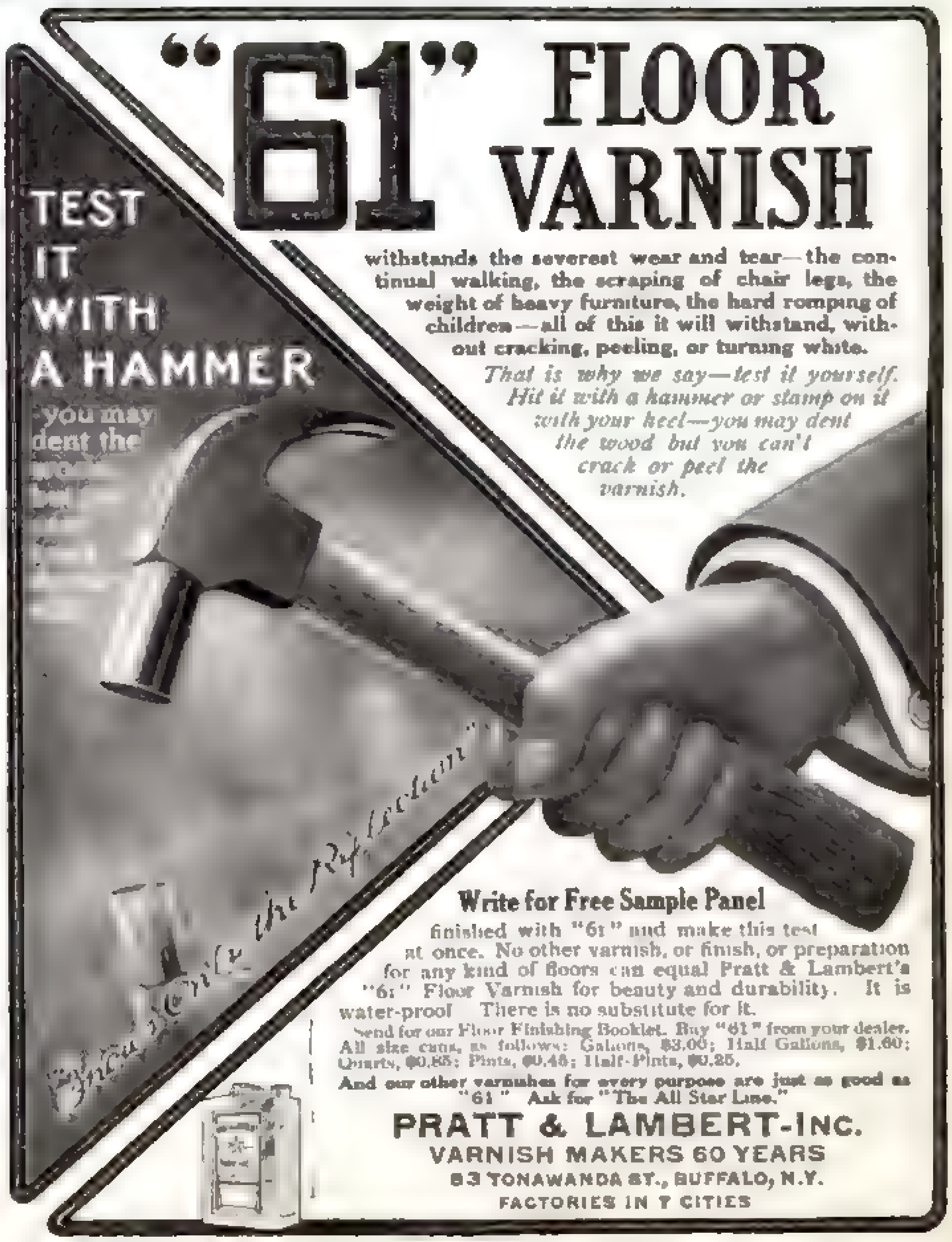
A Few Traveling Salesmen

Are wanted to place exclusive contracts with local agents to sell THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. This is an exceptional side-line proposition to roadmen covering country towns. Something new and "different"—a really profitable side-line. There's no expense to you. There's no outfit to buy—no canvassing to be done. Nothing to carry—at least not more than a pocketful. A good chance for money earning to good men. Address

Circulation Bureau

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA


TEST IT WITH A HAMMER
you may dent the

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

withstands the severest wear and tear—the continual walking, the scraping of chair legs, the weight of heavy furniture, the hard romping of children—all of this it will withstand, without cracking, peeling, or turning white.

That is why we say—test it yourself. Hit it with a hammer or stamp on it with your heel—you may dent the wood but you can't crack or peel the varnish.

Write for Free Sample Panel

finished with "61" and make this test at once. No other varnish, or finish, or preparation for any kind of floors can equal Pratt & Lambert's "61" Floor Varnish for beauty and durability. It is water-proof. There is no substitute for it.

Send for our Floor Finishing Booklet. Buy "61" from your dealer. All size cans, as follows: Gallons, $3.00; Half Gallons, $1.60; Quarts, $0.85; Pints, $0.45; Half-Pints, $0.25.

And our other varnishes for every purpose are just as good as "61." Ask for "The All Star Line."

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC.
VARNISH MAKERS 60 YEARS
83 TONAWANDA ST., BUFFALO, N.Y.
FACTORIES IN 7 CITIES

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$8,500 for one invention. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advertised for sale at our expense in fourteen Manufacturers' Journals.

Patent Obtained or Fee Returned

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Att'ys,
Est. 16 years. 963 F. St., Washington, D. C.

Hon. [illegible] Brewer
Vice-President

Law Department

Intercontinental University

Wm. Macon Coleman, A. M., Ph. D., Dean; Mr. Justice Brewer, U. S. Supreme Court; Hon. Martin A. Knapp, Chairman Interstate Commerce Comm.; Edward Everett Hale, members Board of Directors. [illegible] Law and 100 other subjects, by mail. [illegible]

INTERCONTINENTAL UNIVERSITY
1414 L St., Washington, D. C.

AROUND THE WORLD BUT NEVER OUT OF INK!

YOU FEEL SAFE WHEN WRITING A CHEQUE WITH

BLAIR'S RED ROBIN AND BLACK BIRD INK PENCILS, THE PATENT DROP NEEDLE KEEPS THE POINT CLEAR.
THE SMOOTHEST [illegible] IN THE WORLD

Are Ink Tight in the pocket. Others leak thro' vent at back end

Note—Blair's are practical Ink Pencils. Take no chances on a substitute. Owing to U. S. and British Patents they can not be imitated. For Correspondence, Manifolding, Ruling and Stenography. No leaky air tube. They fill easier. Hold 50 per cent more ink, and permit the use of Blair's Safety Ink Making Cartridges. 10c. extra. Saving cost of check punch, $5.00. Point will last for years. Soon saves cost. PRICES: Plain, $1.00. Chased, $1.25. Chased and Gold Mounted, $1.50. Red Cases, 5¾ in., $1.25. Large Barrel, 4 in. or 5 in., $1.50, 1¾ in., Silver Filigree, $4.50, by insured mail 8c. more. Ordinary ink can be used.

BLAIR'S FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, 6 John Street, Suite 315, New York. Get Agency

The Facts About 6% North Dakota Farm Mortgages

Every investor, small or large, should [illegible] himself in North Dakota Farm Mortgages.

These mortgages are [illegible] by farms of almost [illegible] fertility in [illegible] great [illegible] country where values have [illegible] [illegible] very liberal. It is [illegible] that an investment of this degree of safety can pay. It is 6%, almost twice that paid by eastern investments of the same security.

This type of investment is safe. I have handled over $1,500,000, and never has a cent been lost to investors.

I have written a book based on my 27 years' experience. It gives the facts [illegible] these farm mortgages.

My book explains why western investments of this degree of safety [illegible]

Send this coupon today [illegible]

WALTER L. WILLIAMSON, Lisbon, N. D.
Dear Sir: Please send me your new book, Investment Facts.

Name

Town

State

We give particular attention to the business of out of town customers, extending to them our facilities for information and prompt execution of orders.

Our **Weekly Financial Review** will be of service in keeping informed on general conditions.

(Sent on application.)

J. S. Bache & Co., Bankers,
Members N.Y. Stock Exchange,
42 Broadway, New York.
Advice to individual investors given on request

SAFE INVESTMENTS

Municipal Bonds
Rank next to Government Bonds

Most Government Bonds [illegible] Municipal Bonds [illegible] We will send you free our "Safe Investment" book, a [illegible] guide to wise investment.

SPITZER & COMPANY,
Oldest Municipal Bond House west of N. Y.
1 Spitzer Bldg. Toledo, Ohio
1 Hanover Bank Bldg., New York City

SPITZER & CO. Bonds

INVEST
YOUR SAVINGS SAFELY

Put them where you are absolutely certain that your principal is safe, your interest sure, and your investment readily convertible into cash at any time. The safest of all known investments are

City, County and School Bonds
%—4—5—6—%
Sold for Cash or on Easy Monthly Payments

Whether you have large or small amounts to invest, write us. Booklet, etc., FREE

THE NEW FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Dept. H, Columbus, Ohio

5½% INVESTMENTS 6%

Farm Land worth twice the amount of the obligation secures our First Farm Mortgages which yield 5½% and 6% per annum.

Write for booklet "F" and current list

E. J. LANDER & CO.
Grand Forks, N.D. Minneapolis, Minn.

WE Pay You 6% Interest on $100 certificates of Deposit and 5% on smaller sums. The safety of your deposit is assured by $[illegible] approved First Mortgages together with $[illegible] Capital, Surplus and individual liability of Stockholders as security. No depositor has ever lost a dollar in the last 19 years. The "Sulky Dollar" booklet explains our plan of [illegible]

Georgia State Savings Ass'n, 175 York Street, Savannah, Ga.

YOUR SAVINGS

Earnings and Investment

TO THE average man the summaries of reports of railroad earnings that appear in the newspapers or financial publications are nothing but words and figures, and to the investor who has not studied them they are often as so much Greek. Yet behind them lies the very backbone of investment, for they show the earning-power of the property. It is in this ability to make money that the hope of the investor reposes, because out of earnings he gets his interest or his dividend. While the whole subject of earnings is of supreme importance, it yields to none in the whole range of finance in intricacy of detail and difficulty of translation into simple terms. There are certain large facts and some general rules in connection with the subject that every investor ought to know, and this week's article will be devoted to an attempt to explain them. Since so much conservative investment is in railroad securities, attention will be devoted chiefly to them. Some idea of the scope of the transactions is afforded by the fact that the total gross earnings of the railroads last year aggregated $2,407,019,810, which represents the receipts from the operation of about 230,000 miles of track.

Earnings involve the whole conduct of a road, morally and physically. There are two divisions in the management of the property: one including the officials whose business it is to keep the wheels going; the other embracing the directors who represent the stockholders.

A railroad is built by means of money obtained from the sale of stocks and bonds, but there is a difference in the relation which these two classes of investments bear to the project. The holder of stock is a partner in the enterprise, sharing profits and losses; the bondholder is a lender, and his loan is almost invariably secured by a mortgage on some tangible thing. The bondholder has first claim on earnings, and if his interest is not paid he can have a receiver appointed. The stockholder, on the other hand, gets dividends only when the interest on the bonds and other expenses have been paid and when the directors have seen fit to declare a dividend.

How, then, is the stockholder or the bondholder to know if his money is safe and if the property is being judiciously and economically managed? The answer lies in the reports of earnings.

As nothing is more deceptive than figures, unscrupulous or extravagant officials have been able, in the past, to cloak their misappropriations in technical terms when making reports, but this is not so easy as it once was. There is more publicity now, for under a uniform system of accounting which went into effect July 1, 1907, all steam railroads are required to file sworn monthly and annual reports with the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington. The monthly reports give only the mileage, gross earnings and operating expenses. It is in the annual report that the complete story of the road's activities is given.

The Measure of Earning-Power

In considering railroad reports it must be borne in mind that bare actual figures, such as gross earnings per mile, for example, are not significant when they stand alone. It is in the comparison between these figures and the same kind of figures for roads similarly situated, over a given period, that a true measure of the earning-power of any railroad is obtained. A road that traverses a level country may be operated for fifty per cent of the gross earnings, while another that has steep grades and many curves may require seventy per cent. Each road is a law unto itself; no two roads operate under identical conditions. You are not long in finding this out when you try to work out the reports of their earnings.

A railroad report should show the physical and financial condition of the property and its earning-power. Before taking up a specific report some technical terms must be understood. The total revenue that comes to the road's treasury from freight, passenger, mail, express or other business is called gross earnings. Expenditures for maintenance of way, construction and equipment, wages, salaries, fuel, insurance and damage are called operating expenses. The fixed charges are interest on the bonded and floating debt, sinking-fund payments, hire of equipment and rentals. Formerly taxes were considered a fixed charge, but under the new accounting system they are part of the operating expenses. The surplus is what remains after operating expenses and fixed charges are paid. Part of it is applicable to dividends.

Let us now take up, for the purpose of illustration, the report of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which operates the Pennsylvania lines east of Pittsburgh, for the year ending December 31, 1908. Most railroad reports are for the year that ends June 30.

A Specimen Report

The report first shows the total mileage operated. This mileage compared with earnings and expenditures gives the figures per mile from which increases and decreases during the year may be seen. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company operates 3862 miles, which is only a part of the whole Pennsylvania system. To avoid confusion we will stick to this part.

The first big, important feature is called the Income Account, the statement of earnings and expenses for the fiscal period. You find the gross earnings to be $136,296,871—cents will be omitted in this analysis; the operating expenses, including taxes, are $101,400,992. The net earnings, therefore, from operation are $34,895,879. The Pennsylvania, like some other roads, is an extensive owner of the securities of other roads, and the income from its investments is a big item. Adding this income and the income from other sources you get what this report calls the gross income, which amounts to $46,577,895. From this are deducted the fixed charges, $18,370,234, leaving a net income of $28,207,661.

Up to this time all expenditures have been mandatory; now you come to the expenses which practically lie within the discretion of the company. The ones, therefore, that most affect the investor are the appropriations for dividends on stock and for additions to and the betterment of the road. You find that the Pennsylvania has paid out $18,875,680 in dividends at the rate of six per cent a year, and has expended on grades, track, terminal facilities, improvement of equipment and kindred items—all termed "extraordinary expenditures"—$4,538,980. Other expenses out of the net income, including portion of the principal of car trusts, which is not always deducted at this point, bring the total amount diverted from the net income to $27,548,529. The amount remaining over, $659,131, is really the actual surplus and is carried forward to profit and loss. At the close of the previous year the amount to the credit of profit and loss was $24,725,484; and the total credit of the company to profit and loss at the end of 1908 was $24,254,800.

Now these figures alone really do not mean more than the fact that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company earned enough money during 1908 to meet all its obligations, to keep the road in good operating condition, to pay dividends and have a surplus left over. The matter to be settled is whether the road's earning-power is being maintained. This can only be learned by comparison. When you compare the figures for 1908 with those of 1907 you are liable, at first glance, to get a surprise, because you find that there was a decrease in gross earnings of $28,515,954. This was due to the industrial depression following the panic of 1907 in which practically all roads shared. At this point the test of judicious management comes in. Such a big decrease in earnings must be attended by a corresponding decrease in operating expenses. You find that the Pennsylvania's operating expenses for 1908 were $22,185,519 less than in 1907. Yet the physical condition of the road was well maintained, as the specific expenditures for maintenance and equipment showed. It is when gross earnings decrease and operating expenses do not that something is wrong.

When operating expenses are more than 75 per cent of the gross earnings they are

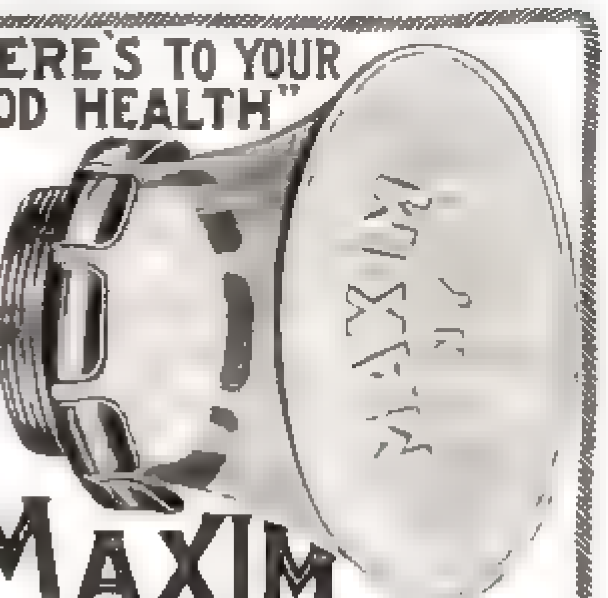
Guaranteed Water Power Bonds
Netting 6%

A bond issue of $3,000,000, so intrinsically good and so thoroughly safeguarded as to be sound beyond question.

First: Secured directly by permanent assets of over $8,000,000.
Second: Guaranteed by an old established, successful company, with net assets of $5,000,000.
Third: Principal and interest protected by large and established earnings.
Fourth: Officered and directed by men of proven ability and success.
Fifth: Payable serially in accordance with our usual custom.
Sixth: Available in denominations of $500 and $1,000 and in convenient maturities of from five to twenty years.

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.
(Established 1865)
181 La Salle Street, Chicago

Write your name and address in the lower margin of this advertisement, cut it out, mail it to us, and we will send you our Circular No. 645U, describing these bonds.


"HERE'S TO YOUR GOOD HEALTH"
MAXIM

MAXIM ANTISEPTIC TELEPHONE MOUTH PIECE

is a clean, sanitary, glass mouthpiece with medicated air filter to talk through. Instantly adjusted. Replaces the common, unclean, black mouthpiece, rendering communication of disease germs impossible. Endorsed and used in homes, offices, hotels and institutions everywhere. Should be on every phone. Get one for yours.

50 Cents Each Complete Post Paid

Send money order or stamps, and state name and make of phone used.

Maxim Specialty Company
12 Waverly Place, New York City
Send for booklet. Live Agents wanted everywhere.

BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE

The Gun That Shoots. FOR MEN AND BOYS

Sends a shot entirely through one-half inch pine and more. Uses compressed air [illegible] same as used [illegible] rock drills [illegible] etc. Many times more powerful than any other Air Rifle [illegible] Accurate [illegible] [illegible] Another [illegible] [illegible] Discharge does not scare game. Can be used where cartridge guns [illegible] [illegible] prepaid $2.00 [illegible] $3 [illegible] free

Benjamin Air Rifle & Mfg. Co. 502 Leader Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.

Great Chance For Young Professional and Fraternal Men We want young Professional and Fraternal men of ability, interesting, convincing talkers, to organize Social Beneficial Lodges of the Loyal Order of Moose. Over 45,000 members initiated last year. Sick Benefit $7.00 per week. Death $100.00. Free Medical Service. Lodges in all principal cities. Our organizers make $2000.00 to $8000.00 a year. Good Contracts. No experience necessary. Small bond and reference required.
For full particulars write to
James J. Davis, Supreme Organizer, 406 Bakewell Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

6% NET

For 34 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $[illegible] and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation.

$25 Certificates of Deposit also for savings investors

PERKINS & CO., Lawrence, Kans. Ask for Loan List No. 715

considered excessive. In the report at hand the Pennsylvania's were 71.47 per cent, or 1.10 per cent less than the year before

There should be a comfortable margin between the net earnings and the fixed charges. Some experts go so far as to declare that these earnings should be double the fixed charges. The reason is quite obvious. If there is only a small margin between the net earnings and the fixed charges, a big slump in earnings might prevent the road from meeting its fixed charges, because, while earnings may decline, the fixed charges often remain the same for years at a time. In the Pennsylvania report the net earnings are almost twice as much as the fixed charges.

Since all well-managed roads always earn more on their stock than is paid in dividends, it is interesting to see just how much is earned on the stock. This is obtained by dividing the surplus, after fixed charges are paid, by the amount of the capitalization. In the Pennsylvania report at hand $314,604,200 is divided into $28,207,660, and the result is that the road earned between 8 and 9 per cent. Only 6 per cent dividend was paid. The difference between the amount earned and the amount paid went back into the road or was carried forward in profit and loss.

In scrutinizing any railroad report the investor should be sure to find out if the road is making proper allowance for maintenance, because this is a large factor in earning power. Twenty-five to thirty per cent of the gross is a good allowance. Without good service there can be no big earning. It is worth while to note that over a period of ten years the Pennsylvania has averaged $8990 per mile for maintenance. Some years it has been as high as $13,475. Turning to another road similarly situated you find that the Erie's figure for this item over the same period is only $5270 a mile. Taking the figures of 1907 as a basis, you further discover that the Pennsylvania spent 72.5 per cent of its gross earnings in operating expenses and the Erie 78 per cent. In the important relation between net earnings and fixed charges these two roads present a further significant comparison. The Pennsylvania's net earnings per mile were $11,582 with $6514 fixed charges per mile, while the Erie's net earnings per mile were $4734, with fixed charges of $5805 per mile. Hence the Erie had a deficit. These comparative figures are given only to emphasize a point made earlier in this article that there should be a good margin between net earnings and fixed charges.

Thrifty Management

You will remember that in the Pennsylvania report being considered there was a surplus, and that it was carried forward to profit and loss, which means that it is still an asset The disposition of surplus is one good index of the management of the road. The roads that have conserved it have prospered; the roads that have paid it all out in dividends have suffered. You have only to look at such roads as the Pennsylvania, the Jersey Central, the Reading and the Northern Pacific to see the value of judicious care of surplus. Instead of spending all of it, they saved. Then when they needed money in times of panic they did not have to go into a tight money market and pay high rates. On the other hand, roads like the Erie and the Southern that used up all their surplus fared badly in times of depression. For many years the Pennsylvania pursued the policy of putting a dollar back into the road for every dollar paid out in dividends

The statement of assets and liabilities in a railroad report is to be found in the balance sheet. This should show, as the Pennsylvania report indicates, the complete cost of the road, together with all loans to subsidiary lines. It should also show, in addition to complete capitalization, the list of securities owned by the road, so that the investor is enabled to obtain some idea of their market value. Among liabilities special attention should be shown to "current liabilities." These are usually the loans that press for payment. An accumulation of such liabilities is a bad sign, for it shows that the road is letting its bills run and that it is unable to finance a bond issue to convert the liabilities into long-term debts. Whenever a road goes into the hands of a receiver you find that it has had a large accumulation of current liabilities

In considering any railroad report take figures over a number of years, for it is by comparison alone that you get at results. If earnings decrease from panic then expenses should decrease, or the management is bad. If the surplus should shrink without visible increase of assets there is looseness somewhere. From the Pennsylvania report you saw that, although that road, with most others, suffered through a year of widespread depression, it earned enough to pay obligations, maintain its physical integrity and have a surplus.

The rules given here for railroad earnings apply in the main to the earnings of public-service corporations. The "depreciation fund," the money set aside each year to renew equipment, is a very important item. One public-service corporation in Milwaukee sets aside 10 per cent each year for this purpose, and it is a good model. In industrial companies the investor should demand a much wider margin of safety all along the line, because earnings in business are subject to wide and sudden fluctuation.

Modern Mother Goose

By J. W. Foley

JACK SPRAT

Jack Sprat could eat no fats,
His wife could eat no leans,
Because they joined a Raw Food Club
Where all the grub was greens.

BABY BUNTING

Bye Baby Bunting,
Mamma's gone a-hunting
To find some silk to match a dress,
And she'll be back next week, I guess.

THE OLD WOMAN IN THE FLAT

There was an old woman who lived in a flat,
She had so many children she didn't know where she was at,
Till the janitor came with a terrible shout
And spanked them all soundly and put them all out.

CARELESS JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
Like dutiful son and daughter;
Now Jack has typhoid, Jill is ill—
They didn't boil the water

MISS MUFFET

Little Miss Muffet
She sat on a tuffet
Eating of curds and whey,
With much circumspection
To clear her complexion
And drive indigestion away.

THE FASHIONABLE SHEEP

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep
And doesn't know where to find them.
Perhaps they'll be on next spring's hats,
Wearing their tails behind them.

THE SANITARY NURSE

Hush-a-bye, Baby, be still as a mouse,
I'm sure as can be there's a fly in the house;
I pray thee don't stir, dear; abide here in peace,
And I will go quickly and call the police.

THE MAID IN OUR TOWN

There was a maid in our town
And she was wondrous fair;
She went behind her bedroom door
And took off all her hair.
And when she saw her hair was off,
With all her might and main
She puffed and frizzled till she got
Her hair back on again.

DRAMATIC MISS NETTICOAT

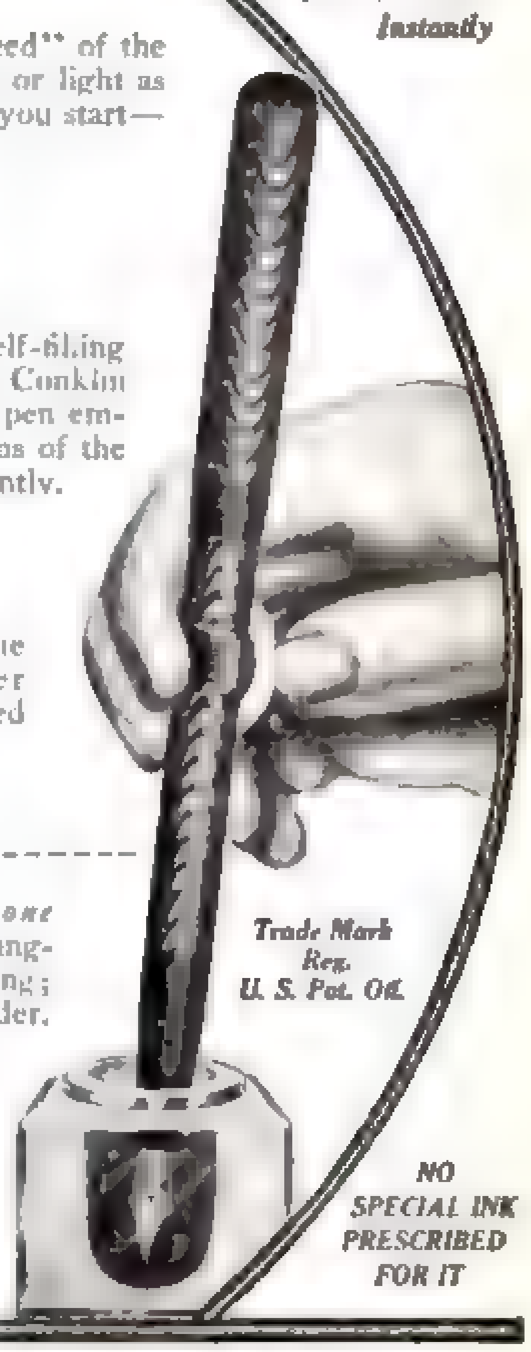
Little Miss Netticoat
Had a short petticoat
And some red hose;
The seats down in front
Were just filled with her beaux.

AERONAUTIC JACK

Jack-be-Nimble,
Jack-be-Quick,
Jack flew over
The At-lan-tic.

FE, FI, FO, FUM

Fe, fi, fo!—Joy!
I smell the blood of a Rah-Rah Boy.
Be he alive or be he dead
Doesn't matter—Yale's ahead!



Where
Conklin's Self-Filling Fountain Pen
Excels

Drinks A "Barrel" of Ink Instantly

Here
The Writing End—The perfect gold pen and "feed" of the Conklin enables you to write as fast, slow, heavy or light as you wish. No waiting for the ink to come when you start—no skips, scratches or blots as you write.

Here
The Crescent-Filler—The wonderful self-filling and self-cleaning device which has made the Conklin Pen world-famous. The Conklin is the only pen embodying the *true* self-filling principle. By means of the Crescent-Filler the Conklin Pen fills itself instantly.

Here
The Rubber Ink Reservoir operated by the Crescent-Filler is made of best Para rubber specially treated for this purpose and is not affected by acids in any ink. *Guaranteed for five years.*

Here
The Filling Operation—Takes one hand—*one thumb.* No mussy dropper-filler; no pistons, plungers, valves or leather washers to wear out or go wrong; no rods to manipulate; nothing to get out of order. To fill, just dip the Conklin in any inkwell and press the Crescent-Filler—That's all.

[illegible] 14k gold pens, made in all [illegible] by dealers everywhere. Prices $[illegible] Write for catalogue.

THE CONKLIN PEN MANUFACTURING CO.,
208 Manhattan Bldg., Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NO SPECIAL INK PRESCRIBED FOR IT

Try these Hose at my expense

I will give you *one chance* to try beautiful "Wear-Proof" Hosiery at my expense. Write me today on the coupon for my special offer which I state *by letter only.*

R. A. Byrne, President
The International Mills, Inc.

Wear-Proof Hose
For Men, Women and Children

At regular retail price, one dollar invested in "Wear-Proof" Hose is equal to three dollars invested in any ordinary make.

Direct From the Knitting Machines

The reason is that in buying from the "International Mills" you get your hose direct from the knitting machines.

Our sales manager in your vicinity will take your order in person and deliver goods to your door, saving you time and expense.

We make the most complete line of hose in existence. All styles, all colors. We seek merit only in the manufacture of "Wear-Proof" It is vitally essential that we satisfy the buyers of our product

"Wear-Proof" Hose are absolutely seamless; no ridges, no wrinkles. Comfort combined with durability, beauty with economy.

Six Pairs Guaranteed for Six Months

The broadest guarantee that you could possibly require, but you won't need it, "Wear-Proof" Hosiery outwears the guarantee. And the special offer made here is your *one chance* to test "Wear Proof" value and learn what stocking comfort really means.

"International" Underwear

We also produce a complete line of undergarments built to fit. Two piece and Union suits for all the family, 200 styles All fabrics Our representative will submit samples for your leisurely inspection.

Representatives and Managers Wanted

We want live, alert men and women with small capital to handle our business in all cities and towns unoccupied. To such we offer a connection to be proud of—a permanent and certain opportunity. For years the demand for "Wear Proof" hosiery and "International" underwear has increased by leaps and bounds [illegible] on merit alone. Now we are entering on an extensive national advertising campaign and the profit of this will go to our representatives and managers in the field. If you are interested in learning about this [illegible] work say so on the coupon and give reference. But speak quick before the best territory is gone

Send This Coupon

R. A. Byrne, President, The International Mills, 3038-40 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
Send me your special offer on hosiery which you state *by letter only.*

Name ____________

Address ____________

If you are interested in our proposal to representatives and managers, mark an X here. [ ]

VISITING ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSES

(Concluded from Page 5)

She can see Violet crouched behind the back of the young man from the estate next north and furtively feeling her nose, as if she could possibly judge of its shade of redness by the way it feels. Here and there, down the ride, she can see other hunters, their attitude one of frozen expectancy.

Irish Shooting and Hunting

Presently the cries of the beaters are heard at the far end of the wood. "Hi-hi! yi-yi!" they call, beating the bushes with sticks, and the men make instinctive movements with their guns. Then, with a rushing whir the pheasants sweep overhead and rabbits and hares bound forward. Shot after shot, and the rabbits and hares fall over, and the pheasants drop like plummets into the bushes. The beaters pick up the game; the hunters call out to each other accounts of their luck, poking the mud off their shoes with sticks in order that they may be able to walk to the motors. Then every one goes home to a late tea, and they all talk of what a glorious time they have had. The American thinks that the gamekeeper and the beaters have probably had more out of the day than any one else.

But if shooting has its drawbacks no one can deny the exhilaration of hunting, not even those who think it wrong to cut off the brush of a fox before throwing it to the hounds who have ended its brave struggle for life. A good many hunters motor to the meet, having sent their horses the day before. When the riders assemble they look at first glance like English riders—there are the same bright coats, the same shining horses, the same alert huntsman and whips. But a closer glance shows that the women are slimmer and the horses a bit livelier than in England, while a few of the men are evidently of the farmer class. Moreover, when the hunt begins, all over the fields, between the gaps, and on the top of the banks and the stone fences swarm ragged Irish lads who shout advice of all sorts to every one but the master of the foxhounds

The American is almost bewildered by the technical terms flung forth by ten-year-old gossoons. She herself knows something about hunting: that the expenses, subscribed by about a hundred people, come to something like five thousand dollars and are used to cover damages done to crops or fences or to young lambs attacked by the foxes. She knows that the covert-keeper must be paid a sovereign when the fox is found, and that to draw a covert means to get a fox out. Also, that it is tactful to be polite to people who preserve their own game, but if the fox runs to such a covert you must give manners the go-by and ride after the hounds.

Advice From Babes and Sucklings

But this is small knowledge compared to that of the mere babes who rush wildly along the fences and call out, with frequent appeal to their Maker, such remarks as:

"Cast 'em, me jewel!"

"Put the hounds on the nose, you thafe of the worruld!"

"Hullowhisht; loo-in, you skirting Hoosians."

"Draft that soft-blooded lunatic."

"If you aren't blooded up to the eyes this day I'll massacree you meself!"

"Troy, me darlings, troy."

"For the love of the saints, sorr, do you know you're screwing up your harse entirely?"

"That's it, Miss; don't you let a thruster put by you! Take the fence furrst!"

"Down on his head, and serve the thruster right; it's a sad day for me he didn't break the neck of him!"

"Be the piper that played afore Moses, d'ye see Miss Dollie running ahead the fox? Ah, isn't she the cute wan? She's pretending the harse ran away wid her!"

No one except the master of the hounds uses more pointed language. He is allowed to "rag" his friends in a way that no one else dares. Perhaps some sharp words are needed to keep excited riders in order, but certain remarks are made, which, if they were said in a club, would call out the reprisal of a knockdown blow. No one is expected to "answer back," though once the Irish host of the American—on the occasion when the master is "slanging" him, also with appeals to his Maker, for cutting through and spoiling a field of turnips—answers calmly:

"Thank you, sir; they're my own turnips."

It's thrilling, if the wind is right and the hounds are running well. A man is shot off his horse, and people simply swerve around him, with scarcely a look back. Once the young man from the estate next north is thrown. The American notices that Violet checks her horse for a moment, then she turns in her saddle and waves back a sympathetic gauntlet. The American considers this a pretty good mingling of neighborly solicitude, maidenly reserve and love of the chase. But she does not at all approve when, a man having been badly thrown, the local doctor who is shouted to calls back that the injured man may just lie quiet till the fox is drawn. On goes the fox, and on the hunters. The shirkers take the road; the fearless cut across fields, leaping fences. When they take the high banks the horses jump up, change feet, and jump down in a shower of rattling stones.

Violet Mixes Things

Suddenly, the fox and the hounds are lost; people scatter, and various sinking feelings register the fact that the luncheon-hour is long past. A cold rain comes up; the riders wander across one another aimlessly in the fields, asking what has become of the "divils," and predicting darkly that the hounds are after a fresh scent, in which case tea will be served about midnight. Some ask bitingly if this is what you call pleasure. Then, in the distance, sounds a faint halloo; the triumphant few come riding down the road; the lamesters and the lost join them, and every one rides to the nearest house for tea. Then they motor home to change for dinner. Violet whispers to the American that she does not know what Father will say, but when the young man from the estate next north got her the brush, and then when he said—and as long as it's the next estate, what do the points of the compass matter? Besides, there's her sister for the young man from the estate next south. Only, when every one expected——

Dinner is served informally in the great dining-room hung with portraits of men and women who passed their lives in just the same way as do these their descendants. A kindly, happy set of people, these English and Irish county families. They do not know what democracy, in our sense of the word, is. They deplore the fact that the poor are being educated: it makes them discontented with their lot, and they are even silly enough to think they can rise above their own class. Besides, it makes them lacking in respect to the privileged classes. It is common enough to pass a laborer now who does not take off his hat to one! As to politics, the Liberals are ruinin' the country; and as for the Labor Party—mad, quite mad. Society is gettin' mixed, too—more like a gang—there are so many persons about instead of the people one used to know!

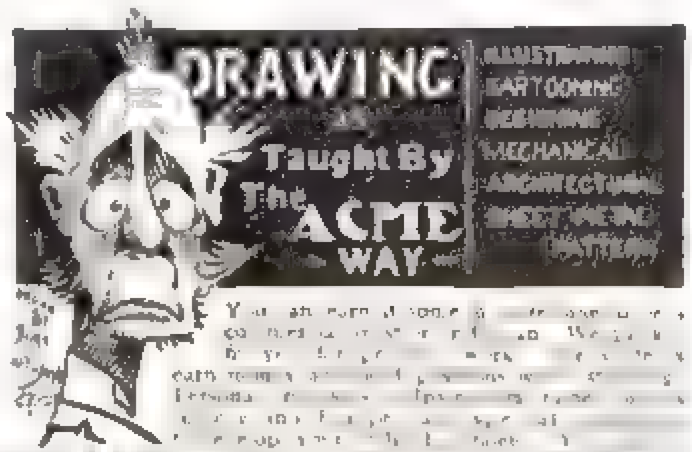
Thus they talk; they take for granted their superiority to all those not of their own class, just as they recognize the claims of superior rank among members of this same class. They are hidebound, intolerant aristocrats, but they do look after their dependents, showing them at times personal attendance; and they give something in money or service to their country. They demand their tea on time, but they accept sorrow and defeat without a murmur. The English do not think for themselves, and they live by rule; the Irish do not follow what wise thoughts they have, but rely on their imagination, yet both of them respond to certain deep instincts of personal honor and loyalty to friends, that are, perhaps, better than thoughts. Somewhere inside the rampart of habits and prejudice that ensheath them are real souls and real hearts. All Britons know this; the Americans find it out in time by the road of their generous hospitality.

SILENCE COMFORT

All That The Name Implies
Catalogue 11 will be sent on request
THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR CO.,
2489 EAST 93RD ST., CLEVELAND, O. MEMBER A.L.A.M.

No mixing

Sure Death
Strongest poison known. Smell [illegible] attracts rats and mice. Quickly gets them all Die outdoors seeking water
Rat Bis-Kit
GETS THEM
when everything else fails. Dry, clean, never leaves a mark. 15 cents all drug stores or direct from
The Rat Biscuit Co.
10 E Limestone St
Springfield, O.



[illegible] We guarantee proficiency [illegible]. Write for illustrated catalogs and say which you wish to learn Illustrating, Cartooning, Commercial Designing, Mechanical Drawing, Architectural Drawing, or Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting. If you can attend our Resident School, say so. Estab. 1898.
The Acme School of Drawing, 2517 S St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Vacuum Cleaner Wagons

The Best ever built
Get ready for the fall rush and make money with our portable cleaners
Complete outfits at from **$750 to $3000,** and every one **A BIG BARGAIN.**
Write at once about this business and get full particulars.
THE VACUUM CLEANER CO., 7 East 24th St., New York

An Ideal Christmas Gift

Arts and Crafts Jewelry [illegible]
Read This Offer
[illegible] FREE
The Buckeye Arts & Crafts Shop, Box B, Urbana, Ohio

Spencerian
STEEL PENS
are made of accurately tempered steel. Smooth, non-scratching, elastic, easy writers. There's one to suit you. Sample card, 12 different, for 6 cts. postage.
SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway, N.Y.

Don't Throw it Away

Does Your Granite Dish, or Hot Water Bag Leak?
USE MENDETS
[illegible]
Send for sample package, 10c. Complete package assorted sizes, 25c postpaid. Agents wanted
Collette Mfg Co., Box 119, Amsterdam, N.Y.

MADAM—WHEN YOU BUY A DINING TABLE (OF COURSE YOU WILL GET A PEDESTAL TABLE) BE SURE IT IS FITTED WITH THE

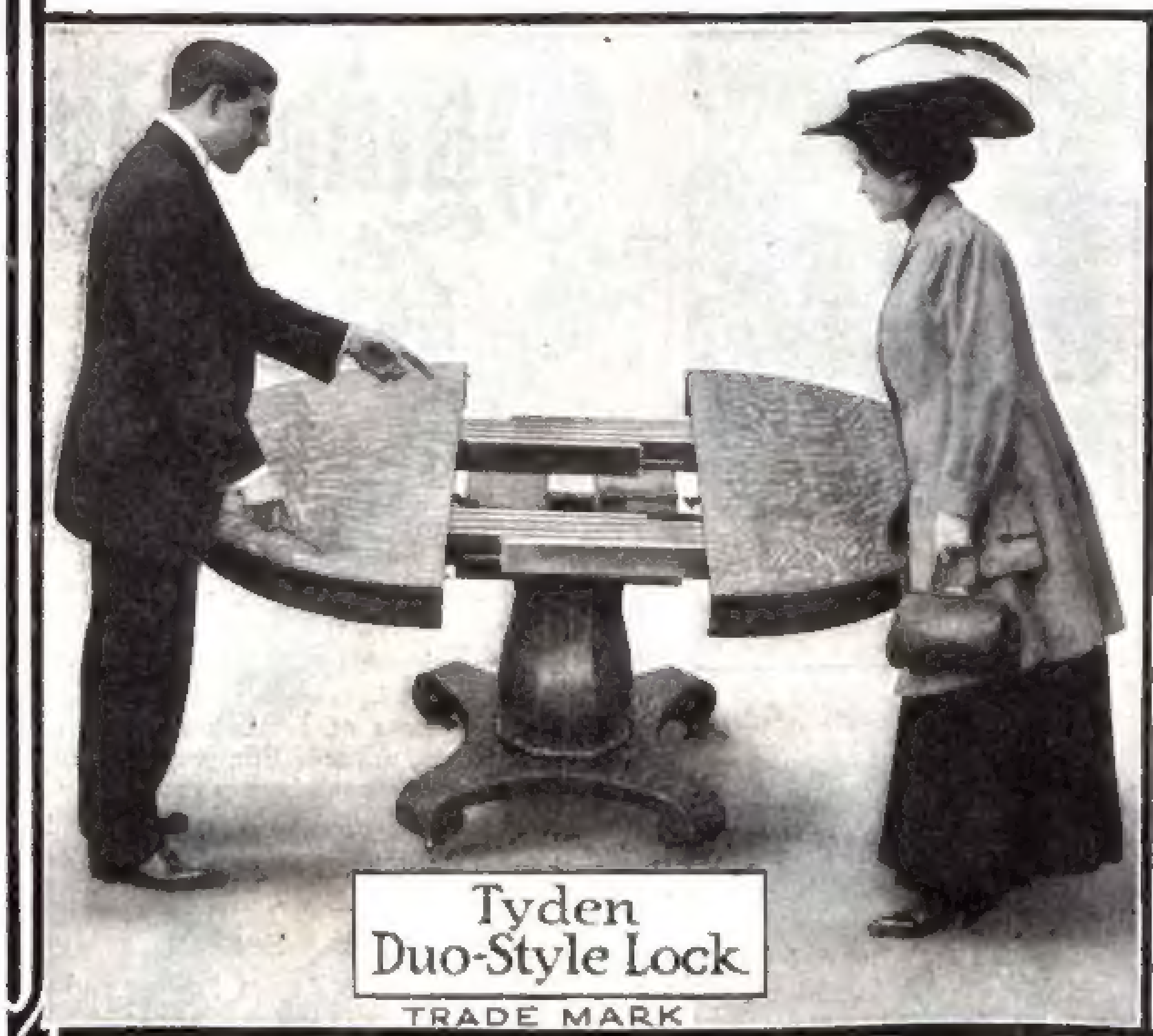
Tyden Duo-Style Table Lock

It costs you absolutely nothing extra and is put on by the leading dining table manufacturers simply to insure the table giving complete satisfaction.

It does *three* very important things—the pedestal is locked together inside so it cannot spread apart and ruin the table.

It locks the table top to the pedestal or base so it cannot be shoved over to one side, off the center, where it is liable to tip over. This is true whether it is a divided pedestal or a solid pedestal table.

And it permits you to lock in one, two or three leaves without the bother of opening the pedestal (which is always locked exactly under the center no matter how much it is extended).



When all this can be had by you for nothing, it behooves every woman when buying a dining table to **be certain this locking device is on it.**

There are table locks that do not do all these things. Do not be misled, but look for the trade mark shown below. It is in plain sight when the top is opened. When you see it, you can know the lock is genuine.

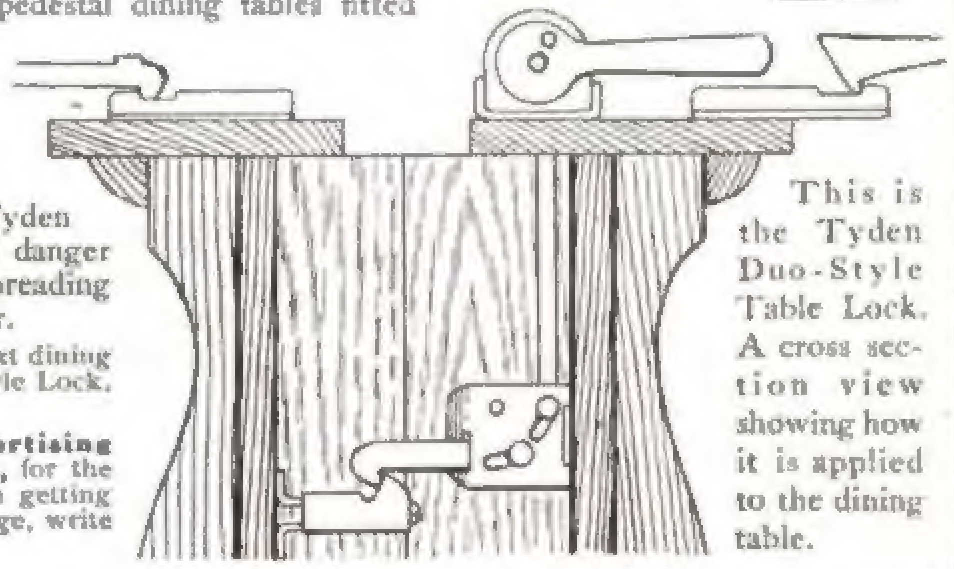
The furniture merchant does not have to pay a penny more for a dining table fitted *with* the Tyden Duo-Style Lock than *without* this lock. It is a part of the table when he buys it—an absolutely necessary part that prevents all the troubles that are sure to come to tables not locked with this clever device.

Fashion has decreed that the pedestal dining table is the correct table—it is graceful in appearance, either with or without a table cloth, and is the most comfortable to sit at because there are no table legs in the way. Any furniture merchant in this country can supply you with pedestal dining tables fitted with this new lock.

A dining table is an important part of the furnishings of the home. It is used three times a day. It can always look well and be in good condition provided it is fitted with the Tyden Duo-Style Lock. Then there is no danger of the table being ruined by the spreading pedestal, nor of the table tipping over.

Be on the safe side—be sure your next dining table is fitted with the new Tyden Duo-Style Lock. **It costs you nothing extra.**

Write the **Duo-Style Lock Advertising Bureau, 662 Monadnock Blk., Chicago,** for the free booklet. If you have any trouble in getting the lock on the table without extra charge, write them about it.



This is the Tyden Duo-Style Table Lock. A cross section view showing how it is applied to the dining table.

Send for this free Booklet.

"How to Set a Table."

No matter what kind of a table you now have send for our handsome booklet that is of great interest to every woman, for it shows in pictures (some of which are colored) the proper way to set a table for family use or any special occasion.

$25^{00} a Week

Will be Paid to Any Young Man or Young Woman

who will send an average of six subscriptions a day for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST or THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL each working day during the next month and a permanent position thereafter on the same salaried basis.

We want to introduce THE POST and THE JOURNAL to a large number of new readers this winter and need a lot of new workers to do it. These we will pay liberally for their work. There isn't a cent of expense to you; your only investment is the whole or a part of your time.

We pay much larger salaries than twenty-five dollars a week, and some smaller. It all depends on you. Prove what you can do in a month and make a permanent arrangement for the entire winter.

Circulation Bureau
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

She knows she can make it as good as new with
The Wonderful New Adhesive

CÆMENTIUM

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

"Sticks Everything, but is not Sticky"

And if it were a broken cut glass vase or earthenware crock, a leaky kettle or smashed chair leg, repairing it would be just as easy and sure. CÆMENTIUM mends to *stay mended.* When once set, it is

Unaffected by Heat, Water and Chemicals

Not only *adheres to,* but *becomes a part* of the repaired article. A missing piece can be replaced by a CÆMENTIUM duplicate, rendering a useless article as good as new. Ready to use, no mixing with water necessary. Odorless, tasteless, non-poisonous.

Price 25 cents at hardware, drug and department stores, grocers, stationers, etc.

Cæmentium Sales Co.
120-P Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
Sole Agents for U. S. A.

1209-P 45 W. 34th St.
New York

1412-P Masonic Temple
Chicago

9,059-Word Business Book Free

Simply send us a postal and ask for our free illustrated 9,059-word Business Booklet which tells how priceless Business Experience, squeezed from the lives of 112 big, broad, brainy business men may be made yours—yours to boost your salary, to increase your profits. This free booklet deals with

—How to manage a business
—How to sell goods
—How to get money by mail
—How to buy at rock-bottom
—How to collect money
—How to stop cost leaks
—How to train and handle men
—How to get and hold a position
—How to advertise a business
—How to devise office methods

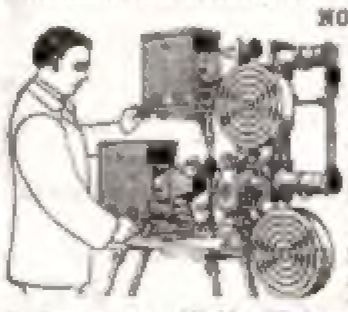
Sending for this free book involves you in no obligation, yet it may be the means of starting you on a broader career. Surely you will not deny yourself this privilege, when it involves only the risk of a postal—a penny! Simply say, "Send on your 9,059-word Booklet." Send to SYSTEM, Dept. 26-1113, 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago

---

"DAEMO" Drawer-Supporters; Nickel or Gold plated (2) 20c, 30c. **Sock Supporters;** (2) 10c, 25c. **Tie-clamps;** 5c., 10c. **Shield-clamps** for **WOMEN;** (4) 15c, 25c. Won't rust, slip, let go, weaken or irritate; durable. At dealers or postpaid. Cir. free. **Agts. wanted.**

D. S. CLAMP CO., Met. Bldg., New York City.

IT PAYS BIG TO Amuse The Public With **Motion Pictures**



NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY as our Instruction Book and "Business Guide" tells all. We furnish Complete Outfit with Big Advertising Posters, etc. Humorous dramas brimful of fun, travel, history, religion, temperance work and songs illustrated. One man can do it. **Astonishing Opportunity** in any locality for a man with a little money to show in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theatres, etc., and to operate **Five Cent Theatres** in store rooms. **Motion Picture Films and Song Slides rented.** **Big Profits** Others do it, why not you? It's easy; write to us, we'll tell you how. **Catalog free.**

AMUSEMENT SUPPLY CO., 830 Illinois Bank Bldg., Chicago

Is Your Razor Dull?

RAZORINE rubbed on strop will keep it sharper than ever before! We grind and hone all razors mailed to us free of charge if Razorine fails. 15c. at drug and hardware stores or by mail. **Razorine Co., 85 E Franklin St., N.Y.**

WORKMEN, RAISE YOUR WAGES

By selling **VANCO Hand Soap** in shops. Big money made on the side. Splendid opportunity. Large can and particulars 10c. **THE J. T. ROBERTSON CO., Box 8, Manchester, Conn.**

Barrington Hall

The Baker-ized Steel-Cut Coffee

IF YOU like good Coffee, Barrington Hall will prove a treat for you and you can drink it to your heart's content without fear of ill effect.

"Baker-ized" means that it is different from other Coffee.

It is blended and roasted in a different way.

It is steel-cut to fine, even particles, not ground to an irregular mass.

The worthless and, in fact, injurious chaff that you pay for in other Coffees is removed from Barrington Hall by a patented process and thrown away.

From a pound can of Barrington Hall you get a pound of *all* Coffee, but it costs no more per pound than any good Coffee and less per cup.

Try it on your own table at small expense.

Send Us 10 Cents

And your grocer's name and we will send you postpaid a large trial can, enough to make 16 cups of delicious Coffee.

Barrington Hall is now for sale in all cities and most towns.

Price 35 to 40c. per pound, according to locality. In sealed tins only.

Write for grocer handling it.

CUT OFF OR COPY THIS COUPON

Send to nearest office.

Baker Importing Co.
116 Hudson St.
New York, N.Y.
or **246 North 2nd St.**
Minneapolis, Minn.

For ten cents enclosed please send trial can Barrington Hall Coffee as advertised. In consideration I give my grocer's name (on the margin).

My name ....

WORTH MORE THAN ALL OTHERS

Litholin Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs

always keep their shape. "Others" wilt and fray. "Others" need to be washed, but "LITHOLIN," when soiled, can be wiped white as new with a damp cloth. "Others" soon wear out, but four Litholin Collars will last you a year. **Have the correct dull linen finish,** and made in all the latest styles, —same as you now wear. All "turn-downs" have a slip-easy space for the tie.

Collars 25c. Cuffs 50c.

Beware of imitations and substitutes.

If not at your dealer's, send, giving styles, size, how many, with remittance, and we will mail postpaid. Styles Booklet free on request.

The Fiberloid Co., Dept. 4, 7 Waverly Place, New York

STYLE WATERPROOFED LINEN FIT
LITHOLIN COLLARS & CUFFS
ECONOMY COMFORT

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50

Sent to your home by express prepaid

Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft.	$3.50
9 x 7½ ft.	4.00
9 x 9 ft.	4.50
9 x 10½ ft.	5.00
9 x 12 ft.	5.50
9 x 15 ft.	6.50

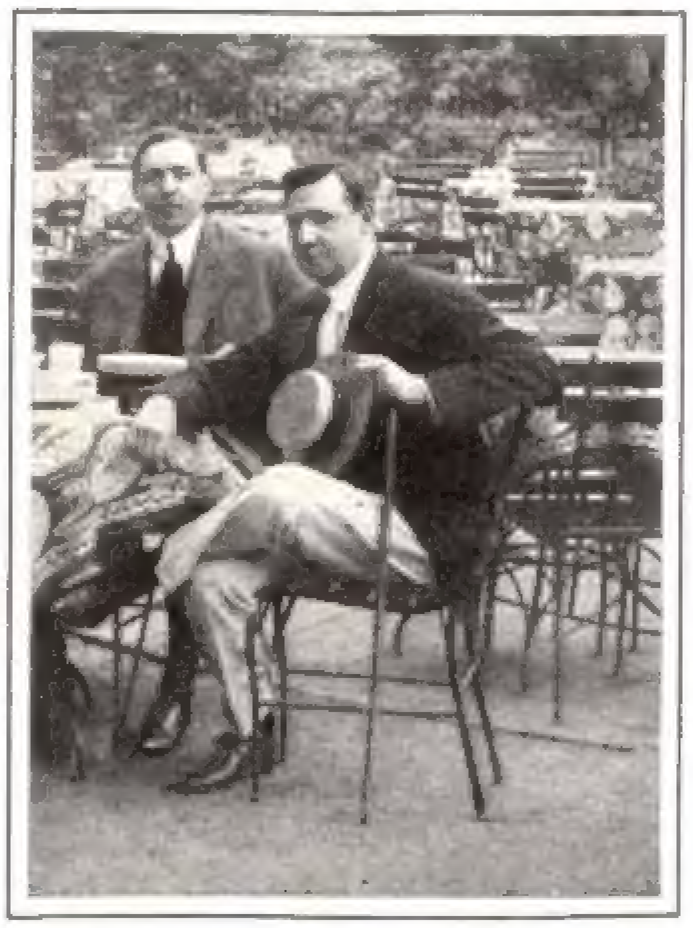
Beautiful and attractive patterns. Made in all colors. Easily kept clean and warranted to wear. Woven in one piece. Both sides can be used. **Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.**

New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors sent free.

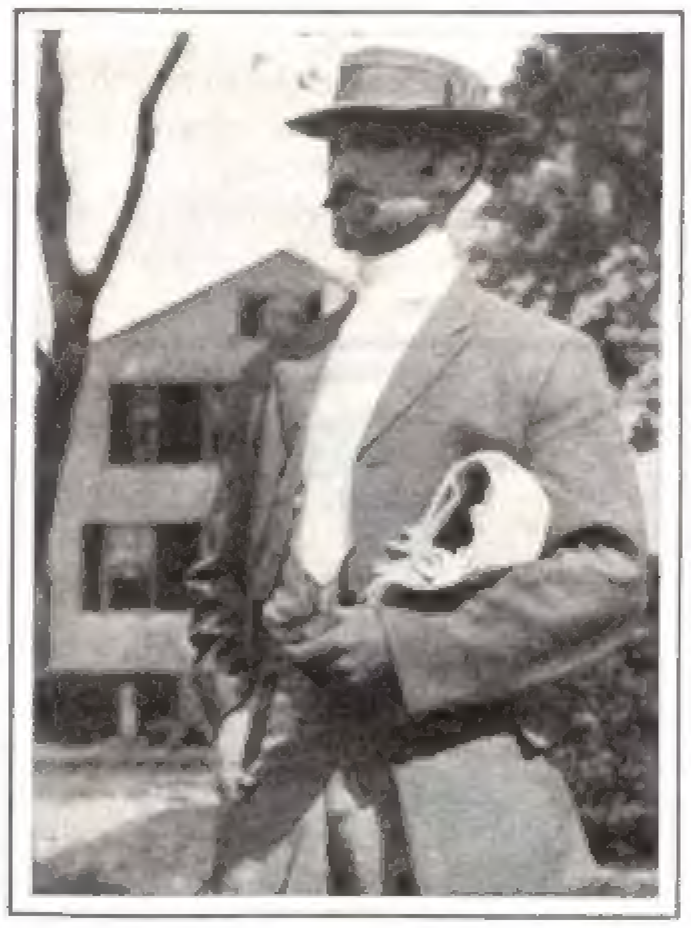
ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 695 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia

Magazine Illustrators

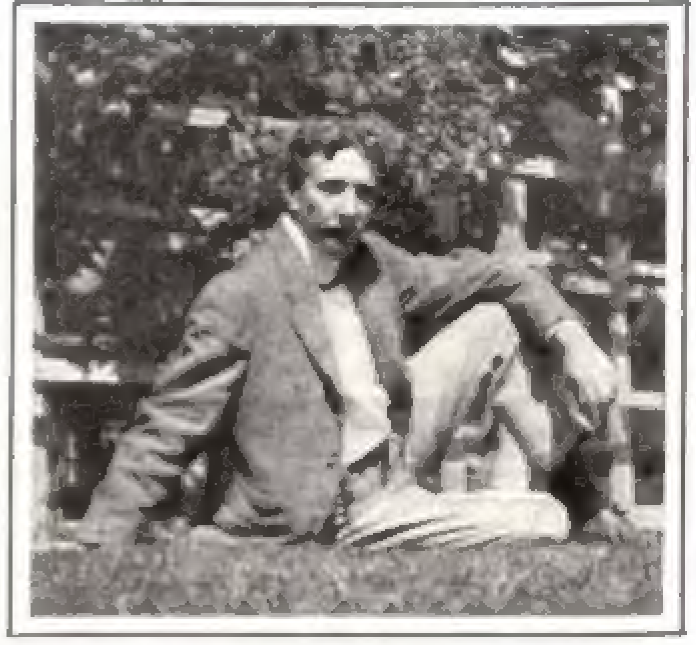
Unconventional Snapshots of Well-Known Artists at Play



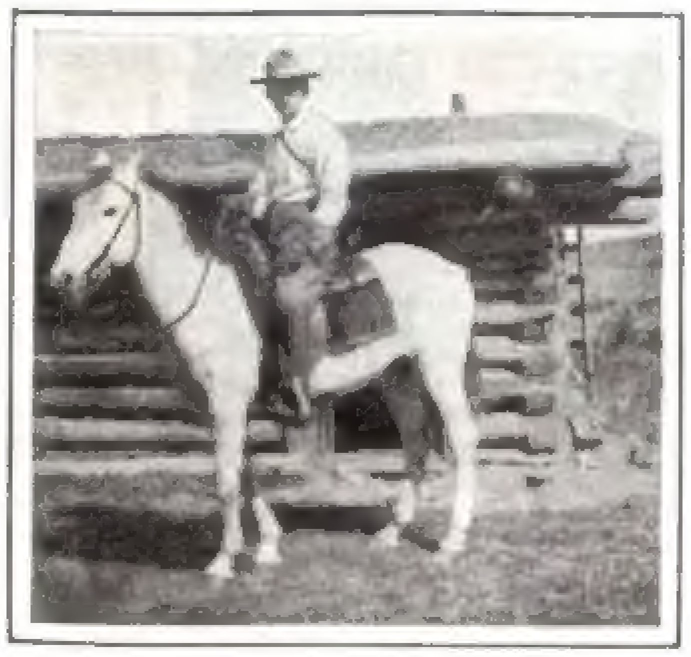
Harrison Fisher (on the Right)



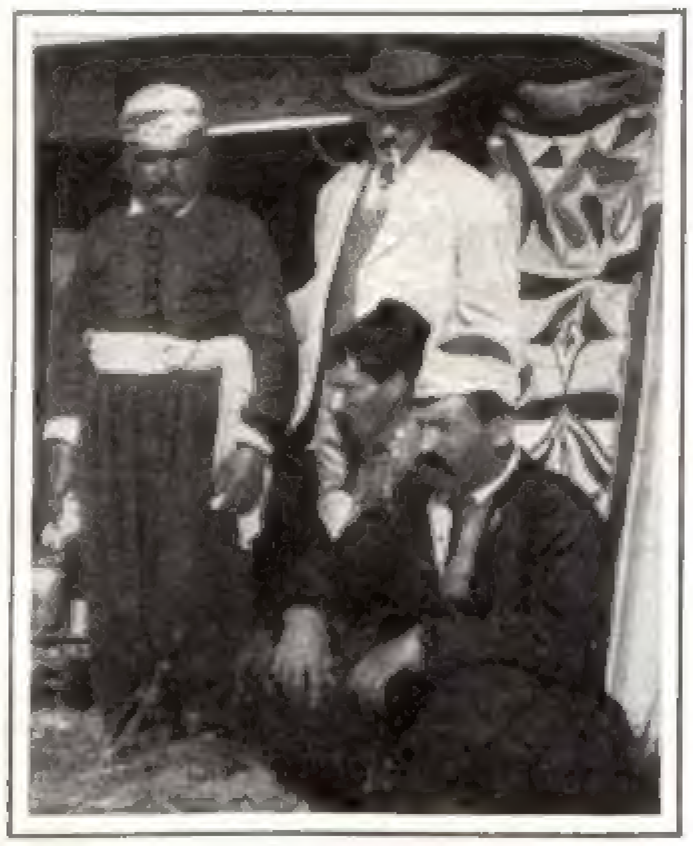
W. D. Stevens



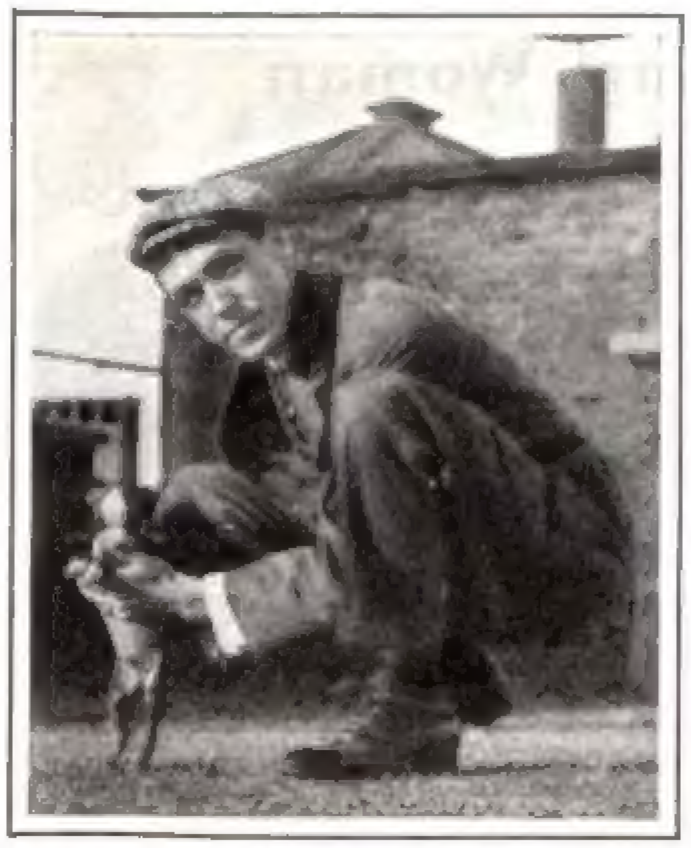
Philip Boileau



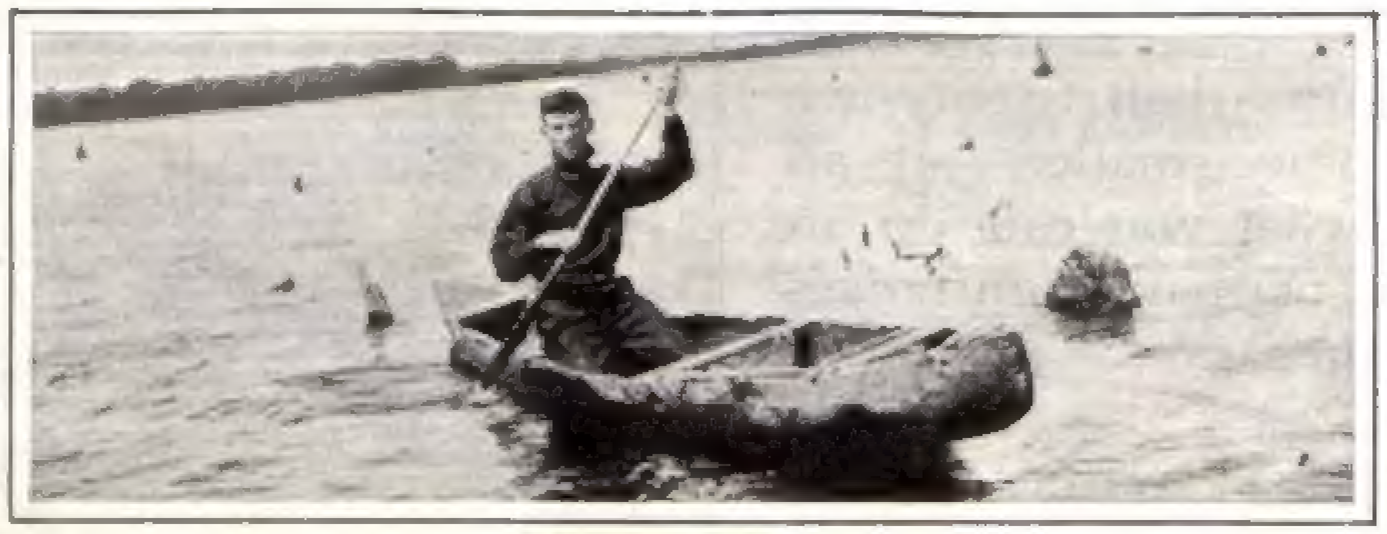
Hermann C. Wall



Jules Guérin



Henry Raleigh



M. Leone Bracker

The Standard Paper for Business Stationery— "Look for the Water-mark"

A HUNDRED or a thousand men see your letterhead where one sees your office. Yet, your office and its furniture are generally a little better than is necessary.

Old Hampshire Bond

makes a letterhead which suggests your big corner room and your mahogany.

Let us send you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND. Write for it on your present letterhead.

Hampshire Paper Company

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively

South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts

Made "A Little Better than Seems Necessary"— "Look for the Water-mark"

Saves ⅓ The Cost of Your Car

Perfect lubrication—the kind you get from Vacuum MOBILOIL—will run your car a third longer and at a third less expense than if you merely trust to "lubrication," the common, careless, chance-taking kind.

VACUUM MOBILOIL

is made in 6 different grades, one of which is made for your particular car. It saves you expense and experiment. It protects your car from friction, the hardest, costliest kind of motor wear.

A valuable booklet on motor lubrication will be sent free on application. Lists every automobile made, and shows grade of MOBILOIL necessary for its perfect lubrication. Contains track records up to date, and facts of vital interest to motorists.

MOBILOIL in barrels and in cans with patent pouring spout is sold by dealers everywhere.

Manufactured by

VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, N.Y.

FLORIDA Garden Truck and Fruit Lands. 3 crops a year. Below the frost line. Write for interesting booklet to Land Commissioner Charlotte Harbor & Nor. Ry., Boca Grande, Fla.

PATENTS that PROTECT

Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6 cts. stamps.

R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. 35, Washington, D. C., Estab. 1869

ONOTO

The Safety Self-Filling Vacuum FOUNTAIN PEN

The ONOTO Fountain Pen costs you nothing—unless you find it to be ALL we claim for it!

- —Fills itself in 5 seconds!
- —Cleans itself each time it fills itself!
- —Cannot leak even when carried point downward.
- —Regulates itself. Ink flows as slow or as fast as you wish!
- —Writes at the first stroke!
- —Never misses a stroke!
- —Never blots or floods!
- —Never catches or scratches!
- —A Fountain Pen that is almost Human!
- —Yet it COSTS YOU NO MORE than the old-fashioned, leaky, mussy, fussy Dropper-fillers, or the new-fangled, impractical Rubber-Sack fillers.
- —And it is sold on an unconditional guarantee of "Absolute Satisfaction, or Money Back!"

Is it surprising that the ONOTO Fountain Pen is fast superseding every other type of pen wherever introduced?

4 sizes—$2.50, $3, $4 and $5. 15 different style points in each size. Any dealer CAN supply you. If no nearby dealer will supply YOU—write us for Catalog 11, and the name of the nearest ONOTO dealer—or order direct by mail.

ONOTO PEN CO.
261 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

AMBEROL RECORDS play longer than any other records made and you cannot play Amberol Records on any machine but

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

When you consider that with Amberol Records you get all of each composition while with other records you are limited to shorter numbers—or just a taste of the longer ones—and that the Edison Phonograph plays both the long and the short kind, isn't that, in itself, sufficient to decide you in favor of an Edison?

Edison Phonographs are sold at the same price everywhere in the United States—$12.50 to $125.00. Edison Standard Records, 35c. Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long), 50c. Edison Grand Opera Records, 75c and $1.00. There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Amberol Records. Get complete catalogues from your dealer or from us.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 11 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, New Jersey